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OR,

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Historical Pictures Retouched;

A VOLUME OF MISCELLANIES.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I. Studies. PART II. Sandits.

Caroline Wells (Healey)
BY MRS. DALL,
AUTHOR OF "WOMAN'S RIGHT TO LABOR."

"Not all thy former tale;
But this one word, — whether thy tale be true."
KING JOHN.

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TO

THE MINISTERS AND PEOPLE OF THE WEST CHURCH,

AND ESPECIALLY TO

CYRUS A. BARTOL,

WHOSE LIFE IS FIT TO BE A WOMAN'S INSPIRATION,

This Volume is gratefully Dedicated.

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" If women are never their thoughts to employ,
Take care to provide them a life full of joy;
But, if to some profit and use thou wouldst bend them,
Take care to cheer them, and then defend them."

GOETHE.

" Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
What would one have?
In heaven, perhaps, new chances, — one more chance."

BROWNING

" If God's paper, pen, and ink are thus perishable, shall we complain that ours do not endure? It is the writer that shall be immortal, not the writing."

GEORGE WILSON.

PREFACE.

In offering this volume of "Pictures" to the public, I fulfil the long-urged wishes of personal friends, competent, both as scholars and as men of the world, to judge of their fitness. But I would not yield to such wishes alone. The "Studies" were written nearly eight years ago, on an impulse given by the dissatisfaction I felt concerning the character of much of the biographical work which the newly awakened interest in woman had called out.

Until women are wholly free; until all that God permits, man also leaves open to them, — it is inevitable that they should do a great deal of poor work. Still it is inexpressibly painful to see such work: and we feel that every woman *owes* to the present crisis in human interests her best, her slowest, her most faithfully prepared contribution; and whatever looks slipshod, ill-considered, or undigested, makes the heart sink.

There are two kinds of workers in the historical field, and the labor of both is needed before we can reap the whole harvest. These are the Seekers and the Observers.

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It is the business of the Seekers to collect, collate, test, and simplify material; to decide what is worth saving, and what must be permitted to drift down the dark gulf of the past. It is the business of the Observers to make use of this material, and permit philosophic thought, general knowledge, and rare culture, to do their work with the accumulations so brought together.

As Seekers, women have already done good service; Miss Agnes Strickland being, perhaps, the most illustrious example of the class: but such "Lives" as those of her "Queens" are not, in the highest sense, histories. They lack proportion. They are all fore-ground, on which the details crowd each other; infinitely precious as additions to the world's store of facts, but needing light and shadow, perspective and "toning up," before they can become effective pictures. But Miss Strickland is not slipshod: she does excellent work in her kind, and we thank her daily. As Observers, women have, thus far, done very little; and, *as observers*, the world needs them.

No feminine jury — no *human* jury, I would rather say, constituted equally of men and women — has, thus far, summoned the witnesses of the past. An experimental knowledge of the workings of woman's nature, a wide charity for the positions into which uncommon strength of good or evil kind may force her, is needed to illuminate the doubtful pages of human life. Many an historical judgment waits to be reversed. Shadows may yet fall over spotless names; and prodigies of wickedness, illuminated by some devout scholar's labor, may still

be drawn into the sunlight of truth, and show some glimpses of their human origin.

Thus the guilt of Mario Stuart is still a disputed point: but a score of the old charges against her have been effectually wiped away; and fifty years may give back to history a mellowed portrait, where we have now only a time-stained canvas. Let women reflect on such possibilities, and fit themselves for the service.

These "Studies" were *printed*, hardly published, in a journal devoted to the interests of woman; and this printing was an advantage, because, both in this country and in Europe, it brought them before eyes well qualified to decide upon their worth, and to whose gentle, appreciative glance I owe my willingness to preserve them.

Very far am I from thinking that in these sketches, prepared in Provincial loneliness, and want of opportunity, I have done such work as I should ask to see. I have, however, done the best that *I* could do; and I abide by the principles which I apply to others. Anxious that my work should, in its humble measure, prove *sound*, I do not ask that critics should be *kind*. Let them help me and the world by a justice, whether tending towards my personal success or my personal failure, which is hourly becoming more rare.

I am grateful for the warm good-will which has called for a second edition of "Woman's Right to Labor," and which has made the sunshine brighter during the last year. I shall not be ungrateful if that sunshine shows me now and then a shortcoming or a blot, a rent in my fabric, or a pebble among my gems.

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I would gladly have perfected these "Studies" by further labor; but the time and strength once devoted to such pleasant tasks are now more seriously engrossed by social science. The charm of the easel once broken, I could do no more than paint out all temporary work; touching in the lights that the passage of eight years has rendered necessary.

The orthography of the articles on Aspasia and Hypatia was originally conformed to that of Grote. It has been altered in the reprint, that it might not perplex the general reader by an appearance of pedantry. Of the "Countess Matilda," "The Women of the House of Montefeltro," and "Maria Agnesi," this volume contains a more complete account than I have found in any modern language. Indeed, the only excuse for retaining a memoir so devoid of general interest as that of the Montefeltro Family, lies in the fact, that it contains matter not elsewhere to be found, and corrections of some prominent misstatements not eliminated from the mass of mediæval rubbish by any modern writer. Historians, absorbed in one chief interest, may easily make mistakes which would be inexcusable in a student of biography.

In conclusion, — I say it somewhat sadly, reminded meanwhile of the hours of lonely work out of which these "Studies" grew, — in conclusion, I have need to thank but one friend for assistance in their original preparation. No divining rod but that of Dr. Daniel Wilson had power over my stiff Bolognese Latin.

To the kindness of this well-known Scotch archæologist, now Professor of History in University College,

Toronto, I owe my personal access to that very valuable collection of Italian Chronicles and Memoirs in the Library of the Canadian Parliament, which has since been destroyed by fire. Brother to that Dr. George Wilson whose death has so lately shadowed the literary circles of two continents, not less by the fine endowments of his nature than by the ties of blood, may it be long ere the same dear angel sets my pen free to write his eulogy!

In the second part of this volume, I have preserved six "Fancies;" which have no proper connection with it, and might just as well be printed by themselves, but for certain economic reasons which *publishers* understand. Over this association, the critics have my free welcome —

"To make merry with their friends."

I have dedicated this volume, out of the fulness of my early love, to the West Church, from which I have received so much, to which I can give so little. Four of these articles are supposed, for reasons that need not be stated here, to possess a peculiar interest for members of that church; and the sketch of its Senior Pastor's ministry (which, for the sake of his near friends, I desired to put into some permanent keeping) could find no more fitting place than the close of a volume dedicated to his people.

The stories of "Long Lane" and "Pepperell House" are an attempt to preserve the traditions which cluster around the semi-historic name of Mary Stevens. The mother of the *younger* and the wife of the *elder* Buckminster, this person was and is so dear to many

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hearts, that it seemed fit to preserve the "auld wives' tales" which I hold, in the handwriting of her collateral relatives. An attempt to adhere to the very letter of the record has perhaps fettered the interest of the story; nor would I have reprinted these tales, had I not had the most grateful proof that they were precious, not alone to her widely scattered kindred, but also to her only surviving child.

The last living and lineal descendant of Sir William Pepperell herself wrote out for me the outlines of his story. Those persons who feel that the interest of such traditions is only local mistake the human heart. Everywhere the sweet patience and uncompromising fidelity of the Lady Ursula, the noble self-sacrifice of Mary Stevens, will meet with reverent appreciation. Everywhere the sturdy industry and fierce ambition of Sir William will appeal to human vanity, while the terrible vicissitudes of his fortunes will constitute a lesson that "he who runs may read."

CAROLINE H. DALL.

BOSTON, June, 1860.

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PART I.

STUDIES.

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I.

ASPASIA.

"Now, brither, what mair hae ye to speer?
I'se answers aneuch, ye need na fear.
When women for answers are at a stand,
The North-Sea bottom will be dry land."

Old Danish Ballad.

THE progress of every reform depends very much upon the character of those who first engage in it. William Ladd gave the impress of his own gentle spirit to the movement in behalf of peace, and Clarkson and Wilberforce stamped with unmistakable integrity and earnestness that in behalf of the African slave. Aspasia of Miletus was the first woman who endeavored *systematically* to elevate the condition of her sex; the first, perhaps, who had it in her power, from a lofty station which she adorned with irresistible fascinations, to point out to them, clearly, new paths to usefulness, honor, and enjoyment. It becomes of importance, therefore, that the character of Aspasia should be fully understood.

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Very recently, a woman wrote, that Aspasia was the creature of the corrupt institutions which man, by his superior physical strength, sensuous passions, and unjust laws, had imposed on social life. She acknowledged that the popular opinion with regard to Aspasia had been disputed; but, in writing a book for women to read, she gives this statement no weight beyond that of a rumor. How do the facts really stand?

The charges brought against Aspasia are, simply, that she induced Pericles to divorce his wife, and marry her; that she brought on the Peloponnesian War; that she founded at Athens a school of courtesans; and that she held impious opinions concerning the popular gods. It belongs to those who make such charges to prove them; but they had their origin in the stupid pages of Lemprière, who saw Greek life through French glasses, and maligned by not comprehending. For a long time, his was the only classical dictionary within easy reach; and we believe we are justified in saying, that it still exerts a wider popular influence than any book of its kind. There is, therefore, a continual repetition of the saying, that Aspasia was a "courtesan," — as if people hoped, as Göthe says, to destroy our "organs of intelligence by

compelling us to believe what we so often hear." A few years ago, the publication of Landor's "Aspasia and Pericles," and Mrs. Child's exquisite romance of "Philothea," set English scholars to thinking upon this subject. They had more effect, at first, than the one fine chapter of Thirlwall; because everybody reads romance, and few people study history: but, since that time, the publication of Thirlwall and Grote, of excellent translations of Plato, Aristophanes, and Xenophon, leave us no excuse for such ignorance as is displayed in the volume alluded to.

1. The first question is that of the divorce. Thirlwall, the only competent judge who enlarges upon this accusation, says, "We can hardly doubt that it was Aspasia who first disturbed this union; but it was dissolved by mutual consent, and Pericles associated himself with others of her kindred in giving her away to her third husband." Grote says, "The union, which had *never been comfortable*, was dissolved by mutual consent." Look, now, at the facts of the case. Would Pericles have wished to *divorce* his wife, if Aspasia had been of the loose character generally attributed to her? and could this woman — one of the great family of the Alcmæônids, if we are not mistaken — be

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put away without exasperating her relatives, especially her two sons by Pericles (Xanthippus and Paralus), — without forming a second party in the State, at the very least inimical to Aspasia?

2. She was accused of encouraging the Peloponnesian War. By whom? The comic poet Aristophanes, — in a broad farce, which gives us the gossip of the streets, not the sober facts of history. Thucydides never mentions her name in connection with the war; and modern historians have not thought it worth while to advert to the rumor.

3. Graver still, she was accused of depraving Athenian women to gratify the passions of Pericles. By whom? Once more, by the comic poet Hermippus, and his master and superior, Aristophanes. Hermippus was so obscure a person, that it is only Aspasia's fame that has preserved him from oblivion; and a competent authority speaks of him only as a man who preferred a charge of impiety against Aspasia. Plutarch and Athenæus repeat the story; the latter quoting in behalf of it the lines of Aristophanes. The reputation of an intellectual woman was thus sacrificed to the pun of a comedian; and Grote, in speaking of this and a similar story,

says, "This is one of the many errors, in Grecian history, arising from the practice of construing passages of comedy as if they were serious and literal facts."

The same charge was made by the same person, at the same time, against the sculptor Phidias. Nor did the hired mouthpiece of a political party pause here. It must be remembered, that the very authority which threw this cloud over the name of Aspasia, charged Socrates, also, with crimes and indecorums which his worst enemy would not now think it worth while to remember, — which no historian would disgrace himself by repeating.

The public mind has already acquitted the sculptor and the philosopher; and, following the example of the Athenians themselves, it must at length acquit the woman. Plato says that Aspasia was the preceptress of Socrates. A few years after, the same charges were brought against her pupil; and Plato composed for him an "Apology," which still challenges the reverence of the world. Where shall we find the Apology of Aspasia? If not in the pupilage of Socrates, at least in the tears of Pericles, — Pericles the noble, the history of whose administration reads like a romance; whose stern virtue

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withstood every temptation, and, by irritating his worthless and unprincipled son, furnished rumor and comedy and political opposition with all the charges that were afterward brought against him. This Pericles clung to Aspasia as to his chief earthly good, the inspirer of all his greatness, the promoter of his loftiest thought. "After weathering this storm," says Thirlwall, alluding to her trial, "he seems to have recovered his former high and firm position; which was never again endangered, save by one very transient gust." Is it credible that this would have been the case, had the acquittal of Aspasia been a prejudiced one, and had the people at large believed her to be, in truth, the ulcer which was eating out the heart of the State?

From the charge of impiety we do not care to defend Aspasia. It accused her of daring to believe in a purer deity than Zeus, and of following Anaxagoras in declaring that the earth moved round the sun. We hope she did both. The same charge was brought against Pericles himself, Zeno, Protagoras, and Phidias; later, against the philosopher Socrates as well.

Aspasia came from Miletus into Greece. The freer life of the islands of the Archipelago, and the provincial cities, nurtured at that time

many women of rare scholarship and intellectual graces. She came up to Athens to see the distinguished men with which the city swarmed, — as country girls of our time have sometimes gone up to Boston, enamoured of Orphic Alcott, the Greek Emerson, or Parker of the steady will. She found the Athenian women living in a seclusion which would have suffocated her. The sexes had not progressed in company; and at the very period when Athens shone resplendent through her philosophers, statesmen, and artists, her women were timid, inert beings,— incapable of inspiring a true affection, or exercising any mental ascendency. What wonder that the mind of Aspasia had greater charms for the men of Athens than the beauty of her person, although that was confessedly great?

The law of Athens recognized no legal marriage with a foreigner, and the children of such connections were declared illegitimate. Pericles married Aspasia, in such left-handed fashion as the law did permit; lived with her publicly, and with her alone. Afterward, the son of this union was legitimated by the proper tribunals.

Placed by Pericles at the head of Athenian society, Aspasia used all her influence to draw the Greek women into the society of their hus-

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bands, and to awaken in them a love for literature and art. She summoned them to her table; she visited with them the studios of Phidias, and such other artists as Pericles was at that time employing for the glory of Athens. It was no wonder that the young yielded to the seductions of her society more readily than those whose habits were fixed: hence the scandals that the vulgar reported. It was no wonder that "fast young men about town," then as now, railed at what they could not appreciate; and were glad to accuse her of impiety, who only wished to find better gods for their worship than Dionysus or Aphrodite. But, in spite of all this, rich and honored citizens carried their wives to the saloons of Pericles, to catch, if they might, the fascinations of her wit. Socrates went, — although Xantippe doubtless pouted, — and was silent. When Aspasia spoke, Plato tuned the rhythmic cadence of his dialogues to the music of her words; and the grave Anaxagoras and Zeno were glad to talk with her of God and his law, apart from irrelevant sophisms or empty myths.

Would you have the history of that immortal marriage written truly?

Imagine the Greek ruler, married for some

years to a woman of the noblest Athenian blood, — already the mother of two children, — but one who, if irreproachable in conduct, was utterly incapable of taking in the scope of his plans, or sharing his lofty, adventurous thought.

After years of weariness passed in her society, with no rest for his heart and no inspiration for his genius, there came to Athens a woman and a foreigner, in whom he found his peer, — a woman who gathered round her, in a moment, all that there was of free and noble in that world of poetry, statesmanship, and art.

She was from the islands of the Archipelago; and, like the women of her country, walked the streets with her face unveiled. Hardly had she come, before Socrates and Plato, and Anaxagoras, the pure old man, became her frequent guests, and honored her with the name of friend. In such society, Pericles saw that his own soul would grow: so sustained, he should be more for Athens and himself. He was no Christian, to deny himself for the sake of that unhappy wife and children, — a wife whose discontent had already infected the State. The gods *he* knew — Zeus and Eros — smiled on the step he took. What if the laws of Athens forbade a legal marriage with a foreigner? Pericles was

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Athens, and what he respected all men must honor. Aspasia had, so far as we know, a free maiden heart; and Pericles shows us in what light he regarded her, by divorcing his wife to consolidate their union, and subsequently forcing the courts to legitimate her child. Had he omitted these proofs of his own sincerity and her honor, not a voice would have been raised against either. What need to take these steps, if she were the woman Aristophanes would have us see?

This divorce created or strengthened the political opposition to Pericles. It was headed by his two sons and their forsaken mother, joined by the pure Athenian blood to which theirs was akin; and gained its chief popularity through the wit and falsehood of Aristophanes and the players.

Follow the story as it goes; and see Aspasia, at last, summoned before the Areopagus. What are the charges against her? The very same that were preferred against her friends Socrates and Anaxagoras. "She walks the streets unveiled; she sits at the table with men; she does not believe in the Greek gods; she talks about one sole Creator; she has original ideas about the motions of the sun and moon: *therefore* her society corrupts youth." Not a word about vice of any sort. Is it for abandoned women that the best men of any age are willing to entreat before a senate? The tears which Pericles shed then for Aspasia glitter like gems on the historic page.

When the plague came, his first thought was for her safety; and, after his death, her name shared the retirement of her widowed life. There was a rumor that she afterward married a rich grazier, whom she raised to eminence in the State. Not unlikely that such a rumor might grow in the minds of those who had not forgotten the great men she made, when they saw the success of Lysicles; but other authors assert, that his wife was the Aspasia who was also known as a midwife in Athens.

It is a noble picture, it seems to us; and when we consider the prejudices of a Christian age and country, the riot which a Bloomer skirt will attract in our own city, we need not wonder that slander followed an unveiled face in Athens.

Look at the scandal of that day! — was it not the counterpart of this of ours? At first, she was "odd;" then "bold, setting the conventions of decent society at defiance." — "Who but a courtesan would sit in the presence of men,

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unveiled?" — "What but a sensual supremacy could explain the power of her words over Pericles?" — "She was talented and ambitious: *she* managed *him*." — "Yes: it was she who taught him eloquence, who composed his orations, who planned the magnificent structures he erected, and wisely turned the current of his activity into her own channels." And this was a crime, of course. A man may labor for his wife, and infold her in the beautiful drapery of his renown; but a wife may not do this for her husband! This charge, literally taken, had no need to be true. Pericles was a great statesman and orator before he ever saw Aspasia: he needed not her intellectual strength, — only her straightforward sympathy and pure insight.

It is only the good and pure who can inspire lasting affection; and there is hardly such a love on record as that which Pericles bore to Aspasia. As we dwell upon it, it fills our eyes with sweet human tears; or swells our heart with bitter indignation, that there are so few capable of inspiring it, or appreciating its power.

Aspasia and Pericles! — inseparably united are their names in the memory of man. We cannot think of either alone; and their forms arise before the mind's eye, as beautiful in

proportion, as unsullied in integrity, as magnificent in destiny, as wedded love was ever permitted to make two human beings, before the light of Christ's presence was shed over the earth.

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II.

HYPATIA: A SKETCH.

"The gaping crowds proclaimed me fair.
Ere autumn came, my green leaves fell;
And now they smile, and call me good,
Perhaps I like that name as well."

BARRY DE VERNE.

OUR defence of Aspasia may seem to many only a maladroit instance of special pleading. Dainty dames may hold their garments as they pass us by, and prudent papas may choose to hang *that* sheet in a strong draught for ventilation's sake. But all that is conservative and prudent, as well as all that is scholarly and pure, must reverence the name of Hypatia, — a name consecrated by the praise of her enemies, and challenging the devoted admiration of men whose learning remains a proverb to the present day. Years ago, we heard her name fall from the lips of a public lecturer.* Scanty were the facts he gave us; but the outline was classic and bold, and

* Hon. Francis C. Gray.

its details were burnt in upon our brain with terrible fidelity. We have never forgotten her; and if, child that we then were, we ransacked our cyclopædias in vain for something to sate our newly awakened thirst, we have revenged ourselves ever since by gathering every fragment that time has let fall concerning her.

Theon the younger, the father of Hypatia, was the head of the Platonic school at Alexandria at the close of the fourth century. He is sometimes called a Heathen; and it is said that his religious opinions occasioned the death of his daughter, by exciting the rage of the populace. But this word "Heathen" has a certain significance in modern times, which would be out of place if applied to Theon.

We know, that, by the Athenian populace, both Plato, and Socrates his master, were considered infidels and scoffers. The charge made against Socrates on his trial was, that he did not believe in the State gods, and that he corrupted the Athenian youth by teaching them not to believe. Under these circumstances, a superficial observer might have supposed, that, on the first spread of Christianity, the Platonists would have fallen readily into the true church; but it was not so, and for very sufficient reasons. Platonism be-

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came the stronghold of the old Greek faith; for nowhere else could those who wished to defend its saving power find a fulcrum for their lever: only this was spiritual enough to confront the newer faith. As for Platonists themselves, there were two reasons for their retaining their first position: first, the amount of absolute truth which pure reason had found for them among the ruins of the popular mythology; and, secondly, the exaggerated miracles which preceded and heralded the rising of the Star of Bethlehem. They could not forget, — when they heard that Jesus was the Son of God, that his star had risen in the east, and that far-off potentates had come to worship him, — how similar legends, told of the grand old Greeks, had degenerated into weak, corrupting myths, festering like ulcers in the warm heart of their nation.

We shall see, as we proceed, whether the character of the Christians of the fourth century, headed by Bishop Cyril, was of such a sort as to influence a man like Theon, or give him practical proof of the divine origin of the Beatitudes.

Theon is known as a commentator on Ptolemy, and the editor of "Euclid." Here and there, he has added a demonstration to "Euclid;" and those that are known to be his do honor to his

reputation. In religion, we might term him a Theist; for, like all Platonists, he believed in one Supreme Being, the Father and Inspirer of men. These views he of course imparted to his daughter, who began at a very early age to show an aptitude for learning. He was not content with teaching her philosophy and letters: he gave her as sound a knowledge of the sciences as the period admitted. All that he knew himself he imparted to her; and the result was, that we find Hypatia occupying a position unparalleled in ancient or modern times. She is said to have written a book "On the Astronomical Canon of Diophantes;" and another, "On the Conics of Apollonius;" and all this before she reached her twenty-seventh year!

The historian Socrates, one of her enemies, tells her story with a simple candor which ought to be a lesson to historians of all ages and parties. "She arrived," he says, "at so eminent a degree of learning, that she excelled all the philosophers of her own times, succeeded her father in that Platonic school derived from Plotinus, and expounded all the precepts of philosophy to those who would hear her. Wherefore all studious persons flocked to her

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from all parts; and she addressed both them and the magistrates with singular modesty."

At this time, her literary tastes must have led her to recoil from the representatives of the Christian Church, resident in Alexandria. The Alexandrian Library, the loss of whose treasures has occasioned one of the staple lamentations of scholars, consisted of two parts. The larger portion, termed the Royal Library and the Museum, were burned in the siege of the city by Julius Cæsar. Instead of them, Antony gave to Cleopatra the Library of Pergamus. But the Library in the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, consisting of three hundred thousand volumes, remained until the reign of Theodosius the Great. During the childhood — perhaps it may have been the girlhood — of Hypatia, a crowd of fanatical Christians, headed by their archbishop, and following the orders of a Christian emperor, had rushed to the sacred portals of the Serapion to storm and destroy it. The books which she had been accustomed to read — which seemed to her the truest riches of that imperial city — were now burned or destroyed. It becomes us, also, to remember that we owe this great loss, not to Arabs under Omar, but to Christians rallying under the banner of the Prince of peace.

It were little wonder if Hypatia refused to believe on him. Day after day, as she went to the Academy, the ruins of this splendid library stared her in the face; and, gentle as she was, she must have thought, with a grief that was all but anger, on the mistaken zealots who had destroyed it.

Hypatia was never wedded; but she was betrothed to a person named Isidore. If this were the Isidore of Pelusium mentioned by Suidas (to whom also we owe the fact of her betrothal), — the only Isidore, known to us, who was the contemporary of Hypatia, — the populace may have been wholly at fault with regard to *her* religious faith. *He* is stated to have written three thousand letters elucidating the Holy Scriptures; and the terrible death of his mistress could have had little tendency to convert one not of the faith before.

The highest testimony to her character is furnished in the fact, that, though surrounded by bitter enemies, not a word was ever breathed by one of them against its virgin purity.

Pleasant it is to think of this lovely woman, clothed in wisdom as in a garment, and honored by the flower of the whole civilized world. Among her pupils was that Christian Platonist,

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Synesius,—afterwards Bishop of Ptolemais. He tells his brother, in a letter, to salute Hypatia, and "that happy society which enjoys the blessing of her divine voice." His affection for her fell little short of adoration; and he would not even publish what he wrote, without her approbation and consent.

In the height of her beauty, her fame, and her usefulness, the storm gathered over Hypatia's head. Beside other causes of tumult, Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, encouraged the bitterest persecution of the Jews in the city. Orestes, the Roman governor, was the friend of Hypatia; and it is supposed that she interceded with him in behalf of this unhappy, unoffending people. Orestes, perhaps, felt that Hypatia's wonderful power of persuasion might find a fit field before the bishop. At all events, an intimacy grew up between them, highly displeasing to Cyril. At first, he directed the energies of his Christian mob toward the hapless Orestes; but, when he escaped with his life, Cyril allowed the calumny to spread, that it was Hypatia who stood between the prefect and the bishop, and prevented the return of peace to the city.

So incited, a restless crowd, headed by a fanatic, beset her chariot one day as she returned from the Academy; and, after dragging her at the horses' heels through the streets of the city, carried her to a church to strip her naked, and tear her flesh with broken bits of tile, and shells, until she died; when her limbs were torn apart, and burned in the public square.

"This," continues the ecclesiastical historian Socrates, "brought no small disgrace upon the Alexandrian Church." And so, in truth, it should. This woman, strong in intellect, beautiful in person, and spotless in virtue, fared worse at the hands of the populace than the supposed courtesan of Athens, who was thought to minister to the basest passions of its ruler. And why? Because she was suspected of having an opinion and an influence in public affairs, — because she was deemed worthy to sit in the councils of Church and State!

It is said — we know not on what authority — that the emperor would have punished the murderers, but for the interference of Orestes, who corrupted his advisers. This does not look as if the governor were spotless; and one would think, that, having nearly lost his own life in a similar mob, his interests would have lain in another direction.

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HYPATIA: A REVIEW.

THESE volumes* cannot fail to be popular. They are written in a brilliant, striking style, by a man who, in his earlier years at least, has felt all the power of the world's baits and lures. They are written for a special purpose, and they serve it. There is such an amount of humanity in them as must win readers; and no man who looks at the first chapter will be willing to throw the others by.

Because this novel must be popular, it rouses our moral indignation. Because Hypatia will be henceforth as little honored in the popular thought as Aspasia, have we deemed it our duty to turn some critical glances towards these pages, wherewith admiring eyes will have only too much to do. Already newspapers, reviewers, and scholars (Heaven save the mark!) are singing in their praise; already the beautiful,

* Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face. By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 2 vols. 1853.

pure image of Hypatia, shrined in many a maiden heart, is growing dim and discolored; and we hear no word of remonstrance. For some critical glances, then, we hold ourselves ready — not for a thorough review; for that would require a classical library, not to be thought of in that out-of-the-way corner of the earth where these volumes happen to find us.

And, in the first place, let us protest against historical fiction in general. True, it serves to make certain historical persons and their deeds familiar; but it prejudices the popular mind it teaches. Men know no longer the historic persons, but only what some romancer thought them; and not always his own honest thought, but another, which, being more effective, will be better likely to serve his turn. Richard must go down to all posterity a hunchback, because Shakspeare's genius made him so; though a thousand commentators prove and re-prove that he had the fairest natural proportions.

The man who undertakes to turn a passage of ancient history into a modern novel ought to be sure of two things: first, that he has sufficient historical material to justify the superstructure that he intends to raise; second, that his aim, however pure and lofty it may be, shall not

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essentially falsify the character of which he makes use. Mr. Kingsley fails, we think, in both these particulars.

It is well known to scholars, that the bare facts of Hypatia's success and martyrdom are all that remain to us of her ancient glory. There would have been even less, had not the atrocity of the latter deed given an effective shock to the development of Christianity in Alexandria.

For many a year have we looked longingly towards the ideal of this virgin teacher, and more than once have we written her name at the head of our page. What checked us, ere the page had grown into a chapter, and the chapter to a novel? Only the deep consciousness that whatever we built up about that name would owe its existence to our own reverent fancy, and that her pure garments might be tarnished for the common eye by our earthly touch. Whether our fears were just or not, we wish Mr. Kingsley had shared them. Better never done than ill done, may be safely said of every such work.

What little may be known of Hypatia, besides what is told us in the letters of Synesius, and Isidore of Pelusium, is to be found in Suidas, and Damascius the author of the Life of Isidore the Philosopher, and in Photius; also in scattered

allusions running through literature nearly contemporaneous, and in the pages of the Christian historian Socrates. Socrates tells the plain story, without comment. Suidas — whose authority weighs little, since we do not know who he was nor where he lived — adds, that she was beautiful; catalogues her works; and repeats an anecdote, not worth recording. Damascius, if we remember rightly, tells us only one fact, which is not a fact; namely, that she was betrothed to Isidore the philosopher, — a manifest anachronism, which Photius contradicts by stating again that Isidore married one Domna. Synesius, and Isidore of Pelusium, were her contemporaries, and whatever fair inference may deduce from their letters can be trusted; but neither it, nor whatever else a scholar's toil may gather up, forms any fit basis for an historical novel.

With regard to the second point, we shall not attempt to find out the new foes that Mr. Kingsley offers us under the old face. We presume they are such as every man can readily call by name. If the author's aim were, as the concluding paragraph of his preface might justify us in asserting, merely to exhibit one of the last struggles between the new church and the old

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world, some less precious name might have served his purpose as well as "Hypatia." But the object which the public at large will recognize is the making familiar as a household word a name until this day the property of scholars; and, in giving any true idea of this extraordinary woman, we say, without hesitation, that he has worse than failed.

What we positively know of Hypatia is, that she was wondrously wise and beautiful, — so superior to the age in which she lived, that her worst enemies never dared to breathe a word against her purity, and Cyril never dreamed of corrupting her; that she invested the night of a past age with so wonderful a dignity and power, that, in the great city of Alexandria, her influence was second only to the ambitious prelate's own; that whatever there was of learning and culture and refinement there, bowed at her feet. The Christian populace, maddened by her public devotion to the past, and her father's well-known Heathenism; the Jews, who cried out for justice against Cyril, and were answered by an ominous finger pointing to the Academy, — these rose against her: but the historians of the church, who would have been glad to justify them, can say no more than that she was supposed to stand in

the way of Cyril's reconciliation to Orestes. No man dared to say he believed it. No man, not the vilest, dared to accuse her of any desire to become the high-priestess of Athene or the Empress of Africa. It was reserved for the author of "Alton Locke" to sully her memory by imputing it as possible to her,—her, the Hypatia beloved by that Synesius, whose lofty character and blameless life secured to him the bishopric of Ptolemais, against his own wishes and his well-known metaphysical heresies. What we do certainly know of her is, that she showed neither vanity nor self-elation; that she modestly shrank from teaching where Ammonius and Hierocles had taught; but that, being persuaded, her eloquence, her insight, her practical wisdom, charmed listeners of all ages, and degrees of culture.

And what, then, has the author of "Alton Locke" made of this woman? He has introduced her to us as one whose very handwriting shows a calm, self-conscious, studied character, dwelling in the midst of affected archaism. Arguments that were used by Porphyry and Julian are thrust into her mouth, as if she were capable of using them. Then as a self-elated fool, who, believing that she could win back a glorious

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past, — as no woman, possessing a tithe of the wisdom attributed to Hypatia, could ever have believed, — prostitutes herself to a man vulgar, effete, licentious in the highest degree. You reject the tradition of Damascius; but you do not hesitate, O modern author! to throw this saffron cloak over her name. You bring her before us, shrinking like a silly girl from a beggar in the street; owning the superiority of Ben-Ezra in "practical cunning," as if that were a thing to be desired; and, finally, electrifying an audience with an outpouring of trashy mysticism that could never have turned the head of the youngest boy, far less have won the wise ear of Synesius.

Our author assumed too much when he undertook to lecture for Hypatia; and he left too many holes in his philosopher's cloak, when he caused her, who believed in Greek myths, and tried to marry them to Oriental fancies, to be shocked at the Saviour's humble birth. It is no *woman* who so addresses an audience, much less an Hypatia.

Again: he permits Philammon to reproach her with sins, profligacy, and sorceries, such as the advocates of the church, who tore her quivering limbs asunder, never yet dared to

bring against her; such as the foulest rumor of her own day never stooped to whisper.

The true Hypatia, looking upon God as a Father, and seeking in mythology manifold expressions and interpretations of his love, was wise enough to be humble; but he brings her before us, inveighing, in terms that fill us with horror, against the sacred duties of wife and mother, and shrinking from the contaminating embrace of Orestes, not because she did not love him, not because he was unworthy of her, but because of the degradation which the divine tie of marriage would imply. She does not quail before a fate worse to a pure-minded woman than death; but she shrinks with unphilosophic terror from the gaze of Miriam, and finally becomes her tool. She sits beside Orestes, while children are torn limb from limb; she sits beside him, while fibre after fibre of a sister's soul is strained and torn, while the plaudits of a multitude deafened with dishonor the nude form of Venus Anadyomene! If our Hypatia had been bad enough to do this, she could never have been weak enough. Philosophy had not quenched, in her, womanly love and power; else fiery old Synesius, who refused to resign his wife and children to the church, could never have so loved her. Our Hy-

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patia must have felt the full force of Philammon's love; for Pelagia must have been too great to yield to the weak cupidity of a father the honor of her faith, or the good abbot of Pelusium need never have mentioned her with praise.

We have no patience when a name sacred as Hypatia's is dragged down to a level low as this. This character, full of inconsistencies, nowhere challenges our love or admiration. Skilfully as the scene in the Amphitheatre is managed, none of our pity is felt for the Hypatia who kneels before a rebel unknown to history. Such a woman need never have excited Cyril's enmity: it would have been only too easy to corrupt her. It was the native antagonism between Cyril and the true Hypatia that made the bishop hate her, even as Bonaparte hated De Staël. Her keen sight penetrated the flimsy veil of his Christianity, and detected the bold, ambitious, unscrupulous *man* under the garb of the bishop. Could she not, then, penetrate the still flimsier garb of the Roman prefect? That she did so, Orestes' unwillingness to avenge her death may seem to indicate.

That we may not be supposed unable to appreciate the great points of this book, we

may advert to the fine sketch of Synesius, of whom the reader may remember —

> "That the church was scarce propitious,
> As he whistled dogs and gods," —

and the well-drawn characters of Ben-Ezra and Philammon. With each of the two latter, the author has a certain inborn sympathy, which secured their being well done. Colleges have their temptations, as well as the old Academy; and the wisdom of our author was matured in bitter experience.

What impression does the whole book leave upon us? If it were a history, the world had lost a martyr; for Kingsley's Hypatia is no martyr: she is a weak, presuming woman, fitly punished for meddling with matters that she did not understand. Alexandria need not have mourned, nor Theodosius have avenged her. What noble woman could read her story, and not prefer to be Pelagia? For divine Art's sake, the Anal should have lived, and been won to a nobler life through his bride. The kinship between Philammon and his sister was no mere tie of the flesh: it underlay the whole natures of the two, and should have justified to both the ways of God with man. Pelagia, when she

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threw aside the love-philter of old Miriam, and demanded to reign in her own right or not at all; Philammon, when he withstood the temptations of Hypatia's presence, — was nobler, ay, nearer to Christ, than, as these volumes would have it, our philosopher ever showed herself.

Hypatia was at the head of the Eclectic, or Neo-Platonic school. This school was one which arose in consequence of the growing strength of Christianity, after the first Platonic philosophy had died out. The new Christianity absorbed into itself some of the worst errors of old Paganism, and sustained itself by metaphysics and enormities which disgusted the refined. In this Neo or *New* Platonism, there was, had its disciples only known it, much of the truth which Christ came to proclaim,—to proclaim by a pure life and earnest soul, unaided by sophistries or dialectics.

It was this truth which gave Hypatia and her school strength to stand; but it was by no means in misty declamation alone that they employed themselves. They aimed at the fullest knowledge of the Absolute, in order to attain holiness and happiness, to which they believed nothing else could lead; they recognized in intuition, which precedes thought, the voice of God;

and they doubtless urged in their discourses both these points. But they were eminent, also, in mathematics and astronomy; and taught at Alexandria not only these branches of science, but natural philosophy, natural history, and a wise investigation of the universe and its varied ranks of being.

It was to Hypatia that Synesius applied to perfect the silver astrolabe which he gave to Peonius. It was to the same school as Hypatia, that Origen, Longinus, Plotinus, and Herennius belonged.

Mr. Kingsley's devotion to the metaphysics of his churchmen has misled him in this book, as it did in the very inartistic conclusion to "Alton Locke." He wearies himself in gathering, for Christianity, laurels that she can never wear. Let the Heathen claim this bay; and let us seek only, for the Christian Church, the "crown of light."

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III.

THE COUNTESS MATILDA.

"Una donna soletta, che si gia
Cantando ed iscegliendo fior da fiore,
Ond'era pinta tutta la sua via.
Deh! bella donna, ch'a raggi d'amore
Ti scaldi s'io ve'verrei a sembianti,
Che degnin esser testimon del cuore,
. . . . non altrimenti
Che vergine che gli occhi onesti avvalli."

DANTE: *Purg.*, can. 28.

THE above fragments of the divine song with which Dante welcomes to his presence the Countess Matilda, when she comes, not merely to share with Beatrice the pleasant task of guiding him through Purgatory, but to symbolize to him and us that spiritual affection which all godly rulers should bear toward the Supreme Head of the church, sufficiently express the poet's reverence for her. She who, "maiden-like veiling her sober eyes," approached him, could hardly deserve the ruthless fling of a woman, who speaks, with a carelessness for which her ignorance is but a poor excuse, of "the illicit passion of her lover, Gregory VII."

That the ambitious prelate, who, in sincere love for his church, — indignant at its corruptions, and ignorant of the true sources of its welfare, — forbade marriage to his clergy, and sought to build up his own power over the ruins of the empire, should have turned malicious tongues upon himself, is not strange. Stranger far, that, in modern times, Protestant lips repeat the outrage, and liberal thinkers find no merit in a friendship so well grounded, so natural, and, in its own age, so uncommon and beautiful, as that of the Countess Matilda and Gregory VII.

That she bequeathed all her possessions to the church, gives her a sufficient hold upon the affections of Catholic countries. It is not on that account that we recall her well-known name; but because there was blended in her, as Kohlrausch finely says, "all mental attainments and firmness of spirit, beside her austere piety and virtue;" because we think her one of the noblest womanly types of the period in which she lived, and a fair model for the present age, so far as regards courage, good faith, and a steady purpose.

In an illuminated poem of Donizone, a portrait of the countess is preserved. Seated upon a throne which resembles an ancient settle, sur-

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mounted by three pinnacles shaped like *fleurs de lis*, and without arms, the countess grasps a white lily in her extended hand. The seat of her throne is supported by carved and twisted pillars, and colored to a kingly purple. Her person and her feet rest upon green cushions embroidered with gold. She wears an under-vest of crimson, visible only at the hands; and over it a long loose robe of Mazarin blue, of which the hanging sleeves are deeply broidered with gold and gems. The cloak, of a beautiful rose-color, is lined and bordered with cloth of gold, garnished at the edges with jewels. It is loosely hung on one shoulder, only the men of that period fastening it securely about the throat. She wears yellow stockings. A high conical cap of gold-cloth, bordered with jewels, allows a delicate rose-colored veil, resembling that of a nun, to fall in stiff folds about her face. The picture has no value as a portrait; for, in the eleventh century, the art of painting had already fallen into hopeless decay: but, as a bit of costume, it is extremely valuable; and the countenance is not wanting in a look of unconquerable will.

It is impossible to separate her history from that of her Papal friend and ally. The "monk

Hildebrand," as envious contemporaries delighted to call him, was born of an obscure family of Soano, in Tuscany; and, becoming a monk of Clugny, his rare abilities and acquisitions soon brought him into notice. At an early age, he accompanied Bruno, Bishop of Tours, to Rome; and by active partisanship secured his election to the Papal chair, under the title of Leo IX., in 1049. At this time, the Countess Matilda was only three years old. She was the daughter and heiress of Boniface, Marquis of Tuscany, and Beatrice, sister of the reigning emperor (Henry III.).

The elevation of the new pope, who belonged to the imperial family, formed the first link in the chain which united the future interests of Hildebrand and the countess. Beatrice, naturally grateful for the honor thus conferred upon her family, taught Matilda to regard him with reverent affection. His rigid purity of conduct disarmed all maternal scruples.

Under several successive popes, Hildebrand held a position of great influence; and, by Stephen IX., he was sent on a confidential mission into Germany. This journey, beside leaving impressions, as to the abuses of spiritual power, at the German court, which may have

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contributed to his future course, undoubtedly tended to strengthen the ties between him and the future countess.

Soon after the death of her husband, who had roused the envy of the emperor by reigning with Oriental magnificence and luxury over the marquisate which had been granted him from the empire, Beatrice married Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine; and contracted her young daughter to one of his sons by a former marriage, called Godfrey the Hunchback. This alliance displeased the emperor. Boniface had left no male heir, and Henry wished to bring Tuscany once more within the imperial domain. He had refused to sustain Godfrey's claim to the duchy of Lower Lorraine, which had been left to him by his father (Galezo); and could therefore look for little cordial support from him in Tuscany: so, marching upon Beatrice, he took her and her child prisoners, and deprived them of their estates. Some authorities state that faithful servants concealed the little Matilda from the invaders, and brought her up in deadly hate of her uncle's name and nation. At all events, there was nothing in her early experience to attach her to the imperial court. She was eleven years old when Hildebrand visited Germany;

and whether he saw her there just after the death of her arbitrary uncle, or in Tuscany on his return, she could feel nothing but affection for the man whose influence was even then exerted in her favor.

Henry died in 1056, and Matilda married Godfrey. They lived apart, — for Matilda's constitution could not bear the bracing atmosphere of Lorraine, — and the regent Agnes soon found means to win Godfrey over to the imperial party. In 1073, her friend Hildebrand was elected to the Papal chair, under the title of Gregory VII. Strangely enough, he sent to Henry IV., and asked his acquiescence in the election. Whether Gregory intended to propitiate him by this show of deference, or whether he thought in this manner to deprive him of any right to object to the ecclesiastical reforms which he wished to secure, cannot now be known.

We can hardly realize in Protestant countries the dreadful corruption which had eaten into the Roman Church at the time when Gregory took his seat. His character has been greatly misjudged by posterity, who have ascribed to a ruthless desire for the aggrandizement of his temporal kingdom that energy in reform, which

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was inspired by a sincere love for his church, and a natural austerity and sense of justice, which could not fail to be outraged by the condition of its spiritual interests.

In 1045, the year previous to Matilda's birth, three several popes, elected by different factions in the church, were sitting at Rome; and, while she grew up to womanhood, the most impudent simony prevailed throughout the Christian world. Muratori tells us, that her own father, by far the most powerful prince in Italy, had been flogged before the altar, by an abbot, for the selling of benefices. Sees were sold or given by sovereigns to favorites, who pandered in the most unblushing manner to their basest passions. Bishops thus appointed cared but little for the interests of their flocks; and sold, or gambled away, the benefices over which, in their turn, they held control.

It was a noble ambition which sought wholly to reform the tottering, crippled church; and it was only through that human short-sightedness which so frequently appalls us in the world's history, that Gregory, forbidden by his religion to think of *popes* as *men*, never for a moment anticipated that frightful abuse of the power which he sought to consolidate, which afterwards

occurred. With his own eyes, he had beheld the abuses of the German court during the minority of Henry. He had seen the emperor grow up to manhood licentious, ambitious, and continually at war; ready at a moment to supply an always exhausted purse by means which involved the worst consequences to himself and the church. Gregory had proved himself the friend of the emperor and his family, and undoubtedly felt justified in sending to Henry a private admonition in the very first year of his elevation. Finding this unheeded, he held a council in the following year, which anathematized Henry, and insisted upon the celibacy of the clergy (a measure of immense importance as regards the power of the Church over her servants).

During all the controversies which ensued, Matilda stood firmly by her friend. She was at this time the most powerful sovereign in Italy, and reigned like a queen, says the German historian Koldrausch, throughout Tuscany and Lombardy. Like all remarkable women, she had a peculiar relish for the administrative energy in men. She contended with all her power, during thirty years, for the elevation and consolidation of the Papal power. She not only embraced this idea with all the strength of her

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natural character; but Gregory's indignation at the debased condition of the clergy found a ready response from her most austere and rigid virtue.

In 1076, Matilda lost her beloved mother and her husband. From this time she devoted herself more unreservedly to the Papal interests. In order to make the church independent of the temporal powers, Gregory now forbade to kings the right of investiture. How wholly her woman's heart went with him may be seen from the fact, that, in 1077 or '79 (the loss of the original record makes it uncertain which), she executed an instrument conveying to the Papal see the whole of her immense estates. These consisted of Lombardy, Tuscany, Mantua, Parma, Reggio, Piacenza, Ferrara, Modena, a part of Umbria, Spoleto, and Verona, — almost all, in fact, that now constitute the States of the Church, from Viterbo to Orviedo,—with a portion of the march of Ancona.

Hallam, in his "Middle Ages," attempts to show that Matilda, being herself a subject of the emperor, had no legal right to alienate these estates from the empire. But if, as all history asserts, Henry III. had forcibly deprived Beatrice of them when she incurred his displeasure; if Matilda, at the time she executed this instrument, found herself not only re-instated in these possessions by the aid of Gregory, but the possessions themselves greatly increased by his gifts, — then she had that very best of rights, which in all ages and countries has availed more than any other; namely, *the right of possession by conquest.* Nor could it be expected that she would, in such an instrument, recognize an authority which she had spent her whole life in defying.

That Matilda did not keep her intentions secret, is evident from the scandal that followed their announcement. The indignant clergy deprived of their wives by Gregory's ban, and concubines deserted by their priestly lovers, were naturally incapable of understanding her gratitude or sharing her lofty generosity. They ascribed to a passionate love the gift which grew out of reverent esteem. But such a scandal could not spread. Matilda's incomings and outgoings were of too much importance to be long concealed or misunderstood, and the rigid purity of Gregory defied all evil tongues. A being highly strung like Matilda, and endowed with what the world chooses to call a *masculine* firmness, could not live in an atmosphere which such rumors might disturb.

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The difficulties between Gregory and Henry were now assuming a more formidable shape, and Matilda found more engrossing cares. The pope and emperor had mutually deposed each other; and, singularly enough, the letter which the indignant monarch addressed to the holy father proves conclusively that the sympathies of a large number of Henry's subjects were on Gregory's side. "Thou hast trampled under thy feet," he says, "the ministers of the holy church, as slaves who know not what their lord doeth; and by that desecration hast thou won favor from the common herd." This insolence induced the pontiff to pass a formal sentence of excommunication upon the emperor. Such a sentence derives its force from popular opinion; and so Henry would have felt, had he been irreproachable. As it was, the empire was elective, and he dreaded its effect upon the Diet. Overpowered with fear, he hastened to cross the Alps, and seek assistance from his mother-in-law the Marchioness of Savoy, and the pope's friend the Countess Matilda.

Of Adelaide of Savoy little is known; but that little shows her to have been a woman of rare discretion. Without forfeiting the favor of the church, she knew how to extend to Henry and

her daughter Bertha all the favor that they might expect from a tender mother,— all the aid that they might ask of a queen. She ought to be remembered with gratitude by all subsequent dukes of Savoy; for, whatever they possessed below the Alps, they owed to the manner in which she consolidated her estates by a triple marriage. By her first and second husbands she had no children; but by the last (Odo, Count of Moriana) she had several, one of whom (called Amideo) now presided with her over her marquisate. She was a woman of learning and ability, whose favor even Gregory did not think it disgraceful to solicit. Her mind seems to have misgiven her concerning her repeated espousals, and she addressed a letter to Damiano upon the subject. The reply of the cardinal, in which he re-assures her mind by pointing out the political results of these alliances, is still in existence. He shows her therein the great influence that she has been enabled to exercise over the affairs of Italy, and gives her credit for wise principles of government and of ecclesiastical discipline.

When Adelaide heard of the approach of the emperor, she went as far as Mount Cenis to meet him. Never did a dissolute monarch impose upon himself a bitterer penance than Henry.

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The winter was terribly severe; the Rhine was frozen over, from Martinmas to April; and the passage of the Alps was attended by many dangers. Henry was accompanied by only one servant and his empress. The latter, wrapped in an ox-hide, was slidden down the precipitous paths of Mount Cenis by the hired guides. At Susa, the marchioness furnished them with more attendants, and, Denina says, accompanied him herself to the Castle of Canossa, near Reggio, where Gregory had paused on his way to the Diet, at the intercession of Matilda. This impregnable castle had been built upon a lofty rock by Alberto Azzo, the great-grandfather of Matilda, then a feudatory of the Bishop of Reggio.

The severe measures of the pope had made him many powerful enemies; and, had Henry been less terrified by a guilty conscience, he would have known how to make the most of the evident joy with which he was received in Upper Italy. Through the influence of Matilda, he now received permission to approach the pope barefooted, and clad in the hair shirt of a penitent.

In the inclement month of January, 1077, the emperor entered the outer court at Canossa.

The first gate closed behind him; shutting out his escort, and leaving Henry shivering and alone. What followed was equally unworthy of the good man and wise ruler that Gregory ought always to have shown himself. For three whole days, the haughty emperor stood naked and forlorn, waiting for pardon. All within the castle were moved. As for Henry himself, he only besought permission to depart. Matilda, in vainly pleading for him, was affected to burning tears of pity and grief; and when, on the fourth day, the royal penitent was brought into the presence of the pope, we can hardly blame him if his vows of obedience were neither very cordial nor sincere. Nor could Gregory expect them to be so. The custom of those times must have admitted of somewhat plain speaking; for Gregory himself wrote, that "every one present had severely censured him, and said that his conduct more resembled the ferocity of a tyrant than the severity of an apostle."

Burning with indignation, Henry remained throughout the winter in Italy, and assembled about his person all the discontented. During the years of contest that succeeded, Matilda felt the full force of his ire. He forgot the tears which she had shed, when he saw her

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manœuvring her troops, sustaining his sieges, urging the pope to endure with firmness such evils as were unavoidable, but always enlarging her dominions and exalting her own fame. By intrigue, rather than force of arms, he at last gained some advantages over her; and, in the beginning of 1081, he marched on Rome, which he kept in a state of siege for three years.

Gregory, in his extremity, had recourse to Robert Guiscard, the conqueror of Naples, who was indebted to the holy see for much of his success. Just upon the point of adding the Eastern Empire to his many spoils, Robert, wiser than many modern captains who might be named, thought it better to secure what he already possessed, than to attempt to acquire new dominions. He hastened to the aid of the pope. Upon the news of his approach, Henry withdrew his exhausted troops; and Gregory left the Castle of St. Angelo, in which he had taken refuge.

Not thinking it safe to remain in Rome, the latter accompanied Robert to Salerno, where he invested him with the duchies of Puglia and Calabria, and died in 1085; saying with his last breath, "I have loved justice, and hated iniquity: therefore am I compelled to die in exile."

His death was a severe blow to Matilda; but she was not likely to mourn with folded hands. All Italy was still divided into factions, and the troops of Henry continually ravaged Tuscany. "It is difficult to decide," says Muratori, "which had derived the greater benefit from their long alliance, Matilda or the church." Her dominant ambition, the purity of her life, and her zeal for religion, caused her to feel a real satisfaction in arming herself against a monarch whose frivolous cares enhanced by contrast the reputation of his adversaries for piety and soberness. The love of command was strong in her; and her subjects obeyed her with enthusiasm, because in her they obeyed the vicegerent of the Deity. On the other hand, she had the privilege of availing herself, at all times and everywhere, of all ecclesiastical resources.

Her reputation for brilliant achievements spread far and wide; and, soon after the death of Gregory, Robert of Normandy (the son of William the Conqueror), who found it somewhat difficult to secure his patrimonial inheritance, came to Italy to ask her hand in marriage, and so secure her assistance. Matilda, feeling naturally but little interest in a wooer who was unable to defend his own rights, and by no

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means in haste to marry, did not hesitate to keep him waiting for a while.

In the mean time, Urban II. took possession of the Papal chair, and, with his accustomed promptness, turned his eyes upon Matilda. He was not far from a very common arrogance, which gave him little confidence in a woman's administrative energy. He did not understand Matilda, now in the very prime of her womanhood; but, anxious to secure her estates to the church, he commanded her to receive the addresses of Guelph, — afterwards the Fifth, Duke of Bavaria. He was a brave and warlike man, ten years younger than his bride: but Urban assured Matilda that she would secure a noble leader for the armies of Italy, and a strong ally for the Papal party in the German States; since his father, the reigning duke, would naturally prefer the interests of his son to those of the emperor. Matilda unwillingly consented. The affair remained a mere political alliance, the marriage never being consummated. They separated at the end of seven years; Guelph not having found a bride of forty-two attractive to his restless spirit, and Matilda anxious only to secure her inheritance untouched to the Papal see.

Henry was highly indignant at this marriage. He had succeeded in imposing Pope Guibert upon the greater part of Italy, and he now urged on a war against Matilda. Guibert himself besieged Montebello and Modena. Mantua, after a siege of twelve months, was lost through the treachery of Matilda's captain. Fortresses, which Matilda had believed to be impregnable, now surrendered; and, astonished at his successes, her father-in-law (the Duke of Bavaria) evidently wavered toward the emperor. Her subjects prayed for peace; but it could be had only on one condition, — submission to the false pope.

Such a petition was by no means palatable to Matilda; but so great was the exigency, that she called a council of her bishops. The Bishop of Reggio insisted that it was her duty to lay down her arms. What could she do against all Italy? Surely God would pardon a defection which had its origin in a sincere desire for the welfare of her people. Theologians and dignitaries sustained the bishops. The whole council were evidently weary of the burden of war. They painted in eloquent colors the desolation of her estates, the wretchedness of the army; and while she sat with glowing cheeks, and

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downcast, tearful eyes, they dreamed, perhaps, that the woman would conquer the enthusiast. But there stood up, in the midst of that aristocratic council, an austere man, called John, to whom the odor of his sanctity gave the only right of entrance. He held up before the eyes of the countess the interest of true religion and the rights of the church. "Perish people, perish property!" he cried; "but let the eternal truth live. Lay down your own life, most holy countess, should need be; but do not surrender to a false priest."

Bright visions of a world's redemption swam before those tearful eyes. Far beyond the struggles of this world, painted in the tints of autumn sunset, Matilda saw the peaceful mansions which the Church promises to her sanctified ones. She listened no longer to depressing counsel: her heart burned within her; and a youthful ardor glowed from beneath her lifted lids, and inspired her captains, as she led them on in person, to drive back Henry from the walls of Montebello. He would then have attacked Canossa: but she pursued and routed him; and, regaining in this flush of success several important posts, she established her authority more firmly than ever.

At this period, a new apple of discord fell

between Matilda and the emperor. Her friend, Adelaide of Savoy, died at Turin in 1091. Her greatly increased estates should have descended to the son, the Duke of Savoy; but Henry, trampling upon all justice, sent his son Conrad to take possession of them for his own benefit. Matilda, moved by those who considered it right to violate the ties of nature to sustain what they thought to be religion, exerted herself to separate Conrad from his father, and offered him the crown of Northern Italy. The unhappy father sought to secure the person of his son, but in vain. Conrad was crowned at Monza; but Matilda did not allow his elevation to diminish her own authority. A simple countess, she reigned at this moment over Italy — notwithstanding husband, king, and emperor — with more absolute power than was ever enjoyed by any son of Charlemagne.

Her position became still more conspicuous when the Empress Pressida took refuge with her from the persecution of her husband and the unnatural violence of his son. We would willingly turn our eyes away from deeds so horrible; but it may help us to forgive Matilda for the influence she exerted over Conrad to look the atrocious conduct of the emperor full in

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the face. The unhappy Pressida had become distasteful to him soon after her marriage, and, after enduring manifold indignities, had been shut up in prison on purpose that she might be subjected to the licentious passions of one of his sons. Having escaped, and rested for a short time under Matilda's roof, she went before the council at Piacenza, and received absolution for the sin to which she had never consented; immediately entering a monastery, where she died of grief in less than a year.

Nor was this the first time that members of the imperial house had received protection from the family of Matilda. Alberto Azzo received into his fortress, at Canossa, Adelaide, the widow of Lothario, — afterward the wife of Otho I., — when she fled from the violence of Berengarius and the malicious envy of Julia his wife. In 952, Otho gave him in compensation the title of Marquis, and the very cities of Reggio and Modena now inherited by Matilda.

It has been asserted that the countess never bestowed her favor as protectress, nor her hand in marriage, with any peculiar grace. Nor would this be strange. During her long struggles with the enemy, so much self-reliance had been developed, and all her habits had become so

energetic and prompt, that she could hardly be expected to have much patience with the timidity and vacillations of those who shared her counsel or sought her aid.

Finding her authority thoroughly established and the emperor quiet, Matilda now sought to free herself from her uncongenial connection with Guelph. In 1095, they were publicly divorced; both protesting that the union had been only political. The true causes of their unhappiness never transpired; but the Duke of Bavaria was certainly ambitious that his descendants should inherit Matilda's estates. Perhaps Guelph shared his father's wishes, and was indignant when he found that Matilda desired to renew to subsequent popes the concessions she had previously made to Gregory. Indignant at the scandal, as well as the disappointment, which his family thus encountered, the Duke of Bavaria descended to the plains of Lombardy, in company with the emperor. They found Matilda so well prepared, that they had only to withdraw.

The emperor, finding Conrad wholly beneath Matilda's influence, transferred the succession to his second son, afterward Henry V. Conrad died at Florence in 1101, — it was supposed, by

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poison; and Matilda was left the sole arbiter of Upper Italy, continually strengthening her position and adding to her glory. Many of her subjects engaged in the holy wars; but no further conflict disturbed their native States.

After the death of Conrad, the unfortunate emperor saw his second son rebel against him. Pretending penitence, and seeking for pardon, he deluded his father into a strong fortress held by his partisans; and, under the threat of instant death, compelled him to surrender the imperial insignia, and abdicate in his favor. The wretched father wrote supplicating letters to one after another of the European courts, and died near his friend, the Archbishop of Liege, in 1106.

It was about this time that Matilda is supposed to have invited into Italy the celebrated Irnerius, who was the first lecturer upon jurisprudence at Bologna. Bayle doubts the story, because there was no public record of his arrival until 1128, after the election of Lothario III.; yet, in regard to times so confused as those in which Matilda lived, a well-sutained tradition must always have a great deal of weight.

Henry V. left Italy in peace for the first four years of his reign; and, when he finally marched

upon the Papal party with thirty thousand armed men, he took good care to remain at peace with Matilda. No other sovereign, however, had any cause to bless him; and the pages of Pandolfo of Pisa teem with the most shocking records of his cruelty. Matilda had renewed her concessions to Paschal II.; yet he left them both, for the present, at peace. He was not unwise in waiting for Matilda's death. Over fourscore years and ten, and exhausted by infirmities which had been increasing for some years, she died in the month of July, 1115, at the Benedictine convent which she had herself erected at Polirone.

With the quarrels which afterwards took place with regard to her estates, we have nothing to do. They resulted in the final cession to Paschal III. of most of what is called the "patrimony of the church." She was buried in Mantua; from which city her remains were solemnly conveyed to St. Peter's by Urban VIII. There they now lie beneath a splendid mausoleum. Her effigy represents a woman with marked features, — holding in one hand the Papal sceptre and tiara; in the other, the keys of the church. At her feet lies her sarcophagus, and its precious relievos represent Henry at the

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feet of Pope Gregory. The abject, half-naked emperor, kneeling, amid Italian princes and church barons, before the haughty Gregory, still calls the blush to the cheek of his imperial descendants. Matilda was the most powerful ally the church ever knew; and the manly frame of Joseph II. quivered indignantly, when he gazed upon this monument to his ancestral shame.

"Call no man happy till he dies," says the proverb of all nations. Judged by this, Matilda's life holds a singular place in history. Her dominions lying between the empire and the church, she felt every shock of the sharp but heavy waves of conflict. While others tossed dizzily through the storms of the time, with a clear head she kept her eye always fixed upon a single steadfast point, and died possessed of all she had ever sought.

NOTE. — In the very few words concerning the Countess Matilda, which are hidden away, between the sketch of Matilda of Flanders and that of the Empress Maud, in the "Record of Women," there are several errors, which should probably be traced to some older compilation.

A misprint of the figure 4 antedates her birth ten years.

Her mother Beatrice is stated to have married Galeazo, instead of Godfrey of Lorraine, his son.

Again: it is said, that, after the death of Matilda's husband in 1076, she married Azo V., Marquis of Ferrara.

The "Biographie Universelle," an authority always at hand, states distinctly that Matilda was married only twice. As to the rest, there is no such person known to history as this Azo V., *Marquis of Ferrara*. The grandfather and the great-grandfather of the person intended were, in fact, the contemporaries of Matilda, but had the title of *Marquis of Este*, from a little town near their estates. The *father* of Azzo V. took his title of Marquis, after Matilda's death, in 1136. His name was Obizzo: and, in 1164, Frederick Barbarossa bestowed upon him the marquisates of Milan and Genoa; which titles descended to his son Azzo V., *Marquis of Este*. A fraudulent transaction, over which history has chosen to draw a veil, made him a *citizen merely* of Ferrara; although his son Azzo VI. was the *first* of his *name* who possessed any authority in that city. The ascendency of the Adelardi, long supreme in Ferrara, was finally and for a long time disputed by the rival family of Torelli. To heal the internal dissensions of the city, the last descendant of the Adelardi — a girl named Marchesella — was betrothed to one of the rival family of Torelli; but an indignant faction violently seized the girl, and compelled her to marry the very Azzo V. whom we have seen given to the Countess Matilda, dead a century before. Azzo V. died about the year 1200; and, in 1208, his son by Marchesella — Azzo VI. — was elected "Lord of Ferrara." This was the first example in history of a free Italian city giving to itself a lord. For these facts, see Muratori "Antichità Estensi," Litta's "Famiglie Celebri Italiani," and Alessi's "Ricerche Istoriche Critiche."

Of course, Matilda never was divorced from a man she never married. There is no doubt that her separation from Godfrey and her divorce from Guelph gave some support to the scandals circulated by her enemies; but if, on the other hand, she married only for political reasons, sedulously guarding her own celibacy upon religious grounds, there was no reason why she should continue linked to men who disappointed her reasonable expectations, and acted in the capacity of imperial spies.

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IV.

CASSANDRA FEDELE.

"Let her make herself her own;
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood."

TENNYSON.

IT has been said that the life of the Countess Matilda was hardly worthy of consideration, because, if she succeeded in all she undertook, she undertook only what was unworthy of a noble woman. This remark could not have proceeded from a discriminating critic, hardly from a reflective one; for what nobler object could any woman of that era propose to herself, than the radical reform of the only Christian Church, or the consolidation of the only power which could be expected to check the most degrading social abuses? We have no sympathy with her peculiar aims; but the world, we are sure, and history, will rate them, as they deserve, among the noblest of the century in which she lived.

We are far from proposing to write the lives of noble women only, or to select those with whose objects and achievements we have the most entire sympathy. Historians are not privileged to reject names because they sully their pages. The life of Cæsar Borgia is as important a contribution to a just estimate of the life of the race, as that of Constantine, or Philip the Good. The life of Woman has yet to be written; and we should do small justice to her sphere, her achievements, or her hopes, if we held up to men's eyes only the names of the pure and the high-hearted, the lives of those prominent for philanthropy or virtue. In seeking, as we do at this moment, a wider field, a broader opening, for her, we shall not put out of sight, or meanly ignore, such beacons — fog-lights, if you will — as Lucretia Borgia, Isotta Nogarola, or Lady Hamilton.

The subject of our present essay is mentioned by Lady Morgan in close connection with a woman of very different character. She speaks of the accomplished scholar Politian as finding learning no protection against love: he was twice —

"Bit;
And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit."

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His first love was Alessandra Scala; and, with a vanity that we shall be expected to pardon in a man, he strove to secure immortality for her Greek verses by printing them with *his own works*. His next Muse was Cassandra Fedele, a Venetian girl, who seems to have been much "too pretty for a pedant," and was perhaps "*only* a woman of genius; for he talks of the playful and infantine graces of her style." She was, besides, an improvvisatrice; and this talent, Lady Morgan thinks, might "sit well upon a young and handsome woman." As these flippant remarks constitute the only allusion to Cassandra, with which we are acquainted, in recent literature, we may be excused perhaps for remarking, first, that there is not the smallest reason to believe that Politian was ever in love with the young girl whose charms he sung; and, second, that it is a little amusing to find a woman of genius ranked *below* a pedant, from whom Lady Morgan herself shrinks, as if totally forgetful of the sweet young face of Lady Jane Grey, whose beauty was not more remarkable than that traditional learning which we have been accustomed to consider something far more important than "a playful or infantine grace of style."

Cassandra Fedele was born in Venice, probably in 1465; though conflicting traditions have rendered the date a little uncertain, and it may have been nine years earlier. She belonged to a noble family of Milan attached to the Visconti, and driven out with them from that city. In her earliest years, she showed such a disposition to learn, that her father caused her to be instructed in Greek and Latin letters, in philosophy, history, eloquence, and theology. Poetry and music she pursued as a relaxation.

She was still a child when she attracted general admiration; and learned men, distinguished travellers, as well as skilful casuists, loved to gather about her to hear her pleasant talk. Perhaps Politian was one of these; for she dedicated one of her early epistles to him; and, in reply, he did his best to transmit her honors to posterity. He expresses his astonishment that she can write so well. He compares her to the Muses, and to all the women of antiquity whom talents or learning had rendered famous.

Until this time, the chief object of his admiration had been Giovanni Pico della Mirandola; a man so remarkable for erudition and resplendent genius, that, in the age of Lorenzo dei Medici, he was called "the Phœnix." He now ventured

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to transfer to Cassandra this public homage. The gifts and acquirements of the woman, to whom a man of Politian's standing would dare to pay such a compliment in a published work, must have been of no ordinary kind.

He commences this epistle by quoting Virgil,—

"O decus Italiæ, virgo!"—

and continues: "Thou writest, O Cassandra! letters full of ingenious subtilty; no less attractive on account of a certain girlish and virginal simplicity, than worthy of consideration from their prudence and good sense. I have read also an oration of thine, learned and eloquent; full of talent, dignity, and music. Thou possessest also the art of the *improvvisatrice*, in which so many orators are deficient; and I am told that thou art so skilled in philosophy and dialectics as to untie the Gordian knot when all other hands have failed. Girl as thou art, thou dost not fear to contend with men, defending or combating the questions proposed to thee; thy womanliness detracting nothing from thy courage, thy courage nothing from thy modesty, thy modesty nothing from thy wit."—L. iii. c. 17.

After proving her so abundantly well able to

provide for herself, it is rather mortifying that he should conclude, like more modern eulogists, by earnestly wishing her a good husband.

Beside a wide correspondence with the scholars of her time, Cassandra held near personal relations to several contemporary sovereigns. She was greatly esteemed by Leo X., Lewis XII. of France, and Ferdinand of Arragon. Isabella of Castile earnestly strove to attract her to her court; and a person of some distinction in those days, John Aurelius Augurello, a Latin poet of Rimini, urged her to accept the invitation. Cassandra was inclined to do so; but the republic of Venice, anxious to preserve its greatest ornament, refused to permit her departure.

She was chiefly remarkable at this time for her eloquence, and owed her reputation, in a great measure, to Latin orations publicly delivered on different occasions. One of these was pronounced at Padua in 1487, when a relation of her own, a canon, received the degree of Doctor of Laws. At Padua, also, she must have studied; for Battista Fregoso praises her purity of character, and speaks of the skill with which she disputed in public there. He adds, that she published a book entitled "Alle Ordine delle Scienze;" and this is a valuable fact,

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because it shows that she did not despise, as has been slanderously asserted, the literature of her native tongue. In allusion to a similar matter, Tiraboschi wisely says, "It is hardly likely that she, who excelled in all other studies, should have neglected this."

Two other discourses, one upon the birth of Christ, and another in praise of belles-lettres (*De Literarum Laudibus*), were delivered by her at Venice, in the presence of the doge, the senate, and an immense literary assembly, convened expressly to hear her.

The men of the Venetian Republic must have had liberal ideas in regard to feminine culture: and that which Cassandra had received could hardly have impaired her natural attractions, as Lady Morgan so delicately hints; for she was sought in marriage by many persons.

Her father conferred her hand upon Giammaria Mapelli, a Venetian physician, destined by the republic to exercise his profession at Retimo, in the Isle of Candia. Thither Cassandra followed him. In returning, many years after, they were exposed to a terrible tempest, and, besides losing nearly all they possessed, were for many hours beset by the perils of death.

In 1521, Mapelli died; and, having no children

to inherit either her beauty or her learning, Cassandra devoted herself to study, and benevolent cares. Tommasini and Niceron, the latter a biographer who lived near her own time, and carefully authenticated his statements, say that she was chosen Superior of the Hospitallers of St. Dominic at Venice; over which she presided for twelve years, dying at the age of one hundred and two. An entry in the register of the convent states that she was interred on the 26th of March, 1558; and, if the above story is true, must have been born at least as early as 1456.

A collection of her letters and discourses, with a sketch of her life, was published at Padua by Phillippo Tommasini in 1636, nearly a century after her death. This contains all that remains to us of her works.

There is a story in existence, with regard to Politian, which would materially affect the value of his testimony as to the purity of Cassandra's character. It asserts that he was himself consumed by an infamous passion, and died its ignoble victim; it is sometimes said, dashing his brains out against the wall of his chamber. It is proper, therefore, to state in this connection, that this story is believed to be without foundation, and that his death is attributed by

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the best authorities, Pierius Valerianus for example, to grief for the death of his friend, Lorenzo the Magnificent, in 1492, followed as it was by the many misfortunes which beset the house of Medici, on the entrance of Charles VIII. into Italy, in 1494.

V.

WOMEN OF THE HOUSE OF MONTEFELTRO.

"A plant they have, yielding a three-leaved bell
Which whitens at the heart ere noon."
"Who began
The greatnesses you know?"
SORDELLO.

THE student of Italian history is frequently startled to perceive how, in single families, the power of genius makes itself felt for centuries; not always skipping, like other "pestilent evils," the second generations, but handed quietly down from mother to daughter and granddaughter.

It is a peculiarity of historians, which may serve to show the way in which women are regarded, that, in writing of distinguished women, they never fail to tell you whom they married; and, should it happen to have been a man of wealth and station, the wife is treated as an appendage to that wealth and station; and, if she was worthy, we are told how she adorned it.

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But distinguished men are *persons of themselves:* we are told how they go to the wars or stay at home, disposing of their children in marriage; and, should these children show noble traits hardly to be expected from the rank or the wickedness of their sires, we are frequently left in doubt as to the mothers that bore them. It seems as if men thought the mother of no importance, unless, from her political connections, she increased the power or the domain of her husband. Thus the mothers of natural children are almost never mentioned; and yet it was this infusion of vigorous plebeian blood into the veins of noble families, brought about, to be sure, by a laxity of public morals which nothing could make tolerable, that saved such families as the Sforze, the Visconti, and the Malatesti from utter extinction. Whatever were the legal rights of natural children, *these* succeeded to the family honors by mere force of strength and ability.

The house of Montefeltro gave many noble women to the noble lines of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in Upper Italy.

It was of a warlike family that Battista da Montefeltro was born. Her father was Count Antonio Montefeltro, Lord of Urbino. We are

not told even the name of her mother; and we are left in utter ignorance why a leader among the Ghibellines should have married his only daughter to a Malatesti, who must have been a prominent Guelph. It seems fair to suggest that such a measure may have been intended to heal local divisions, like the marriage between the houses of Torelli and Adelardi at Ferrara.

Be this as it may, Battista was one of the most remarkable women of her century. On several occasions, she addressed the Emperor Sigismund, Pope Martin V., and the College of Cardinals, in Latin. Bishop Campano states, that the pope, although a man of much erudition, felt himself entirely unable to answer her. She taught philosophy in public; and disputed often with the most skilful professors of her time, compelling each of them in turn to recognize her superiority. She wrote some sacred hymns and other poetry; and published a song full of energy and spirit, dedicated to Italian princes. A testimony to her learning and taste may be found in the pamphlet "De Studiis et Literis," dedicated to her by Leonardo Bruni of Arezzo, and printed at Basle in 1433.

In 1405, she married Galeazzo Malatesta, Lord of Pesaro; to which sovereignty he does not

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appear to have succeeded until the death of his father in 1438. But little is known of him; and the traditions concerning the family are so confused, that they have bewildered even the clear-headed Sismondi, who speaks of his grand-daughter at one time as his daughter, and again as his niece. Battista had one daughter, Lisabetta, by Malatesta; who was so unfortunate as to marry Piero-gentilo da Varano, Lord of Camerino.

Camerino had been inherited by three brothers, — Berardo, Giovanni, and Pioro-gentile; and was governed by them jointly. Berardo was the oldest, and only half-brother to the others. He was married, and a large family of his own made him feel dissatisfied to see so small an inheritance divided among so many. He communicated his discontent to Vitelleschi, the confidential minister of the reigning pope, Eugene IV.

Vitelleschi believed, that, if he secured the ruin of the Varano Family, he should be able to attach Camerino to the apostolic see. We cannot guess what lure he held out to Berardo; but he advised him to destroy his brothers, and offered to assist him. The family of Piero-gentile were seized, and put to death at Recanati,

the seat of his own bishopric; while Berardo himself put his younger brother to death at Camerino. Vitelleschi then privately incited the inhabitants against the assassin; and, to avenge the murdered brothers, the people of Camerino, in their turn, put Berardo and all his family to death.

From this terrible massacre, Costanza da Varano and her younger brother escaped, perhaps by the aid of her maternal grandmother. Lisabetta, it is believed, perished at Recanati with her husband; and the children were immediately adopted by Battista.

This massacre took place in 1434. The people of Camerino, willing to disappoint the wicked bishop, determined to erect their seigniory into a republic. The fortune of war, however, threw them into the hands of Francesco Sforza, when he soon afterwards conquered the march of Ancona; a fact of some importance to Costanza's future history.

At this time, she was six years old; and her adoption by her bereaved grandmother changed the whole current of her life. She received a very careful literary education, to which she owed the subsequent prosperity of her family.

Much as Battista had suffered in the early

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and terrible death of her only child, she had too much spirit to allow her grandchildren to submit to an injustice. Circumstances led both her and her husband, now childless, to look forward with interest to Costanza's marriage. In 1438, the old Lord of Pesaro died, and Galeazzo came to his inheritance. In times of so much civil and political disturbance, it was impossible for a man of his age to maintain his independence without the aid of a young *condottiero*. He was the head of the younger branch of the family, and the head of the elder irritated him by ceaseless hostilities.

Things were in this state, when, in 1442, Francesco Sforza crossed the marquisate of Ancona. He was a natural son of the great peasant leader, Giacomuzzo Attendolo Sforza; and had made himself and his brother Alessandro so formidable, that Visconti thought proper to buy his friendship with the hand of his beautiful and accomplished daughter Bianca, and the sovereignty of Cremona and Pontremoli.

Before this Countess Bianca, Costanza, sustained by the high-spirited Battista, now appeared, and in elegant Latin verse, at the age of fourteen, demanded the restitution of Camerino, now in Sforza's hands, to her young brother

Ridolpho. It was a bold step, and required more than common confidence in herself.

Sforza, however, was no man to be influenced by appeals, unless backed by solid advantages he could comprehend. With him her verses availed nothing; but the fame of them spread through Italy. Guiniforte Barzizza, then at Milan, wrote her a letter filled with congratulations and praises. Unacquainted with her himself, he confessed his astonishment that a girl of fourteen could write with such purity. "He thought it," he said, "an honor to Italy, that her women now excelled the greatest orators of other lands." The compliment was worth something; for it was offered to no favorite of fortune, but to a portionless orphan, whose nearest relative had not strength enough to hold his small inheritance.

The admiration felt for her throughout all Italy inspired her with courage to make a new attempt. She appealed again to Alphonso, King of Naples, a prince well known for his love of letters. He was called Alphonso the Magnanimous, and proved himself worthy of the title by pushing Costanza's claim. By his aid, Camerino was restored to Ridolpho; and, when he was installed in his seigniory in 1444, Costanza addressed his people in a Latin oration.

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We do not know the terms upon which Camerino was restored; but the restoration was accompanied by her marriage to Alessandro Sforza, and the sale of the seigniories of Pesaro and Fossombrone to her husband for the sum of twenty thousand florins. We have seen it stated by some Italian author, that Malatesta entered a convent soon after parting with his sovereignty; but we cannot identify the reference.

Battista's disappointments were not ended. Costanza's marriage must have gratified the highest ambition of her family. Alessandro Sforza was also a natural son of the great commander; and, if not so terrible in war as Francisco, was still one of the greatest of Italian generals, and a man made in a far nobler mould. If Costanza was happy, she enjoyed her happiness for a short time only. In the first year of her marriage, she gave birth to a daughter, whom she gratefully named Battista; and in 1447, eight days after the birth of her son Costanzo, breathed her last. Her husband was amply able to protect the children that she left; and, in the same year, the broken-hearted Battista entered the Convent of Santa Lucia at Foligno. A few Latin orations and epistles remain to

prove Costanza's genius: they are published in the collections of the Abbé Lazzarini.

In less than a year from the time she entered the Clarist convent at Foligno, on the 3d of July, 1448, Battista Montefeltro died. We give this date upon the authority of Sismondi, but do not know where he obtained it.

It has been stated that nothing remains to justify Battista's reputation. Beside the song before alluded to, a collection, published at Florence in 1485, contains articles by her; and her "Harangue" before the Emperor Sigismund was published by Mitarelli at Venice in 1779. In 1787, Abbati Olivieri published "Notizie de Battista de Montefeltro."

All who are familiar with the history of the period know how difficult it is to reconcile the conflicting statements of the time. Only a disproportionate amount of study can do it. Its difficulty may be partly understood from the fact, that, in a writer like Sismondi, we find varying and contradictory accounts of the sale of Pesaro. So far as Battista is concerned, the confusion has been increased by confounding her husband Galeazzo with his grandfather, Galeotto Malatesta; while the story of her early death, which is generally believed, is manifestly incon-

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sistent with her adoption of Costanza, not born till eighteen years after.

Costanza left two children, Battista and Costanzo. The latter inherited the position of his father, and we are told that his magnificence and generosity imparted a temporary lustre to the little court he collected about him at Pesaro.

Battista espoused Federigo Duc d'Urbino, her third cousin, in the fourteenth year of her age. At this time she visited the court of Francesco Sforza, and recited a Latin oration, as Tiraboschi quaintly says, "to the wondor of all." She addressed the distinguished strangers who visited her, in extempore Latin; and, as Duchess of Urbino, harangued Pope Pius II. with such eloquence, that, though a gifted and very learned man, he declared he had not power to reply. At that time, she impressed the literary circle about her as a person of even rarer gifts than her mother or grandmother.

Her husband Federigo, the first Duke of Urbino, was as remarkable as herself. He was a firm friend of her father and uncle; and, by his early progress, placed himself in the ranks of the best instructed and most witty, as well as most magnificent, princes of the fifteenth century. He stimulated artists to adorn his capital, and

collected the finest library in Italy. It is related as characteristic of him, that, on the sacking of Sansovino, he chose as his only share of the booty a magnificent Hebrew Bible, with which he enriched his library.

In this union, so remarkably congenial for the period in which she lived, Battista remained but a few years. She died in 1472, at the early age of twenty-seven. As Duchess of Urbino, no less than as a woman of letters, she received a magnificent funeral, and an oration was delivered in honor of her by Bishop Campano. From this almost all that is now known of her must be gleaned. In it he speaks of her great-grandmother, Battista Montefeltro, as the most celebrated woman of her time, whose learning and eloquence challenged the admiration of the most renowned persons. He adds, and it says more for the original power of the woman than volumes of eulogy, that the questions started by her keen insight were still vehemently debated. On his pages blooms the three-leaved lily of the house of Montefeltro, and the successive generations are shown worthy of the parent stock.

With Battista, Duchess of Urbino, our sketch should properly close. It was of her that Tasso wrote, —

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"La prima che Demosthene e l'latone,
l'ar ch'abbia avanti, e legga anche l'lotino
D'eloquenza e savere al paragone,
Ben potrà star, con l'Orator d'Arpino,
Moglie fra d'un invitto alto campione
Federigo duca dell' antica Urbino."

Can. xliv. st. 57.

No literary remains attest to the student of history the broad renown of the second Battista; but the sacred fire of her genius left its traces on many a ducal house, and to the watchful eye it gleams from many a later coronet. She appears to have left several children, — a daughter, who carried into the house of La Rovere the duchy of Urbino; and a son, Guido Ubaldo, the last Duke of Urbino of the house of Montefeltro.

He held a brilliant and polished court; and, preserving the literary tastes of both his parents, was at once so gentle and so munificent, that he became the most tenderly cherished of Italian sovereigns. He was endowed with wonderful eloquence; spoke Latin like his mother-tongue, and Greek as well as either. His memory was remarkable, and he was well acquainted with the geography of every country and the history of every people. He had been too intimately associated with learned women not to feel their full value, and to be free from the mean jealousy

which a smaller soul might have felt. His wife was worthy of him. Isabella Gonzaga had the finest mental gifts; and, through their joint influence, the court of Urbino became the favorite seat of elegant literature. The poets, savants, philosophers, and artists, of an age that produced many great men, lived in the most intimate relations with the duke and duchess.

Nor did the literary woman disappoint the husband's hopes. When a cruel disease deprived the duke of the use of his limbs for fifteen years, the brilliant centre of the courtly circle became the faithful, gentle nurse; and childless as she remained, and in an age when fidelity among men was an undreamed-of possibility, her husband's affections never wandered.

At his death, the duchy, in compliance with his wish, passed into his sister's family, and was inherited by Francesco Maria de la Rovere.

Volumes might be filled with the lives of those who owe their existence and their genius to the three heroines of the house of Montefeltro; but we have already encroached upon the patience of the reader. There was another remarkable Battista of the Varano Family, descended from that Ridolpho to whom Costanza restored the seigniory of Camerino.

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Still nearer to our own time, and not to be forgotten in connection with his illustrious ancestry, was Alphonso de Varano, the restorer of modern Italian poetry, descended from the dukes of Camerino. He was born at Ferrara in 1705, and closed a long and peaceful life in June, 1788. His poems went through many editions, producing a profound impression. Monti finally completed the work that Varano began. He had been a laborious student, and his works were published the year after his death.

Ugoni says, "The 'Sacred Visions' of Varano gave a new direction to Italian poetry. The Italian Muse no longer chanted for love alone. In the midst of universal aberration, the Visions produced a sudden change. They showed of what power and majesty the Tuscan tongue was capable in the hands of one who knew all its resources. They showed enthusiasm subjected to art, depth of thought, and polish in execution. They had the still greater merit of stimulating Monti, and enabling him to develop the taste for a severe and lofty style of verse."

VI.

BOLOGNA AND ITS WOMEN.

"Receive truth from love for the truth itself, and be not jealous of her who devotes herself to tell it to you. Listen not to those who seek to depreciate her words by accusing her person; for the weaknesses of the individual belong to man, but the word of truth belongs to God." — Constant.

"Why should Woman surrender her peculiar power, to convince mankind of her peculiar feebleness?"

"We turn unrefreshed from such an experiment to seek the serene home which Mary Ware blesses with counsel."

"Would it not be better, for women who have time enough to utter their public protests against misery and crime, to spend that nature and temper, so exquisitely made for charity, in silent alleviation of some of the evils that implore their intervention?" — *Christian Examiner*, 1854.

THESE last are a few sentences taken at random, we trust not unfairly, from an article contributed to the leading journal of the most liberal denomination in this country; contributed, too, by a scholar and a clergyman: and we write the last word with peculiar sorrow, because it seems to us, that one who knows any thing practically, as every clergyman should, of the misery of the lower classes of women, on this continent still so fresh and young, should write with tenderness of the movement women have begun. No man, holding such a position,

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should be indifferent to it, or contented with the popular impression of its leaders. He should read our reports and papers; he should seek to know the women who have risked thus all that is most dear to them; and if he find, here and there, an advocate whose zeal outruns her discretion, let him ask himself whether *men* are never found, who in the same manner scotch the wheels of their party or faith. We do not believe in controversy, — in advocating this reform, above all others, by the battle of words: we would rather assert and re-assert the truth of God. But such sentences, written by such a man, sorely tempt us aside.

It is hard for those of us who have loved and known Mary Ware, and who have been honored with her love and high regard, to be told that her life is our rebuke. We loved her where she stood, with her hands full of domestic ties: but we remember that at Osmotherly she became a somewhat public character; and we know, that, if she could stand where some of us stand, she would do as we are doing. Let no one dare to imply that we undervalue such a life; and, for the rest, let us "bless" those we love with wise "counsel," and let the "serenity" of our homes be our only answer.

Had our author investigated his subject with a suitable fairness, the character of those who are leading in this movement would have checked him ere he wrote the heading to his article. He would have known, that among the most zealous advocates of this reform are those who have followed for years in the footsteps of the lonely and the depraved, and that they do not check their private charity because they feel that they have a public duty. There is implied in the accusation something resembling the popular idea, that a student cannot be a good wife and mother: why, then, let our author answer, a good husband and father?

The tone of this article is the more likely to strengthen existing prejudices, because it seems to be liberal; because it asks for higher wages, better education, and makes no very strong objection to a Mary Somerville or a Lucretia Mott. Surely, if the result of all our efforts shall only show us how weak we are, all this manly argument to save us might be spared. Let us rest, and we shall soon dethrone ourselves.

Yet again, if the best that we can do is only to "rehash" the well-cooked dishes of our masters, is there any great danger that we shall wander far from their control?

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Let it be said, and let it be believed,—for our lives will justify us in demanding such a faith,—that many of us who demand for women at large the exercise of civil powers, do it not on account of a "brawling ambition," nor with the smallest reference to ourselves; but because we believe that such a proof that men regard them as responsible human beings, full of the authority and dignity of womanhood, would call out the self-respect, and power of usefulness, that in a large majority of women now lie dormant; and, furthermore, because we believe that men ought to leave us as free as we have been compelled to leave them, and have no more right to decide what we shall do, or what we shall not, than we, reciprocally, to decide for them.

But what, some one may think it quite time to ask, has all this to do with Bologna and its women? Simply this: that just as we were about to do honor to some names in her fair past, and show how women can be at once good doctors in physics, and tender wives and mothers; how they can utter sound philosophy in the market-place, and not neglect the sweet charities of home,—this article appeared; and we thought fit to preface our observations in this wise.

Italy has always been remarkable for her pride in her learned women. Her men have been generous, their laurels all too green for them to fear the warm breath of a woman's renown. But, among the cities of Italy, Bologna stood pre-eminent in this regard.

At a very early period, the children of the middle classes in Italy had as much care expended upon their education as the children of noblemen in England. Petrarch and Boccaccio were instances of this. Thus many opportunities were thrown open to Italian women; and the inducement to use them was found in the state of society. For women of rank, riding, driving, and dancing were the only resource, beside dishonorable love or coquettish intrigue. Superior persons there were, who sought nobler employments than these last; and, that what they gained in learning they did not lose in good house-keeping or wife-like truth, history affords, fortunately, the best of evidence.

After Bonaparte's coronation at Milan, he turned abruptly round, and asked a lady where her husband was. "At home, sire."—"What is he doing?" he resumed. "Fa niente," she said dryly. "Fa niente, fa niente," re-iterated the emperor, "always this cursed doing nothing;"

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and he immediately gave orders, that, in all invitations from his court, husbands should henceforth be included with their wives. Trivial as this incident may seem, it was the beginning of a very important reform. It threw a new and healthy life into society; and the fashionable gallant became, from that moment, one too many. That it was necessary, is the point to which we would direct attention, as illustrating the poverty of Italian life. No one will doubt, that, under such circumstances, those women who were best calculated to make faithful wives and mothers would be the most likely to turn to literature as the only fitting employment of their leisure hours.

The origin of the city of Bologna is lost in obscurity. It was once a city of the ancient Etruscans, under the name of Felsina. Its university is the oldest, and still one of the first, in Italy; nor has there ever been a time, from its foundation to the present day, when there were not connected with it ripe scholars, who drew to it illustrious persons from abroad. It is said to have been founded by Theodosius II., A.D. 425, and to have been restored by Charlemagne. Its schools of medicine and law have been most widely celebrated. Bologna was the

first city in the world to found schools of jurisprudence, and the first teacher of the civil law. Irnerius was called to the professor's chair *by a woman*,—the Countess Matilda, the noble-minded friend of Gregory VII. This was about the year 1100; and, from that time, the reputation of having studied at Bologna was a passport to office throughout Christendom. The existence of the University gave rise to libraries and other literary institutions, and naturally turned the minds of the women to the subjects which interested the society about them.

Political economists would do well, perhaps, to consider, that what was and is the most literary city of all Italy, retains, in spite of political reverses, a position of thrift and activity not equalled on the peninsula. The higher classes are extremely cultivated, and the people industrious; and there seems to us a natural connection between the lives of the learned women who even in this century render Bologna illustrious, and the public school, where, in 1833, Valeri tells us that the children of the poor were gratuitously taught Latin, mathematics, singing, and drawing. That the people of Bologna are more independent than those of the other cities of Italy, has never been attributed to the influence of letters; and

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yet who has ever studied or written with true enthusiasm, and not been grateful for the vigor it is thus possible to nourish in spite of political or personal reverses?

That this University, numbering once its ten thousand students, where the dead body was first dissected, and where the galvanic current was first recognized and measured, should move the enthusiasm even of women, was not strange; but how early it did so we have no precise information.

Panciroli states that Accorsa, the daughter of Accorso, the celebrated professor of jurisprudence at Bologna, taught jurisprudence from her father's chair as early as the middle of the thirteenth century. He has been followed by many other authors: but the patient and trustworthy Tiraboschi says, with a little mannish spite, "There are those, it seems, who think that the reputation of so many learned men is not sufficient for the honor of the University, which they would fain render more illustrious through many talented women;" and he goes on to prove, that, so far as he can discover, the said Accorsa was a fabulous personage.

At the same period, Bettisia Gozzadini assumed the cap and gown, together with the title of Doctor. The only trustworthy memorial of her is to be found in the following extract from an old calendar of the University of Bologna: "Oct. 23, hac die, A. autem S. 1236, celeberrima D. Bethisia, filia D. Amatoris de Gozzadinis, jam doctor in juris, hujus ipsius anni, cepit publice legere, quam plur. scholar. cum magna admiratione et doctrina; ut videretur portentum, ad incomparabilem honorificentiam Archigymnasii." The wretched Latin of which may be thus rendered: "This day, Oct. 23, in the year of salvation 1236, the celebrated Lady Bethisia, daughter of Signior Amatori dei Gozzadini, who had already this year been made doctor of laws, began publicly to read, to the great admiration and instruction of many pupils; so that she would seem a prodigy, to the incomparable honor of the chief school of learning." The historian of Italian literature does not hesitate to say, that some men call this whole calendar a "solemn imposture."

The author of the "Record of Women" adds to this the following particulars: "Bettisa Gozzadini, born at Bologna in 1209, having prevailed upon her parents to gratify her love of learning, followed every course of study at the University,

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clad *in man's apparel;*" a somewhat unnecessary trouble, one would think, in a university which did not hesitate to confer degrees upon women. "She took the highest standing in her college, and received the laurel crown with her degree. She afterwards studied law; obtained the title of Doctor, and the privilege of wearing the robe. She lost her life in 1261, in consequence of the overflow of the Idio." The very minuteness of this record, where the most careful investigation has found nothing but uncertainty, makes it suspicious. From the orthography of the proper names, we suspect that the author derived her material from early French sources; which are, for the most part, unworthy of reliance.

Among the names still honored at Bologna is that of Madonna Giovanna Buonsigniori. Lady Morgan calls her Maddalena; but this must be a mistake of her own or the printer's. In an ancient Italian chronicle published by Muratori, it is said, that when Charles V. entered Bologna, in 1354, with his empress, the latter "had with her, as a companion, a venerable Bolognese lady, skilled in letters, and acquainted with the German, Bohemian, and Tuscan tongues. She was called Madonna Giovanna, daughter of Matteo

dei Bianchetti, of the street of San Donato; and was the widow of Messer Buonsignior dei Buonsigniori of Bologna, Doctor of Laws." We omit the old Italian from which we freely translate, because we do not wish to cumber our pages with what may be uninteresting to the general reader. It is elsewhere stated, that she had mastered Latin, Greek, and Polish, and was well versed in philosophical and legal science. Lady Morgan accords to her the honors of the cap and gown, on the personal authority, we suppose, of her friend Cardinal Mezzofanti.

It will be observed, that all the women to whom tradition has attributed this honor have been the daughters or the wives of doctors of the law; and it is but fair to suppose that their public proficiency, in a study which most men call dry and technical, was the result of a natural and praiseworthy sympathy. Should we hereafter consider the lives of Italian women in general, we shall see how many of those distinguished in other States owed their enthusiasm to the fact of some recent ancestral relation to the University of Bologna. Such an one was Christina de Pizzano, resident at the court of France; whose old and idiomatic French we are

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compelled to quote, as the best existing evidence of the professorship of Novella d'Andrea.

It is entirely uncertain, we believe, whether this person ever lived; or, if she lived, whether her name was not Bettina; whether her father had two daughters or one. But Tommaso da Pizzano was born at Bologna, and lived there in the time of Giovanni d'Andrea, — the celebrated lecturer, and father of Novella. Probably it was from his lips, therefore, that Christina received the story of the latter: so we may hope, that, with its touching beauty, it wears also the stamp of truth. The life of *Bettina* d'Andrea — authenticated by the record of her marriage and funeral — closed in 1335.

"Pareillement a parler de plus nouveaux temps, sans querre les anciennes histoires, Jean Andry, solemnel legiste à Boulogne La Grasse, n'amie soixante ans, n'estoit pas d'opinione que mal fust que femmes fussent lettrées. Quand a sa belle et bonne fille qu'il tant ama, qui ot nom Nouvelle, fist aprendre lettres et si avant la Loix que quand il estoit occupe d'aucune essoine, parquoy il ne pouvait vaquer a lire les lecons a ses escholieres, il envoyât Nouvelle sa fille lire en son lieu aux escholes en chayre. Et afin que la beauté d'icelle n'empechast la pensée des

oyans, elle avoit un petit courtine devant elle. Et par cette maniere suppleoit et allegoit aucunes fois les occupations de son pere, lequel l'aima tant, que pour mettre le nom d'elle en memoire fist un notable lecture d'un livre des Lois, qu'il nomma du nom de sa fille 'La Nouvelle.'"*

In this extract from "La Cité des Dames," there is a peculiar beauty in the picture of the young girl shading her soft Italian eyes with a veil, lest their "doctrine" should prove more bewitching than that of the canon law; and of the father, proud and loving, who gave to what he believed would be an immortal thesis the name of his precious child. Upon this single passage is founded all that history or poetry have said or sung of Novella d'Andrea. The Novella who married John Caldesimus has been proved to be another person.

* "So, — to speak of later times without inquiring into ancient history, — Jean Andry, a solemn law-teacher at Bologna not more than sixty years since, thought it did no harm for women to be lettered. As to his good and beautiful daughter, named Novella, whom he so much loved, he taught her letters and law, so that, when he was occupied with any care, he might send her to sit in his chair and teach his pupils; and, that her beauty might not disturb their thoughts, a little curtain hung before her. And in this manner she many times supplied her father's place; who loved her so much, that, to bequeathe her name to posterity, he gave a famous lecture from one of his treatises on law, which he called, after her, 'The Novella.'"

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We have said that Christina da Pizzano was born of Bolognese parents; and as she was, we believe, the first woman who attempted to support herself and her family by her pen, her life is of no common interest. It may well be attached to those of the Bolognese women whose accomplishments kindled her emulation and sustained her rivalry.

Her father, Tommaso da Pizzano, was one of the most eminent men of his day. Having exhausted all the resources of learning and science, he applied himself to astrology. He was residing at Venice when Christina was born, in 1363. He was invited by Charles V. to the French court, where he went with his daughter when she was about five years old.

In intellectual ability, Christina was worthy of her father; and, at the early age of fourteen, she was married to Stephen de Castel, a young noble of Picardy, who was secretary to the emperor. When Charles died, the prospects of the family were clouded; and disappointment soon carried the husband and father of Christina to the grave. At the age of twenty, she found herself a widow, burdened with the support of three sons.

A foreigner, she had no resources but those within her; and, when the relations of her husband disputed her inheritance at the law, she devoted herself to study, with such zeal that few men of the time could equal her. She says of herself, "Ains me pris aux histoires anciennes des commencemens du monde, — les histoires des Ebrieux, des Assiriens, et de principes de signouries procedant de l'une en l'autre dessendant aux Romains, des François, des Britons, et autres plusieurs historiographes; après aux deductions de science selon ce que en l'espace du temps que y estudiai, on pos comprendere. Puis me pris aux livres de poétes."*

She was a good Latin and Greek scholar, and began to write books in 1399. In 1405, she says that she had written fifteen large volumes. She complains that the publication of her poems gave rise to calumnies; but she grew rapidly in the esteem of scholars. We have quoted her quaint old French, instead of translating it, because her works are either in manuscript, or not easily accessible to persons on this side of the Atlantic.

* "So I lent myself to ancient history from the beginning of the world, — to the history of the Hebrews, the Assyrians, and the divided sovereignties proceeding from both until the time of the Romans, French, and Britons; and many other historiographers. . . . Then I applied myself to poetry."

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When the Count of Salisbury went to France on a mission connected with the marriage of Richard, he carried home with him Christina's only surviving son. Richard sent Christina a warm invitation to his court; and, after the death of both Salisbury and the king, Henry of Lancaster not only continued to employ her son, but renewed the invitation to herself. She could not be persuaded, however, to quit the land where she had suffered so much; and although she was still further urged, by the Duke of Milan, she remained in France under the protection of Philip, the good Duke of Burgundy. After his death, she recalled her son; and, about this time, we find an order awarding her the sum of two hundred liræ, in memory of services rendered by her father to Charles V. The attempt to claim this involved her again in lawsuits, and, as some authors have said, hastened her death; but the time of this is wholly uncertain.

She printed the "Life of Charles V." in French. One of her manuscripts is in the "Bibliotoca Estense." "Le tresor de La Cité des Dames" was printed at Paris in 1497. The "Hundred Tales of Troy" went through two editions, and she left beside an immense number of manuscripts. The time of her death is not certainly known.

Next in order of time come the "Two Isotte;" the ugliness of whose portraits on the walls of the University frightened the fascinating Lady Morgan out of all literary propriety, in 1820.

The first of these — Isotta da Rimini, the mistress and afterwards the wife of the celebrated Pandolpho Malatesta — need detain us but a few moments. She was learned, and the Laura of a knot of poets who wrote verses in her praise; but if their praises of her learning bore no truer witness than their exaltation of her chastity, if the beauty they lauded can find no better defence than the portrait which has descended to posterity, we need trouble ourselves but little about either.

Her contemporary, Isotta Nogarola, who was so unfortunate as to bear the same name, was born at Bologna; but in what year is uncertain. She was as remarkable for her chastity as for her wisdom, well instructed in the sciences, and a ready versifier. When one of the Foscarini became Podesta of Verona in 1451, Isotta entertained the learned company around her with a discussion

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upon the comparative guilt of Adam and Eve. Her thesis, which proved Eve to have been the seduced rather than the seducer, was printed a century after her death. She never married. Lady Morgan says it was to show her contempt for that sex of which Adam was an example; but a masculine critic wickedly suggests, that the countenance which hangs in the library at Bologna could never have found many admirers. She died about 1466, — it is generally thought, at an early age; and left a large number of manuscripts, chiefly orations and epistles, in Latin.

It is after praising the eminence to which Isotta attained that Vasari introduces to us the name of Properzia dei Rossi, "a maiden of rich gifts, who, equally excellent with others in the disposition of all household matters, gained a point of distinction in many sciences, well calculated to arouse the envy, not of women merely, but of men." Alidosi calls her the daughter of Martino Rossi of Modena; but, if she was not born in Bologna, it was there that she grew up, and there that she exercised her talents.

Properzia was distinguished by remarkable beauty of person. She sang and played better

than any woman of her time in Bologna; and, to satisfy an exuberant fancy, began her life as an artist by carving peach-stones. More fortunate than many children of more modern times, she found among her immediate friends warm and appreciating admirers. No one said, "A foolish fancy, that: she had better be taking care of the house." And when she finally completed, on this small surface, a sculptured Crucifixion, containing many heads besides those of the executioners and the apostles, no one added, "It is but a womanish trick of art, after all." The true lovers of beauty, beside and around her, said, "See what better you can do." So encouraged, she executed numerous arabesques in stone, of flowers, animals, and so on, for the principal chapel of Santa Maria del Baracano.

Just at this time, the superintendent of the Cathedral was authorized to ornament with marble figures the three doors of the principal façade of San Petronio. For a portion of this work, Properzia now applied; and here occurs an inconsistency * in her biographer, which we

* The "Englishwoman's Journal" for November, 1858, closes a sketch of Properzia in these words: —

"Properzia's art career was permanently influenced by untoward circumstances. She loved profoundly a young nobleman,

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cannot explain by any authors within our reach. At the beginning of the Life, Vasari says "she was a *maiden* of rich gifts:" he now says that she applied to the superintendent of this work through "her husband;" and again, that she succeeded in a certain piece of sculpture all the better for a *disappointment in love*, all the more grievous to bear, because, with this exception, she was perfectly successful in all things.

Anton Galeazza Malvasia; but her love was rejected, despite her beauty, her fame as an artist, and many of those minor charms which link great virtues to each other. Perhaps the proud patrician disdained to own as his wife one who bore a less ancient name than his own. Certain it is that he failed to possess her on less honorable terms."

I think it best to quote this account, written by the Patriot Mario, because very vile slanders are frequently attached to this lovely woman's name, and are repeated in the churches where her sculptures are shown.

These slanders have originated in the word "husband," once used by Vasari, and which must, I think, be a misprint, or a mistake in his manuscript; and in the fact, that, when dying, she sculptured her own portrait in her relievo of Potiphar's wife, a miracle of grace and beauty. This last thing a guilty woman would hardly have done.

Mario does not allude to the possibility of her having been married. Nowhere are we told the name of her husband. Vasari distinctly contradicts the implication by saying that she "died a maiden." It is just possible she had been in infancy conventionally betrothed: but the simple fact appears to be, that she loved and was beloved by a man greatly her superior in rank; that her eyes opened too late, when she found in what manner he sought her, and her woman's heart broke with a grief too heavy for the artist's pride.

However she applied, she was commanded to produce a specimen of her work, as a proof that she was capable of what she undertook; and, for this purpose, she executed from the life that admirable bust of Count Guido Pepoli, now preserved in the Church of San Petronio. Upon this, she was intrusted with the execution of two groups. She chose the wife of Pharaoh's steward and the Queen of Sheba for her subjects, and delighted the whole city by her eminent success. But there was one critic whom she could not please, — a certain Maestro Amico Aspertini, who is elsewhere described as having his head full of vapor and vain-glory; who never spoke well of any one, yet was always full of babble and gossip; and who had so little true love of art, that, when he made any fortunate discovery, he immediately destroyed all traces of it, lest some other person should by chance derive some benefit from it.

Properzia was a woman, and she did not care to struggle with this incarnation of the evil passions. Having finished several noble works already undertaken, she turned her attention to copperplate engraving, wherein she soon established an enviable reputation. The rumor of her lofty genius spread through Italy, and

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reached the ears of Clement VII. Having crowned Charles V. at Bologna in 1530, he sought out Properzia. She had died that very week, and been buried, at her own request, in the Spedalo delle Morte.

Both Latin and Italian epitaphs were written in her honor; but, as they have no peculiar interest, we do not copy them. On a peach-stone in the Florentine Cabinet, there is a "Glory of the Saints," carved by Properzia, on which more than sixty heads may be counted. The stones in the possession of the Grassi Family are generally of simple workmanship; but one of them contains twelve figures. Vasari had drawings executed by Properzia, which he describes as admirable copies after Raphael, in "pen and ink." She was about thirty at the time of her death.

Next in the succession of time, we hear of Lucia Bortana, who was considered by Maffei the third in eminence among the poets of her time. Tiraboschi, more to be relied on, mentions her as one among many. She was born at Bologna, of the family of Orto, and became the wife of Gurone Bertano. She was not only a graceful poet, but accomplished in music and

painting, and possessed all the gentler virtues of her sex. It is a pleasant tribute to her womanly tact, that she was chosen to appease the literary quarrel of Caro and Castelvetro. Though she conducted the matter with the utmost delicacy and good sense, she was not successful.

Ludovico Domenichi not only dedicated to her some of his works, but left a beautiful eulogy upon her. She died at Rome in 1567. Her husband honored her memory by a splendid monument in the Church of Santa Sabina. Learned societies struck medals in her honor. She left one son, Giulio, who inherited her love of verse, and some of whose rhymed fancies have been, oddly enough, preserved in manuscript, on the blank leaves of a copy of Sanazzaro's "Arcadia," still in the library of the Count Fantuzzi.

In pleasant harmony with the sculptress and the poet of the sixteenth century is the sweet memory of that painter of the seventeenth, Elisabetta Sirani. She was born in Bologna in 1638; and her father was Gian Andrea Sirani, the favorite pupil of that great master with whom her name and genius were always as-

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sociated, as well in life as in death. Greatly gifted by nature, her talents came very near lacking all cultivation, simply because she was a girl. But her father had a friend who was wiser than himself; and, as he had no sons, he was at last induced to offer her every advantage.

She engraved extremely well, modelled in plaster, and, before her eighteenth year, executed historical pictures, which still hold a high place in art. She played and sung with uncommon grace; and, best of all, was gifted with that plain good sense which so seldom accompanies what is called artistic genius in either men or women. To her invalid father she gave all that she received for her pictures; and, her mother having become paralytic, she supplied her place to her younger sisters, and was faithful to all the details of domestic duty.

That she possessed the rare talent of an improvvisatrice in art, is evident from the fact, that, when a committee of the Church of the Certosini called upon her for a companion picture, she seized a paper, and sketched before their astonished eyes, and when only twenty years of age, the outline of that "Baptism of Jesus"

which she afterwards executed. Few artists in the world have ever done, in their ripest manhood, a more remarkable thing.

Foreign courts desired to patronize her; and one of her paintings had been ordered by the empress, widow of Ferdinand III., when her death took place at the early age of twenty-seven, and so suddenly, that it was attributed, though without proof, to poison. She was buried in the Dominican church at Bologna, in the same tomb with Guido Reni.

In the Palazzo Lamboccari de San Paolo, at Bologna, are two of her paintings, — a "Holy Family" and a "Magdalen." Her success in art gave a great impulse to female genius on the continent.

The name of Laura Bassi Veratti is probably better known than most of those which we have presented to our readers. It would be still better known, and more brilliantly famous, were the women of the present day as well versed in Latin as Laura's contemporaries. She was born at Bologna in 1711.

Early appreciated by her father's friends Stregani and Tacconi, they led her to the study of Latin, French, logic, metaphysics, and natural

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philosophy. What had satisfied her masters was the ordinary teaching of the schools; but Laura soon began to think and "discover" for herself. To gratify them, and with much pain to herself, she prepared, on the 17th of April, 1732, for a public dispute on philosophy. It took place at the Palace Anziani; and the elegance and delicacy of her Latin speech were as remarkable as the extent of her acquirements.

Applause and admiration followed her efforts; and Cardinal Lambertini urged her to contend for the doctor's degree, which could alone establish her position. On the 12th of May, attended by many ladies of distinguished rank, she passed her examination. Bazzani crowned her with a silver wreath of laurels in the name of the faculty, and addressed her in a Latin oration when he invested her with the gown, to which she made an elegant extemporaneous reply. At the dinner which followed, even the subtlety of the Cardinal Polignac was distanced by her ready wit. She received the highest honors; and the Senate settled a pension upon her, to enable her to pursue her studies without interruption.

She mingled in the most distinguished society; and Dr. Veratti, a professor of the

University and a celebrated physican, became attached to and married her. As his wife, she became as remarkable for domestic virtues as she had hitherto been for her scholarship. She carefully educated a numerous family. Not merely a tender wife, but also an excellent manager, her frugality, united to a generous hospitality, excited universal admiration.

Nor did these lesser cares disturb the serenity of the far-reaching gaze which she turned towards the realms of mind and nature. For twenty-eight years, she carried on in her own house a course of experimental philosophy, until the Senate of the University invited her to become their public lecturer.

Her memory was very great, her understanding strong, and her conversation sparkling with wit. The portraits of Laura show us a spirited head, with a profile slightly *retroussé*, indicating a French vivacity. She died in 1778, of a disease of the lungs. She was buried in her doctor's gown, crowned with her silver laurel. She left behind her some manuscript poems and some Latin treatises.

The following inscription on her monument shows the generous love of her Bolognese sisters: —

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LAURÆ BASSÆ VERATTÆ,
Physicæ in hoc instituto,
Philosophiæ universæ in gymnasio,
Magistræ;
Quod priscas urbi feminas
Doctrina illustres,
Feliciter æmulata,
Velerem sui sexus gloriam apud nos
Renovavit ac plurimum erexit,
Matronæ Bononiæ, ære conlato.
Vixit 66 annos. Obiit 1778.

Which may be freely translated thus: "The matrons of Bologna, by united contributions, erect this monument to Laura Bassi Veratti, teacher of natural philosophy in this Institute, and of all philosophy in the University; for, by a happy emulation of the honored and learned women that this city once produced, she kindled afresh the former glory of her sex among us. She died in 1778, aged sixty-six years."

It was a beautiful feature of Laura's life, that, though she received the doctorate in her early years, it was while the wife's and mother's duties were being faithfully performed, that a sincere love of study led her to pursue, for twenty-eight years, her private experiments. After this faithful preparation, women might look on contented when the Senate of the University invited her to become a *public* lecturer.

Contemporary with Laura Bassi, and quite as worthy of the grateful remembrance of the world, was Donna Morandi, by marriage Manzolini, who was born at Bologna in 1716. She was a professor of anatomy, and one whom Italy honors as the inventor and perfecter of anatomical preparations in wax. We ought, perhaps, to state here, that we have examined the merits of Gigoli Tumnio and Lelli, to whom this invention is usually attributed, without finding any thing to conflict with her claim. The honor is divided between herself and a French lady, Mademoiselle Biheron; and, as the invention was one of the greatest importance to medical science, the fact that it was due to two women should always be borne in mind.

English biographical dictionaries assert that Morandi's husband, who was a wax-modeller, also excelled in anatomical preparations. But, if so, they must have been of quite a different kind from those afterwards perfected by his wife. French medical authorities are explicit on this point. They say, that being a student of medicine, and regretting the rapidity with which the processes of nature deprived her of her specimens, she readily perceived that the material in which her husband worked might be used to the advantage of anatomy.

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Her first attempts were so excellent, that they challenged the admiration of the college. She was employed to make specimens for the Institute, and her success raised her to the chair of anatomy in 1758.

No modern student can fitly estimate the boon thus conferred on medical science, who has not taken the pains to read the medical works of the era. At this very moment, a celebrated Scotch physician, Dr. William Smellie, — who had educated more than a thousand pupils, and whose works on obstetrics were thought worthy of being translated into several living languages, — was lecturing at London from a manikin, the secret of whose construction provoked a smile. What modern student could resist the ludicrous emotion excited by a wooden woman, with an abdomen of leather, in which a vessel of beer, a cork stopper, and a bit of pack-thread, imitated the impulses of nature?

But here, again, the genius of woman came to the aid of science. An admirable manikin, invented and perfected by Madame Ducoudray, received the approbation of the Academy of Surgeons, in the very year in which Morandi was elected to the chair at Bologna; and Elizabeth Nihell, who had been born at London in

1723, had the courage publicly to expose the absurdities of the popular master of a thousand pupils, and to introduce the French manikin.

The elevation of Morandi to the anatomical chair in a university which was still, in 1820, the most thorough in the world in its preparation of medical students, was a significant token of the appreciation, by the faculty, of woman's relation to the science. Bihéron's preparations were purchased by Catharine of Russia, and Morandi's received an admiring appreciation from Joseph II.

She died in 1774. Her preparations, since surpassed, are preserved in the collection at Bologna.

Clotilda Tambroni, the professor of Greek at Bologna, links these celebrated women to our own century. She was born in 1758, and was the sister of the celebrated poet and historian, Joseph Tambroni.

Devoted to her needle, she listened to the Greek lessons given by the Hellenist Aponte to his pupils. An accident revealing to him her wonderful powers, he persuaded her mother to give her a liberal education. To a familiarity with elegant literature she added an acquaint-

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ance with Latin and mathematics; but she chiefly excelled in Greek. While yet a girl, she was appointed to the Greek chair in the Junior Department of the University of Bologna. She was admitted to the Arcadian Academy at Rome, the Etruscan at Cortona, and the Clementini at Bologna.

After an absence of a year in Spain, whither her family had gone for political reasons, her countrymen received her, in 1794, with the highest honors; and the government of Milan immediately conferred upon her the Greek chair at Bologna. She was displaced in 1798 because she refused to take the oath of hatred to royalty, required by the Cispadane Republic. Bonaparte, with his usual appreciation, nobly restored her; and she retained her chair, save when it was politically suppressed, till her death in 1817. During her last years, it was shared by the celebrated Cardinal Mezzofanti; and Lady Morgan, who visited Bologna just after her death, says, "It was a pleasant thing to hear her learned co-adjutor, in describing to us the good qualities of her heart, do ample justice to the learning which had raised her to the same rank as himself, without one illiberal innuendo at that erudition, which in England is a *greater female stigma than vice itself.*"

Upon Clotilda's monument at Bologna it is written, that she was "crowned with modesty and every virtue." Her works are chiefly Greek poems and a Latin oration.

In the Gallery at Bologna, in 1820, a young artist, Carlotta Gargalli, seemed fast following in the graceful footsteps of the gifted Elisabetta Sirani; but since that time we have heard nothing of her. Perhaps she died early. In the same year, the Countess Sampieri and Madame Martinetti presided over literary circles, which gave something of the old lustre to Bolognese society; and we have no reason to doubt that they have found worthy successors.

Whoever writes in the present day can hardly remain neutral with regard to the responsibleness of women toward women. Upon this subject let us say, in closing, a few words. Let every conscientious woman beware, lest an unlucky witticism, a smart saying, or a careless slur, injure for ever a reputation of which she knows nothing with certainty. Public opinion is a mingled stream, flowing from a thousand nameless sources.

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An example will show how really liberal and right-thinking women may swell the current of popular prejudice.

Lady Morgan, whose merits no one can appreciate more highly than ourselves, since she has always preserved, through the remarkable honors and distinctions to which genius has raised her, her unaffected, sprightly, democratic air; Lady Morgan, whose books are so crowded with incident and literary gossip, that we forgive the awkward air with which recent acquisitions seem to sit upon her, — says above, "that erudition is in England, in 1820, a greater female stigma than vice itself." Yet in the same chapter, in speaking of the Institute at Bologna, she says, "The anteroom of the Library has an interest of its own, from being covered with the portraits of the learned; among which, *strange to say*, the ladies hold a distinguished place. *At the head, as 'chef de brigade,' stares* Isotta da Rimini. 'Le due Isotte,' as they are called, and Madame Dacier, compose a group that *can never be mistaken for that of the Graces.* They are indeed *fearful examples*, to convince the most indigo-blue stockings, that the waters of the Pierian springs are not among the most *efficacious cosmetics.*"

Does this prove that a bold courtesan stands at the head of literary women in Italy, or that learned women are never beautiful? Yet how strongly it *implies* something of the sort!

In a note, she says Cassandra Fedele was far too "pretty for a pedant;" and, farther on, that, "*in woman*, genius and abstruse learning never yet went together." She reckoned without her host; though it is perfectly true, that in herself genius has supplied the *want* of abstruse learning.

Trivial as such remarks may seem, every one who adds without cause to the number does something to lower the popular estimate of women. It was because of the almost infinite power of *light words* that our Saviour said, "Let your conversation be as Yea, yea."

Let every true-hearted woman speed all other women striving for honorable distinction; and so, in good time, shall come a happy emancipation.

Our sketches of Bolognese women may bring some of our readers to reflect as to what natural connection there is between the presence of a large number of literary women within its walls, and the prosperity and mental independence of Bologna la Grasse. The city was always a favorite with Bonaparte; and, through all changes, has stamped the charmed word *Libertà* upon its coin. The liberties of which the people are

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deprived *de jure* are less violently invaded *de facto*. The only tax which the Pope can require of Bologna is a duty upon wine; and it continues to be celebrated for its University, for the elegance of its literati, and, despite that sad "Pierian spring," for the *loveliness of its women*. It is worthy of remark, that its social circles have unusual attractions, from the fact that young unmarried persons there enter into society with their parents; which, in 1830, was not the case in any other city in Italy.

MARIA GAETANA AGNESI.

"No doubt, we seem a kind of monster to you:
We are used to that."

TENNYSON'S *Princess*.

THE renown of this remarkable woman belongs to Bologna; but, as she was born in Milan, it seems proper to consider her apart from the throng of women whose names are the still green laurels of that old city.

Maria Gaetana Agnesi was born at Milan on the 16th of March, 1718. She appears to have been one of a large family, and the oldest daughter of Don Pedro di Agnesi, who was professor of mathematics in the University of Bologna.

In her ninth year, she spoke the Latin language perfectly; a circumstance established not merely by the gossip of the time, but by the fact that she delivered an oration, maintaining that the study of this language was advantageous to women, *printed* at Milan in 1727. In her eleventh year,

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she spoke Greek as fluently as Italian, and proceeded to devote herself to the Hebrew, French, German, and Spanish tongues, until she was familiarly termed "the walking polyglot." She finally devoted herself to geometry and speculative philosophy. Her father fostered her love of learning by assembling at his house the most distinguished persons of the time, before whom she proposed and defended philosophical theses. It was at this time she was seen by the President De Brosses, who gives, in his letters on Italy, the most minute account of her which remains to us.

Monsieur De Brosses was the President of the Parliament of Dijon, and a member of the Royal Academy of Belles Lettres at Paris. He went into Italy in 1740, when Maria Agnesi was twenty-two years of age. At a *conversazione* to which he was invited, he found about thirty persons, from different parts of Europe, sitting in a circle. La Signorina and her little sister were seated under a canopy. She was hardly handsome, but had a fine complexion, with an air of great simplicity, softness, and feminine delicacy. The sister here alluded to was Maria Teresa Agnesi, somewhat younger than Gaetana, who was afterward considered a musician of

much genius, and who composed, beside several cantatas, three operas, — "Sophonisba," "Ciro in Armenia," and "Nitocri," — which she dedicated to the Empress of Germany.

"I had imagined," says Monsieur De Brosses, "when I went to this party, that it was only to converse with this lady in the usual way, although on abstruse subjects; but Count Belloni, who introduced me, addressed the lady in Latin, as formally as if he were declaiming at college. She answered him with readiness and ability; and they then began to discuss, still in Latin, the origin of fountains, and the causes of that tide-like ebb and flow which has been observed in some of them. She spoke like an angel, and I never heard the subject better treated.

"Count Belloni then desired me to take his place, and converse with her on any subject connected with mathematics or natural philosophy. The proposal alarmed me; for, in the course of years, my Latin had grown somewhat rusty. However, I made all needful excuses: and we entered, first, into an inquiry concerning the manner in which the soul receives impressions from material objects, and in which they are communicated through the senses to the brain, which is the common *sensorium*; and afterward into another, concerning the propagation of light, and the prismatic colors.

"Loppin then discoursed with her on transparent bodies and curvilinear figures; of which last subject I did not understand a word. Loppin spoke in French; but the lady begged permission to answer him in Latin, saying that it would be difficult for her to recall the technical names she should have occasion to make use of, in the French tongue.

"She spoke wonderfully well on all these subjects, although it was impossible she should have been specially

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prepared. She is much attached to Newton's philosophy, and it is marvellous to find her so familiar with these abstruse matters. However much I may have been surprised at the extent and depth of her knowledge, I was still more amazed at her Latin. She spoke with such purity and ease, that I cannot recollect any modern book written in so classical a style.

"After she had replied to Loppin, the conversation became general, — every one speaking to her in his own tongue, and she answering in the same; for her knowledge of languages is prodigious. She told me she was sorry that the conversation at this visit had taken the formal turn of an academical disquisition; declaring that she very much disliked speaking on such subjects in large companies, — where, for one who was entertained, there would be twenty tired to death, — and that such subjects should only be spoken of between two or three who had similar tastes. This showed the same good sense that had appeared in her discourses. I was sorry to hear that she had determined to take the veil, not from want of fortune, — for she is rich, — but from a religious tone of mind.

"After the conversation was over, her little sister played on the harpsichord, with the skill of a Rameau, not only some of Rameau's pieces, but also some of her own composition; accompanying the instrument with her voice."

About this time, Maria Agnesi grew weary of these public discussions. At the age of nineteen, in 1738, she had published her "Propositiones Philosophicæ," in which she defended one hundred and ninety-one theses. She now wrote a treatise on conic sections; and, in 1748, published her celebrated work, "Instituzioni

Analitiche ad uso della Gioventù Italiana." The first volume contains the elements of algebra, with the application of algebra to geometry: the second contains an excellent treatise on the differential and integral calculus. This book is considered the best introduction to Euler.

In 1750, her father became ill, and she received permission from Benedict XIV. to fill his professor's chair. This she did for several years, probably until his death; for it appears to have been only his affectionate entreaties that prevailed over her earnest wish to enter a convent. M. De Brosses alludes to this wish in 1740; but it was some years later than 1750 (when she was called to the mathematical chair in the University of Bologna) that she joined the austere order of the Blue Nuns. She died at Milan, Jan. 9, 1799, at the age of eighty-one.

The reputation of Maria Agnesi rests upon her "Analytical Institutes;" which were published, as we have seen, in Italian, in 1748. Whoever suspects her of superficiality had better turn to its pages. One glance would be enough to give many a modern lady the headache; but there is a touching simplicity and beauty in her preface and dedication, which we think even a "large company," to use her own considerate words, would be able to appreciate.

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The study of this branch of mathematics, she says, needs no encomiums of hers; and she excuses herself for writing upon it by saying that it is almost impossible to obtain thorough instruction in Italy, and all persons are not rich enough to travel abroad in search of masters. But for Ramiro Rampinelli, professor of mathematics at Pavia, she thinks she should have been herself unable to master the subject. She adds, that many important steps in science require this new digest; and goes on to say, —

"Late discoveries have obliged me to follow a new arrangement of the several parts; and whoever has attempted any thing of this kind must be convinced how difficult it is to hit upon such a method as shall have a sufficient degree of perspicuity and simplicity, — omitting every thing superfluous, yet retaining all that is useful and necessary; such, in short, as shall proceed in that natural order in which is found the closest connection, the strongest conviction, and the easiest instruction. This order I have always had in view; but whether I have been so happy as to attain it, must be left to the judgment of the reader."

She proceeds to say, that it has never been her intention to court applause; for she is quite satisfied with having indulged herself in a real and "innocent pleasure." We modern women may look back upon her "innocent pleasure," from our embroidery-frames and crochet-needles,

with very much the same feeling that modern men contemplate the combats of the Titans or the labors of Hercules. She shows her conscientiousness by thanking a friend, Count Riccati, for a new speculation to be found in her second volume.

In that day, it was so customary to write a scientific work in the Latin tongue, that she seems to think some excuse necessary for her not doing it. Her first intention was to prepare the work for the instruction of one of her younger brothers; and, when she determined to publish it, she felt a natural disinclination to translate it into Latin, which she confesses would have been a mere "drudgery." She desires, then, to lay no claim to elegance of style, but will feel fully satisfied if she has expressed herself in a plain but lucid manner.

The work is dedicated to the Empress Maria Theresa, in language of elegant but dignified compliment, in pleasant contrast to the unworthy adulation so common to the period. She has gained courage to offer it, because the empress is, like herself, a woman; and because women should especially strive to render illustrious the reign of a woman; and this is the very best that she can do. "And if the volume of music," she

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continues, "which my sister has had the honor of presenting to your majesty, has been so fortunate as to stir your voice to melody, let this be so happy as to stimulate your sagacity and penetration."

Montucla, in his French "History of Mathematics," had spoken in the highest terms of Agnesi and of her book, urging some French lady to translate it. Subsequently to this, in 1775, it was translated by D'Antelmey, with additions by Bossut, and published at Paris.

A note to a Spanish work, "El Teatro Critico," published in 1774, contains some facts with regard to her; but, as we know some of the statements to be false, we do not quote the others. A eulogy was written, after her death, by Frisi, and translated into French by Boulard; but it does not appear to be accessible.

Maria's book was not only *written;* it was *used:* and the high value attributed to it by the teachers of the Continent attracted the attention of the Rev. John Colson, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in Cambridge University. That he was well qualified to judge of its merits, we must infer from the fact that he had translated the "Fluxions" of Sir Isaac Newton, and accompanied them by a commentary in 1736. His enthusiasm

was so stimulated by the remarks of Continental professors, and by the reading of the second volume (already translated into the French), that, at an advanced age, he began to study Italian, solely for the purpose of translating the "Institutes" into English. Probably no woman's work ever received a higher compliment than this. Mrs. Somerville might have studied French in order to translate La Place, and we should have felt that the occurrence was only natural and proper; but that a mathematical professor, in one of the largest and oldest universities in the world, should have studied Italian in order to translate a work written by a woman, and that at an advanced age, is a fact in which we have a right to take some pleasant pride.

Maria Agnesi had sent a copy of her work to the Royal Society. Mr. Colson, as a member of that society especially interested in mathematics, thought it would be only polite to acknowledge the gift by drawing up a paper, to be read before the president, giving some account of the work. But, the more he examined it, the more convinced he felt that such a work deserved to be translated into English; and, however unequal to the task, he determined to undertake it.

He undertook it, he says, chiefly to stimulate

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the ambition of English ladies not to be outdone *by any foreign ladies whatever*. What one woman could write, surely other women ought to be able to read and understand. They take infinite pains, he tells them, to be expert at whist or quadrille: the same care would make the reading of this book a mere game; and the study of analytics would give them great advantages in all games of chance, so that they could not be imposed upon by sharpers. Then, suddenly recollecting that this view of the case was a little beneath his professional gown, he continues, —

"But that improvement of their minds and understandings, which would naturally arise from this study, is of much greater importance. They will be inured to think clearly, closely, and justly; to reason and argue consequentially; to investigate and pursue truths which are certain and demonstrative; and to strengthen and improve their rational faculties."

For having desired this, he has a claim upon our thanks. It is not a little singular, that, by all competent judges, Maria is praised for the unusual *perspicuity* with which she has treated her subject.

Having translated this book, Mr. Colson undertook to have it published by subscription, and

prepared a simple abstract which should induce ladies to examine it. But the latter undertaking he never finished. He died before it was fully completed; passing into those regions of infinite light and power, for which no sublimer preparation could be found than the pursuit of his favorite studies. His manuscript lay unpublished for many years, and was finally given to the world by the generous liberality of a brother mathematician, Baron Masères, under the revision of the Rev. John Hellins of Potter's Bury, in the year 1801.

Masères was a descendant of the French refugees, a sound lawyer, an excellent mathematician, and a fellow of Cambridge University. He was born in the year 1731; and, after entering the bar, received the appointment of Attorney-General of Quebec. On his return to England, he made himself remarkable by his liberal encouragement of mathematical learning, and the publication, in 1759, of a treatise denying the existence of negative quantities. He was raised to the dignity of Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer; and it was in no moment of youthful or gallant enthusiasm, that he offered to bear the whole expense of printing Mr. Colson's manuscript. He must have been, at the time of

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its publication, nearly seventy years old. He died at Reigate in 1824, at the age of ninety-three.

It will be seen from the above sketch, that we know very little of Maria Agnesi; yet, from these few facts, we can draw many fair inferences with regard to her character.

We are forcibly struck, in the first place, with the pride which the Italians feel in their learned women. In England and America, women are not only obliged to excuse themselves for possessing any unusual amount of learning; but their *friends*, in turn, must apologize for the love they bear such women. "Yes," you will hear them saying, "we love her in spite of her learning. You cannot guess how lovely she is in her family, how kind she is to the poor, in spite of all her acquirements." In spite of! and so the woman who can read the second volume of the "Institutes" hides her head, and asks for no sympathy in her "innocent pleasure." In Bologna, we hear nothing of all that. Fathers, brothers, and lovers do their utmost to encourage and sustain the love of learning in women; and, at the present day, people of the middle class will tell you pleasant traditions of Bassi, Baltiferri, and Agnesi.

Maria possessed true dignity and modesty. Her learning was a sound and solid thing, that she was not obliged to batter thin, and spread over a wide surface. It could stand wear, bear questioning, and shine all the more for the friction of a discussion. She felt so secure in the possession of it, that she had no hesitation in telling her French friend, that technical terms were more familiar to her in Latin than French; and the weight of it did not prevent her from feeling, with feminine tact and sensitiveness, that the subjects of which she had been speaking could not interest all her audience. She was affectionate and gentle, rather than ambitious or wilful; for, although she had felt herself to be called by God in her earliest childhood, she did not press this call against her father's wish, while she proved her sincerity by obeying it as soon as his influence was withdrawn, greatly to the regret of the University and the learned circles of the time. She was free from envy or meanness of any kind; for she introduced the striking and more generally attractive gifts of her young sister to her own circle of friends, and did not fail to remind the empress herself of Teresa's gifts. It was not for her sister alone that she felt this motherly care: it was,

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she tells us, for a young *brother's* sake that she first wrote her "Institutes;" till, feeling, doubtless, the strength of her power as she proceeded, she was encouraged to give them to the public.

It may strike some readers disagreeably, that she is represented as "sitting beneath a canopy." Until quite a late period, it was the custom for Italian women, who were the heads of families, to receive visitors in that way; and they are frequently represented so in pictures. The custom may have originated in other causes than the desire to keep up the idea of rank: like the curtains of a bed, the drapery first used may have been a protection against draughts. It varied in arrangement before it went out of fashion. That Maria Agnesi received her friends in this way, suggests to us that she had grown up motherless; and that she associated her young sister with her, in doing the honors of her father's house, shows a delicate and modest feeling of her public position.

VII.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN WITH REGARD TO MEDICAL SCIENCE.

"With stammering lips and insufficient sound,
I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature."

E. B. Browning.

THE interest which is at this moment felt in every thing relating to the intellectual development of woman, and the questions which all thinking men are asking of themselves as to her present position in society, make the most insignificant facts of her past history valuable. We cannot regard the position of woman in medical science as a matter of secondary importance, or in any respect unworthy the most serious consideration of all who are interested in the future growth of society. It is true that woman entered this arena through a breach in its wall; for had not the opportunity presented itself for the uneducated woman to sustain, perchance assist, Nature in the most natural office of midwife, we should hardly

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have seen any petitioning for opportunities of culture as early as the time of Agnodike. Once there, she not only defended her own right with so much pertinacity and success that she has retained a certain sort of place in it until the present day, but she most vigorously assaulted and defeated many of the false pretenders of the other sex, who, as she had quickness enough to see, knew no better, and meant far worse, than herself.

The information which this article contains has been procured from many sources. A part of it depends upon a "History of Celebrated Midwives," published at Paris, within twenty years, by A. Delacoux. Knowing little of Mons. Delacoux's reputation, we have preferred that many of his statements should await confirmation from other reliable sources; and, as he seemed in some instances to espouse the cause of the sex with the somewhat unhealthy zeal of a partisan, we have tested his conclusions and assumptions by every means within our power. If these should have been greater or more satisfactory, let the owners of medical libraries closed to women, and the votaries of science who debar her its pursuit, take the responsibility.

That midwifery was originally in the hands of

women alone, is a fact so apparent, that, even if history were silent on the subject, no one could deny it. Before the progress of civilization had complicated the diseases and distorted the forms of women, children were born into the world as simply as their suffering mothers drew their breath, relying on natural law rather than artificial aid. For the indispensable services of the hour, the nearest female relative or friend, or, among the poor and lonely, the nearest neighbor, would naturally be called in. While the agricultural interest was paramount, and the population of any country was thinly scattered, cases of great difficulty would be rare; and, as will easily be seen, a class of elderly persons, accustomed to such duties, would necessarily exist. But, as the population became more dense, the shock of interests would rupture the ties of kindred, affection, and neighborhood; and out of the above class might be drawn a number of persons, who would give their services to strangers, not only for the love of God and humanity, but for money. With the growth of cities would come a greater proportion of difficult cases; and these, treated repeatedly by the same person, would offer an experience whereon to base a science.

It was in this way, and by a sacred fidelity to

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their painful duties, that the midwives of the early ages acquired a decisive position and influence. Not only the Sacred Scriptures, but all profane and classic authorities, Plato and Aristotle, Plautus and Terence, attest the fact, that this practice was anciently confined to their hands. The obstetrical theory of Hippocrates may be thought to be an argument upon the other side; but its impracticability and its very hazardous nature strongly sustain our statement, and go to prove that it was never founded on experience. In Egypt and Arabia, in Chaldea and Greece, in Persia and Rome, woman ministered to woman. Greece was the first country that developed any thing like a medical science or a medical school, and with this development unfolded also a spirit of exclusion and caste.

At some era not precisely ascertainable, the Areopagus, in prophetic intimation of what might be done by a modern Athens, passed a statute forbidding "women and slaves" to practise the art; but the women of Athens were heroic, and they preferred death to an innovation which they did not approve. Agnodike, the young daughter of Hierophilus, pitied their terror and dismay. She devoted herself to their interests; and, loosening the massive braids which betrayed her woman-

hood, she entered the lists with the physicians of the time. Hierophilus himself had the manhood to sustain and instruct her in her career. Her extraordinary popularity roused the hatred of the clique. They accused her of the basest corruption; and it was not until her life was in danger, that, slipping her professional gown from her shoulder, she disclosed her sex, and silenced her accusers. "No matter," cried the disappointed empirics; "she has violated the law: let her be condemned for that." How the Areopagus might have decided, we have no means of knowing; for the women of Athens, who watched every stage of the proceedings with absorbing interest, rushed in a body to the assembly, requiring her to be set free. What they had not yielded to compassion or to justice, the judges yielded to tumult and importunity. Agnodike was released; and a law was immediately passed, empowering all free-born women to learn midwifery. Not yet did they do justice to the slave.

Long after the fall of Rome, women exercised this profession there. During the middle ages, they alone practised it in France; and it was not till after the accession of Henry IV. that men laid claim to its privileges. How slowly it passed into their hands, may be gathered from

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the fact, that Weitt (or Veites) was burned alive at Hamburg, in 1522, for having dared to assume the post of midwife. About the middle of the sixteenth century, the beautiful but unprincipled Gabrielle d'Estrées, to pique the attendants of the queen, feigned a timidity she did not feel, and desired the aid of a surgeon. Two competitors presented themselves. She called Larivière to her assistance, and D'Alibon died of grief. No similar innovation is known to have taken place at the court of France until more than a century after, when the dissolute grandson of Henry, Louis XIV., desired to save the reputation of La Vallière. This gentle favorite dreaded the gossip of the court; and, in order that she might escape from the *tongue of a woman*, one of the most accomplished physicians of the time, Julien Clement, was called to her side. The result equalled the anticipations of the discarded midwife. "It was not *twenty-four* hours," says the historian, "before this adventure was known, not only throughout France, but wherever a day's post could travel." Sacourbe, the satirist of that age, forgetting the story of La Gabrielle, says that Clement was the —

"First in Europe to make Lucina blush."

Verily, the medical profession may be proud when they consider through whose hands and in what manner this branch of their practice was transmitted to them. A century later, midwifery is found to have passed into the hands of speculative physicians. The practical experience of the ages rested with women. There were no models, nor preparations nor plates, at that time, nor until thirty years after, calculated in any degree to supply the place of this. What, then, did the human race gain by the change? A rash theoretical *practice* succeeded to patient attendance. The physicians pocketed their fees and swallowed their fright. The change was doubtless precipitated by the unfitness of the means of education for women, and the number of ignorant women, who, from the beginning of the seventeenth century, had been pensioned and brevetted throughout France. The first obstetrical school was established at Leyden in 1733. It was followed by that at the Hôtel Dieu in 1745. The course of lectures delivered here to women only benefited those of the metropolis, or occasionally the women, who, having been educated here, returned to England, and struggled more or less successfully against the empirics with which London swarmed. But it was

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not till Madame Boivin became the head of the School of the Maternity in Paris, in 1809, that any serious attempt was made to remedy the evil. Then special schools, under competent heads, were established throughout the provinces. The ablest pupils from the provinces came up to Paris to complete their education; and after they were graduated, receiving the credentials of the hospital, their success depended not so much upon any difference of preparation, as on the native difference in tact and manipulative skill.

Justice has not been done to woman in the history of medicine; and, in order to draw the attention of those far better fitted than ourselves to the discussion of the subject, we shall sketch a few of the lives that in this connection have interested us most deeply.

Since the beginning of history, the lives of eighty-nine women, eminent not only for obstetrical skill, but capable of extended medical practice, have been written. Fifty-two of these women were French; forty-one only were married; twenty-eight were remarkable for their contributions to medical instruction and general literature; ten received the degree of M.D. from colleges of high standing: and seven only could

have had their enthusiasm kindled by their sympathies and affections; for only seven were wives, mothers, or daughters, of surgeons. When we say that we know something of eighty-nine women devoted to medical science, we do not mean that no larger number have made themselves distinguished, but that a sufficient degree of study will yield a clear and satisfactory account of these. Little more than a dozen names have come down to us from the period preceding the Christian era. The history of Agnodike has already been presented to you, and four other names may be mentioned which will possess a general interest: they are those of Aspasia, Artemisia of Karia, Cleopatra, and Elpinike. The accounts of Aspasia are clear and satisfactory; but it is not certain that Aspasia the midwife was the Aspasia of Pericles. The period at which she lived, the talent she evinced, and the fascinations ascribed to her, have, however, given rise to the conjecture. Artemisia was the queen who assisted Xerxes so boldly at the battle of Salamis. In his first naval engagement, Xerxes refused to follow her advice; but, when misfortune had opened his eyes, he again consulted her. She advised retreat. To the pride of Xerxes, that was too

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humiliating. When the engagement began, her conduct was so distinguished, that Xerxes, who looked on, said that the only *men* in the battle were the women. Her boldness drew upon her a hot pursuit; and, perceiving herself inadequate to the emergency, she hoisted Grecian colors, and attacked a small Persian ship. The manœuvre, though only half understood in the confusion of the hour, insured her safety; and Xerxes forgave her treachery in admiration of her genius. Strange as it may seem, this woman was tender and efficient at the bedside of the sick. Cleopatra of Egypt found time, between her various flirtations, assassinations, and military undertakings, to write several books. Of these, history preserves the names of but two. One was a treatise on midwifery; the other, an essay on the art of dress. In Greece, Elpinike, the daughter of Cimon and sister of Miltiades, is known to have pursued the same profession. So sacred was the position of a midwife, that, at this era, queens, princesses, and priestesses at the altar, did not hesitate to perform its functions; and long after, at the court of France, when the purity of Joan of Arc was called in question, it was not a college of surgeons, but five women of the noblest blood, who made the legal depositions consequent

upon examination, which wiped away the aspersion.

Trotula is the earliest among modern midwives of whom we find any distinct account. She was born at Salerno in the middle of the thirteenth century. She published several works; and one of them, "De Mulierum Passionibus," is said to have produced an era in medical literature: but an influence of this kind, exerted before the invention of printing, must have been, of necessity, very limited.

In the fifteenth century, only two women seem to deserve especial notice.

The first of these is Madame Perrette, whose name was famous throughout France. She was sworn into office as a midwife in the year 1408. After a life of singular usefulness, she was imprisoned, and condemned to death, for sorcery. The letter of condemnation, written in very old French and signed by the king, may be found in Delacoux: it is a striking specimen of the superstition of the time. The execution, however, did not take place. Perrette had made herself too valuable. The ladies of France demanded her services, and she was pardoned.

The second was Madame Gaucourt, one of

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the examiners of Joan of Arc, later in the century.

In the sixteenth century, I find but four names of interest, — Madame Françoise, Olympia Morata, Madame Perronne, and Louise Boursier Bourgeois.

Madame Françoise was the midwife of Catherine de Medicis; and she is the first female lecturer in obstetrics, of whom we find it recorded, that she lectured ably to *large classes of both sexes*. This was a little before the middle of the century,

Olympia Morata, born in Ferrara in 1526, was educated as a companion to the princesses of the house of Este. She was one of those rare geniuses, capable, in a short life of twenty-nine years, of leaving a permanent impression behind her. She was a professor of Greek, and a woman of singular sweetness. She had the intelligence to become a convert to the reformed religion; and, becoming suspected, married hastily a young physician, whom she followed to his home in Germany. It is stated that she prepared the lectures which he delivered at Heidelberg. Her mental activity continued through the horrors of a war which then devastated Germany; but

her precarious position shortened her life, and she died, after two imprisonments and the destruction of the University, in 1555. The letters written by her husband to his friend prove that she was not the less a tender woman and devoted wife because she was also an accomplished scholar. An edition of her letters and her Latin and Greek poems was published by her master, Celio Secundo Curio, in 1562, and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth.

James Guillemeau was a French surgeon of eminence, who died in 1612. His works are considered valuable: but Madame Perronne is said to have contributed to them all the obstetrical observations; "for," adds her biographer, "we owe to the observation of women all that physicians have written on this subject until the time of Moriceau."

Louise Boursier Bourgeois was born in 1580. She married a surgeon; and after reverses of fortune, owing to the accession of Henry IV., studied late in life. Even then, the physicians who examined her were not free from a jealousy which has been their disgrace in later times. Finding her preparation thorough, they reproached her with the inability of her husband to support her. She answered with becoming

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spirit, that those were the most truly inefficient men who selected wives incapable of self-support. She was appointed to attend the Queen of France. She published many valuable works; and, among them, a letter to her daughter, full of wisdom, in which she entreats her "to continue to learn to the last day of her life." She was remarkable for precision, sagacity, and frankness. She wrote verses, which are still read with pleasure; and a contemporary poet says, with the extravagance of his nation, that to praise her properly would require the "pen of an angel and the mind of a god." She conquered the prejudices to which we have alluded, so far as to be, at the time of her death, in correspondence with all the celebrated physicians of the day. She was, moreover, the original discoverer of the true cause of uterine hemorrhage; and, having followed her own convictions until she was assured of their soundness, she published a book on the subject, which produced a total change in the management of such diseased manifestations. In this book, she feelingly laments the death of an accomplished lady of the court of France, which took place in consequence of her own adherence to the practice of the time.

In the seventeenth century, we find the names of thirty women. Three of them — La Marche, Siegmunden, and Boucher — have claims to the remembrance of our time.

It is in this century also that we must record a memorable service to the practising physician, in the introduction of Peruvian bark. This was accomplished by the energy and perseverance of a woman. Women have introduced remedies, detected differences, and adapted contrivances, which have at once escaped the observation and exceeded the power of men. What is commonly called Peruvian bark — the substance from which quinine is extracted — was first brought into notice by a woman: a fact encyclopedists are very unwilling to state; for, out of thirty, only two mention her name in connection with the fact.

The Countess de Cinchona, a Spanish lady, was the wife of a viceroy of Peru. Attacked by the fever of the country, she insisted upon trying the Indian remedy, which had not then attracted the notice of any European. She was speedily cured; and, on her return to Europe in 1632, she made great exertions to spread the knowledge of the new medicine, of which she carried home a great quantity. She gave it to

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Cardinal Lugo, who carried it to Rome in 1649. Its value was soon recognized, in spite of the discouragements of the sceptical; and it spread through Europe under the name of *quinquina*. The Jesuits at the missions induced their Indians to collect it, and soon began to export it in large quantities: hence the name, "Jesuits' bark." They had not the courage to use or the humanity to introduce it; but they had shrewdness enough to profit by an experiment which a woman had the faith to try. These facts are established by Sebastian Badus, the physician of Cardinal Lugo, in an essay entitled "Anastasis Corticis Peruviani seu Chinæ Defensis," published at Genoa in 1661.

It was more than a hundred years after the courageous countess had braved cardinals, physicians, and public opinion, that the great Swedish naturalist, Linnæus, published a classified "Materia Medica." In memory of her service, he gave the name of Cinchona to the genus of plants which furnish this bark. It was not the Jesuits who *introduced* this remedy: they only *sold* it after it was introduced. A woman collected the samples, testified to its virtue, distributed it in proper quarters, and interested in its behalf a powerful friend at the court of Rome.

Gathered on the banks of the Amazon and its tributaries, but chiefly in the forests of Peru, this bark is still supplied by the Indians attached to the missions. The tree is one of the Rubiaceæ, the species to which the well-known madder belongs. It looks like a cherry, and bears pretty clusters of red flowers. It is cut by the Indians in the dry season, and supplies three kinds of bark, — the red, yellow, and pale.

The pale has been found to be the strongest. In the time of our brave countess, the remedy was chewed and swallowed in nauseous quantities; but, a few years since, the French chemists Pelletier and Carenton discovered the principle on which its power depends, and which we call quinine. In 1826, ninety thousand ounces of the sulphate were manufactured by the four leading chemists of France.

Madame La Marche, who was born in 1638, was chiefly remarkable for literary attainments. Her name is valuable, because it shows that women of great accomplishments did not disdain the profession. She published a work on obstetrics, which shows great genius, but is too complicated to be useful as a practical guide.

Justine Dicterich Siegmunden was born at Wehmutter, in Silesia, in 1650. She published

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some controversial works, and was remarkable for the precision and accuracy of her observations. She had the good sense to write in her native tongue. "Had she written in Latin," says a contemporary physician, "her works would have placed her in the highest rank." Solinger, a medical authority of eminence, drew all his facts from her observation. She was remarkable for a profound knowledge of human and comparative anatomy, and her obstetrical works passed through six editions. She stood in the rank of the most capable practitioners of her time.

Boucher, who arrived at some eminence, was the attendant of La Vallière, after her unfortunate experience of Julien Clement's flippant tongue.

Thirty women made themselves eminent in this profession in the eighteenth century. So many of them were remarkable, that we shall hardly have time or space to mention their names.

First came Madame Breton, who perfected a system of artificial nourishment for babes, still in use in France. She was not much respected by the men or women of her time; for instead of giving her invention to the world, and trust-

ing to the future overflow of the Nile of human gratitude for her harvest, she procured a patent, and virtually shut out all but the children of the rich from the benefits of the invention.

Elizabeth Blackwell follows; and those of us who are looking forward with hope to the career of a countrywoman of that name will hear with interest some particulars of her courageous prototype. She was born in England in 1712. Her sick husband becoming bankrupt by extraordinary reverses, she studied midwifery, in the hope of supporting her family. The jealousy of the faculty hindered her success. She was, however, encouraged to print a large work on medical botany at the early age of twenty-four. It is stated on the authority of a physician, that this work — published in 1736, with large plates, in three volumes folio, at London — was the first of its kind in any country.

Madame Ducoudray, born at Paris in the same year, influenced by her advice not only all the physicians of her neighborhood, but of her time. She possessed patience, zeal, and a simple and clear but exact method. Her first treatise on obstetrics was written, as she said, from pity of the miserable victims of mal-practice. She was the first lecturer who used a manikin, which she

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herself invented and perfected. It was approved by the French Academy of Surgeons, Dec. 1, 1758. In 1766, she delivered by special request a series of lectures before the Naval Medical School at Rochefort.

Next in order comes the name of Morandi,* who was born at Bologna in 1716; but it is impossible to mention her without naming also Mademoiselle Biheron, born at Paris in 1730, —fourteen years later. To these two persons is owing the invention and perfection of wax preparations; a matter of which all persons who have seen Signor Sarti's fine figures will, at least, perceive the importance. The men who write about these two women grow red and angry over their respective claims, and remind us of the struggle in later times for the honor of the invention of ether. Having decided for ourselves in favor of the younger aspirant, we must dwell at some length on the facts of her history. She possessed an enthusiastic love of anatomy; but, on account of the poverty of her parents, could rarely attend a dissection. From her small girlish earnings she contrived to pay persons who stole and brought to her bodies,

* See article on the Women of Bologna.

which she concealed in her chamber. Practically, she conquered the difficulties of the knife; but the bodies were often in such a state, that she could not preserve them long enough to satisfy her curiosity. For this purpose, she rapidly imitated the parts in wax. The intenseness with which she pursued the most disgusting avocations is almost frightful to think of; but, in spite of prejudice, she was eventually aided by Jussieu, a member of the French Academy, and Villoisin, a celebrated physician of Paris. For thirty years, says the historian, "elle fut l'unique et la première en ce genre de talent." She perfected her own invention and the common manikin. Her collection of wax-work was open to the public on every Wednesday, was crowded by visitors, and finally purchased by Catherine II. of Russia. Medical despotism forbade her to lecture, and twice forced her to quit Paris. It is to the credit of England, that Hunter and Hewson received her with enthusiasm at London. Hunter's fine work on the Uterus was published seven years after the construction and exhibition at Göttingen of the wax uterus of Biheron. She began her studies at the age of sixteen; and we claim for her the independent invention of wax prepara-

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tions, because she had finished a good preparation about three years before Morandi entered upon the pursuit.

Morandi married at Bologna a wax-modeller named Manzolini; and it naturally occurred to her, as a student of medicine, that the material in which he worked might be useful in illustrations. He taught her to use it; and it was probably her great success and skilful lecturing which raised her, in 1758, to the chair of anatomy in the University of Bologna. Her collection of wax-work was thought worthy of a visit by Joseph II. She died in 1774.

Elizabeth Nihell was born in London in 1723. She studied at the Hôtel Dieu, and returned to England; where she made herself memorable by opposing, on the one hand, a distinguished physician, and, on the other, a notorious quack. Dr. Smellie was lecturing on midwifery at London, aided by an attempt at a manikin it would be too great a tax upon our soberness to describe. Enough that Elizabeth Nihell succeeded in making his assortment of strings and leather, beer and cork plugs, wholly ridiculous. At the same time, a notorious quack named Godalmin was agitating theories, and showing experiments to the physicians of London, too disgusting and

absurd to be more than alluded to here. His companion in this work of darkness was named St. André. William Gifford was the only physician in London who withstood the imposition; but Elizabeth Nihell and Sarah Stone, both practising midwives, did so. Sarah Stone was the elder of the two, and the author of a work published in 1737, and called "Complete Practice." Gifford's name is honorably mentioned in the history of this affair; but who remembers that of Nihell or Stone? The generous witnesses to their honorable conduct are men; and one of them goes so far as to say, "If sometimes, in the history of midwifery, we have found woman superstitious or weak, we have never found her projecting deliberate fraud, nor capable of rash experiment."

Madame Reffatin, born in 1720, was the author of a work on "Delayed Accouchements."

Plisson, born in 1727, contributed respectably to the general literature of her time.

Margaret Stevens, born in London in 1750, was the author of the "Domestic Midwife," London, 1795.

Madame Lunel, who was practising in Paris in 1750, is said by a French physician to have observed with great precision, and described

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with rare happiness. She published a work which elicits his warm admiration. It appears to have been written with the enthusiasm of genius; for he speaks of the manœuvring described in it as splendid, but not to be trusted, he says, to any but a student of the soundest judgment. Why did it not occur to him, that, in a woman, the exercise of tact might supply the exercise of reason?

The name of Madame La Chapelle cannot be mentioned as that of a stranger. None of the faculty deny the value of her researches. One of the oldest of Boston physicians dwells with pleasure on his indebtedness to her. She was born in 1761, and took, as we know, the degree of M.D. Her lectures were equally distinguished for clearness, force, and beauty.

Of Madame Lerebours, I only know that she is the author of a work entitled "Avis aux Mères," published in 1770; which shows learning and practice. It merits great confidence.

Madame Wittembach was born at Haineau in 1773. She was distinguished for her knowledge of Greek literature and composition, and took the two degrees of A.M. and M.D. from the college at Marburg in 1827. She was at first housekeeper to her uncle, the celebrated Greek

professor of the same name; but, in order that his library and his honors might come safely into her possession, he married her, two years before his death. An Hellenic production of Madame Wittembach's, entitled "Theogenes at the Banquet of Leontes," was translated into French, German, Dutch, and modern Greek. The titles of her professional works we have not been able to procure; but, after the death of her husband, she was loaded with honors, and died with great calmness, and a still active mind, a few hours after writing some letters in Latin, April 12, 1830.

At the very close of the century, an Irish midwife made herself remarkable by performing the Cesarean operation with success. Twenty-five cases are reported by Barlow and Blackborn in their "Medical Researches," published in 1798, of which this was the only one that ended happily. Her name was Dunally. She performed the operation with a razor, seized in the absence of every suitable implement, and the impossibility of procuring a surgeon. She held the wound for two hours with her lips.

In the eighteenth century also, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu rendered the greatest service to medicine and the world by effecting the in-

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troduction of inoculation in 1721. The world has recently erected a statue to Jenner, who, fortunately observing the identity of the vaccine disease with the human, and finding the Gloucestershire milkmaids secured by its inadvertent inoculations against the ravages of a more fatal kind, deserves that we should gratefully remember him. But Lady Mary also observed facts that others ignored, and encountered obstacles to her benevolent desires still more serious. The faculty rose in arms against her, the clergy declaimed against her impiety, and the children were taught to hoot at her in the street.

The experiment was first tried on criminals. When it was shown to be successful, Lady Mary inoculated her own daughter; but the four physicians in attendance showed such a spirit, that she dared not leave the child for a moment, lest it should, in some secret way, suffer from their interference. As the thing gained ground, people sought her aid and opinion; and, to show her confidence in the remedy, she took her daughter with her from one sick-chamber to another. Queen Caroline, the wife of George the Second, a lively and intelligent woman, gave to the attempt an effective sympathy; and these two

women proved in the struggle that their hearts were generous and their spirits brave.

In the natural — or, shall we say, most *unnatural?* — way, one person in seven died of small-pox. Lady Mary, by inoculation, reduced the mortality to one in three hundred and twelve; Dr. Jenner, by vaccination, to one in four hundred and fifty: but seventy-eight years intervened between the introduction of the two remedies.

The nineteenth century is not yet gone, and the tribute it shall bear to the stream of history will depend very much upon the women of to-day. Ten have already contributed their mite to its medical glory.

Madame Rondet, born in 1800, is remarkable for having perfected a tube for the restoration of children born in a state of asphyxia. A tube had been invented by Chaussier, but was too inconvenient to be used. The Royal Academy still ascribe the honor to him; but the habit reflects no credit on their medical knowledge. Dr. Aikin had published at London, in 1786, a work on Midwifery, suggesting such an instrument. It is not probable that Madame Rondet ever heard of this book; but it would be dis-

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graceful to any member of the Academy not to have read it.

Madame Dian, practising in 1821, was celebrated for manual skill.

The name of Madame Boivin is well known to the faculty. It suggests to every mind a splendid success in the profession to which she devoted herself. Her first work, "Mémorial des Accouchemens," was published in 1812, and went through three editions. The celebrated Chaussier published her engravings and diagrams. In 1819, she published a memoir on Hemorrhages, and another on Tumors; in 1827, one on "La Môle Vésiculaire;" in 1828, a memoir on Abortion; and in 1829 another, on the "Absorption of the Placenta." Most of these have been translated into German. She has herself translated elegantly; and eleven of her original memoirs are well known to the medical public.

In the first week of July, 1859, there died at Darmstadt a woman, whose contributions to medical science, when the time arrives for estimating them, may prove more important than those of all the women we have named. She came of the Von Siebolds, a family highly distinguished in her own speciality. It was ancient

and noble. Her father founded the famous Hospital at Berlin, where Marie Zakrzewska was once superintendent and resident physician; and her brother, still living, stands high in medical fame, having written the best history of Midwifery extant. Born, in 1792, a baroness in her own right, Dr. Heidenreich found no excuse in that fact for an idle life. She studied at the Universities of Göttingen and Giessen, and took her doctor's degree, not by favor of the faculty, but, like any other student, by writing the customary Latin dissertation, and by bravely defending in public disputation a number of medical theses. After that, she took up her abode at Darmstadt; indefatigable in her devotion to obstetrics, and universally honored as one of its first living authorities.

It may be said, that, in sketching lightly the history of so many *sages-femmes*, we have not proved that women have contributed any thing to *medical* science. It is easy to see how small a number of women have devoted themselves to it in any single century. They have done it in spite of great difficulties, and amid many oppressions; but how much have they accomplished! We forbear to dwell on their rich contributions to both the medical and the general

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literature of their time. It should be remarked, however, in passing, that these contributions owe what popularity they have to intrinsic merit. They have sought and found the light of day, without the pompous recommendation of institutions, or the forced encouragement of a clique. Morata's lectures were not confined to obstetrics; and we have the testimony of physicians themselves, that, until the time of Moriceau, not only the ordinary medical authorities, but distinguished men like Solinger and Guillemeau, depended upon women for the observations from which their theories were deduced. Madame Bourgeois altered the practice of the whole world in the treatment of a large class of hemorrhages. Madame Breton perfected, more than a hundred years ago, a system of artificial nourishment, still in use in France.

Mrs. Blackwell prepared the first illustrated medical botany. Mesdames Ducoudray, Bihéron, and Morandi independently assisted in perfecting the manikin; and Bihéron and Morandi independently perfected wax preparations. Mrs. Nihell and Mrs. Stone resisted successfully quackeries which deluded all the faculty of their time. Mrs. Dunally, with the roughest instruments, succeeded in an operation in which twenty-four

physicians of the century had failed. Madame Rondet adapted, so that it became of practical benefit, the tube that not all the genius and learning of Chaussier could redeem from inapproachable clumsiness. Madame Wittembach was consulted by all the physicians of her time, and medical science felt and acknowledged her signal ability through all its ramifications. Her interest in it was free from folly or personal weakness; and, with her last breath, she desired that the result of a post-mortem examination might be forwarded to a scientific friend at Paris.*

We would not be thought, from the facts above presented, to have a narrow or illiberal interest in the education of women. We do not wish to turn them into a swarm of midwives or a college of physicians; but we wish the sources of all knowledge to be thrown generously open to them: and we have thought, that to inquire what they had already done might decide the question, "What have they a right to do?" The limit to human acquisition must be set in

* That the late Dr. John C. Warren desired to be subjected to an autopsy has been thought fair matter of eulogy; but, twenty years before, this woman had set him the example.

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the greater or less intensity of human desire, and no question of sex can complicate the statement.

Bihéron, destined to be an anatomist, will be such, whether a college of dissectors smile or frown. Wittembach, versed alike in the mysteries of ancient tongues and modern physics, becomes the counsellor of the strongest men of her time, in spite of the precious hours stolen from the young German housekeeper by her pantry and her needle. In the first efforts to gain a thorough education, in whatever direction pursued, some confusion must arise. Old landmarks will be thrown down, new ones will but slowly take their place, and the whole of society will miss, in this period of transition, that heavenly order which it always desires, but has never yet attained.

Sad it is to think that many will come up to the work unsuited to its duties, and unprepared for its sacrifices,—women who will lose their household graces in a mad ambition or a foolish notoriety. Such women are malefactors, whom no tribunal can condemn but that of the Infinite Father who protects the beauty and truth of the moral nature. They will hinder where they cannot help; and for this trial we must be prepared. In our patience, in our strength, in magnanimous trust in God, let us await it; and let us preserve, so far as in *us* lies, a sobriety and tenderness that shall make our mission acceptable where it is not desired, desired where it was at first hardly endured.

If God has made woman unsuited to the struggles of life, no formal statutes, and no want of them, can deprive her of the sheltered niche originally hers. Leave her free, and she will learn, by trying, what she *cannot do;* and the bitter experience of one half-century will settle the question for the race. But, on the other hand, if God intended her to walk side by side with man, wherever he sees fit to go, the movement now commencing must materially aid the civilization of the present. Finer elements will be poured into the molten metal of society; and, when the final cast is taken, we shall see sharper edges, clearer reliefs, and finer lining, than we have been wont. It is not necessary to part with the gentler graces of womanhood when we aspire to the ability and acquisitions of students; and they who act as if they thought so, cruelly wrong their sex. The classical world bitterly mourned the young Morata, but not with the broken-heartedness of the husband whose

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strength and life she had always been. Clotilda Tambroni was crowned not only with the laurels of a Greek professorship, but "with modesty and every virtue." It was the tender appreciation of the *women* of Bologna that erected a monument to Laura Veratta, who was not only a professor of natural and general philosophy in the college, but enhanced the glory of her sex in private life and gay society. Let us not commit high treason against the memory of women like Lady Jane Grey and Margaret of Navarre by such a faith.

It seems to us that women, above all, should be encouraged to the full use of whatever strength their Maker has given them. Is it not essential to the virtue of society, that they should be allowed the freest moral action, unfettered by ignorance, and unintimidated by authority? "For, if women were not weak, men could not be wicked; and, if women were sound and faithful guides, men need never be ashamed of their influence, nor afraid of their power."

VIII.

THE

DUTIES AND INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

"Dans les républiques, les femmes sont libres par les lois, et esclaves par les mœurs."—De L'Esprit des Lois.

THE elevation of women to their just position in society depends upon themselves. Men cannot help them. Influence follows close upon the heels of character; and whatever we are, that we shall in the end be acknowledged to be. Two classes of women are interested in the reform now advocated. Women of superior talent, left free by the noble justice of husbands, fathers, or brothers, who have tasted the blessings of liberty, desire above all things that the whole human race should share them also. Women oppressed, degraded, suffering, feeling their loftiest powers crushed, their holiest mission unfulfilled, rise in bitter indignation, naturally enough, perhaps, after an antagonistic fashion, and ask, not merely freedom, but acknowledgment and compensation.

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There is still another class, whose influence would powerfully aid the cause, because it would be exerted quietly, unconsciously, and in circles that no other power will reach for centuries. There are scattered here and there, throughout the land, myriads of happy wives and mothers, living in a subserviency to well-beloved husbands and fathers, which dulls conscience and paralyzes the intellect. They are dimly conscious that they are not all they ought to be. Absorbed in business or politics, their husbands cannot fitly judge of all their duties; and yet their decisions concerning them their wives love them too well to resist. They feel, that, if their husbands trusted them as reasonable, responsible, human beings, all this would be changed; that if they thus acknowledged the right of their wives to those "worldly goods," with which, on the wedding-day, every husband pledges himself to "endow" his wife, then the household might be more economically managed, Charity might possess her own, and Art and Literature have their claim well met, without robbing the table, or superseding the orderly arrangements of the household. But a pride which we ought to respect, since it clings to the skirts of Love, prevents them from acknowledging this. They

would blush to say that the money which meets their daily expenses is drawn from favor rather than from justice, or that there is no holy cause on earth that they can aid before it has approved itself to a husband's judgment and liberality. These women have a secret, undefined sympathy in whatever is undertaken for the freedom of the sex. They would like to aid it, if they could do so without going to conventions, making speeches, or wearing Grecian costume. Let them take heed what they do; for theirs is a sacred responsibility. Upon such women, even more than upon those who are acknowledged as reformers, will the national progress depend. What can they do, do they ask? They can elevate their own characters; they can show men that the interest of morality, religion, and woman, in the highest sense, are one. They can make men respect them, in the austerest signification of that term; for it need be no secret, that, though men love the women about them only too well, they do not respect them in the same sense that they do other men, nor preserve to them, in ordinary, social intercourse, the same privileges or rights. It is for the class of women of whom we speak to alter this. Whether it be ever otherwise, will depend on their own truth, dignity, and self-knowledge.

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Such women, when they are left widows or orphans with a large property, owe a great debt to the cause of female education. They ought everywhere to insist on the most liberal educational advantages being secured to girls, and to insure respect for their arguments, as men are often compelled to do, by the offer of substantial aid. Education freely offered will soon settle the question of woman's rights and duties. We work best who work most earnestly for that. We hope to show this to the class of women we address in the present article. In this reform, as in the antislavery, fact is better than argument, though one is no substitute for the other. A well-educated, highly principled negro is the best argument for African freedom: so an intelligent woman, feeling an interest in the well-being of her nation and the world, and capable at once of orderly house-keeping, a delicate toilet, acute argument, lofty speculation, or vigorous *work* (and no person is educated who has not a vocation), makes the strongest appeal for the whole freedom of her sex.

All women can do something to prove this, and we need not go beyond Italy or the nineteenth century for the evidence. We saw, the other day, a letter written by a lady in Scotland to

her brother, now connected as a professor with one of the colleges in this country.

"You have sent me," she wrote, "some articles written by American women to prove themselves the equals of men. They have moved me profoundly; for, as no one ever impugned my freedom or equality, I always supposed myself to possess both. Upon reflection, I find that I have lived all *these years* under a delusion, and that I owe to the *courtesy* of a few what I supposed myself to derive from the *justice* of all."

This is not an isolated case. It has always been easier for gifted individuals to pass the barriers of custom in a monarchical or a despotic country than in republican America. There are reasons for this, both political and domestic. In a political point of view, an exceptional case forms, in such countries, no precedent. A right to a professor's chair, or a vote on public questions, might be granted to women as well as to men of low station, simply as a reward or an encouragement. In the United States, where there are no privileged orders, it could only be done in acknowledgment of a universal principle which would secure the rights of thousands. In a domestic view, the simple condition of society in America gives most women full employment.

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However wealthy or high-born, American women are, with few exceptions, compelled to be their own housekeepers; and the entertainment of company involves personal labor to a greater or less extent. Among the aristocratic households of Europe, no such obligations exist.

The only connection between a large class of women and their dependants is that of command on the one side, and obedience on the other.

Madame has no occasion to lose her appetite because she knows what is to be for dinner, nor to compress her chest by stooping over her sewing. In the dearth of such occupations, intelligent women do not hesitate to step out of the "sphere" "in which Providence has placed them," and interest themselves in science or politics, with results more or less mischievous, according to the amount of their insight or the quality of their education.

The greatest mistake which a woman can commit is to suppose that she has *no influence*. In addition to that which she possesses as a human being, she has a peculiar share as a woman. It is her duty to make it of the highest kind. "But," objects some one, "surely women have no *political* influence in the United States." They certainly have; and no woman can go to Washington with her eyes open, without seeing that it is by no means in the purest hands. To give every woman the political influence now possessed by a few from base causes is surely a legitimate object; for in that way we should pour the holiest female influences into society, as well as the more corrupt. In this connection, we may fitly allude to a mistake into which many fall as regards our proposed reform.

They assert that we wish to increase the amount of feminine influence *unduly*, and to alter its quality; that is, make it political. This supposes us to be entirely ignorant of the laws of life and character. There is a certain amount of female influence in the world, which we can no more increase or diminish than we can increase or diminish the force of gravitation. What we wish is to turn public attention to this influence, its amount and kind, so that it may be respected, acknowledged, and so *made responsible*. We do not want to drive women into politics against their will; but we wish men to accord to them civil and political rights as the exponent of that respect, that acknowledgment. If women are admitted to have a keener moral insight, a more unswerving religious intuition, than men; if, on the other hand, it is acknowledged that there

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is a moral and religious side to legislation,— then woman and legislation seem to stand in as natural a relation to each other as the first two terms of an equation of which it is only necessary to find a third. Every one can see, that, the moment a slave is admitted to be a man, civil rights will be conferred upon him. In the same manner, it follows that the very first result of a national conviction of woman's equality will be the conferring upon her the right to vote. Should she never use it, its significance will make it valuable.

There is another mistake, so stupid that we very unwillingly advert to it. There are people who fancy that equality means similarity, and who are indignant because they deem us to assert that men and women are *precisely alike*. If so, why should we ask to have women made representatives? We should but augment the number and expenses of our National Council, without in any way affecting its quality or influencing its results. No: we desire that woman should enter into public life, because we believe that she will supply an element in which man is deficient; and that, without her, legislation can never be harmonious or complete.

Female influence is of many kinds. That

which may be called atmospheric is the most generally justified and understood. It is exercised when a woman of talent or genius, without a positive attainment of illustrious reputation for herself, stimulates others to attain it; and, like Napoleon, perceives at once what every bystander is capable of, and requires his utmost of him. There have been many such. Lucretia Borgia and Renée of France were two opposite but remarkable examples of it. They were both Duchesses of Ferrara; but Lucretia stimulated the belles-lettres faculties merely. When she grew tired of personal excesses, her learned coteries disputed in such Greek and Latin as they could master, and made smooth verses in her own and each other's honor.*

* The opera and the drama do all they can to perpetuate the common idea of Lucretia Borgia. It is, however, barely possible, — and, when a woman writes history, she should direct attention to the fact, — it is possible that hers is one of the names yet to be rescued from unmerited obloquy. Sismondi himself says that contemporaneous voices seem to overpower the verdict of common history. The Ferrarese historians (Giraldi, Sardi, and Libanori) speak of her as a spotless person; but I am unable to determine the value of their testimony. Cavicco dedicated "Il Peregrino" to her. That Ariosto should have celebrated her marriage in verse may have been a courtly necessity; but why need he have spoken especially of the "decorum of her manners"? — why, in the forty-second book of his great poem, take pains to say, that in modesty, as well as beauty, she rivalled that ancient Lucretia of "spotless fame"? — a comparison

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Renée, a profound thinker and mathematician, educated all the young girls of her court after such a sort, that it breathed an austere but holy influence over all those who sought it. Brantôme says, "She denied the power of the popes, and refused them her obedience; but could do no more, *being a woman.*" It was at the heart and hearth of this princess that the reformed religion found in Italy its most generous welcome. Thus, in Ireland, Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Lefanu will be remembered by the intellectual circles which clustered round the couches to which infirmity confined them, long after the smooth couplets of "Cupid and Psyche" and the "Songs of Erin" are forgotten. One of the distinguished members of the Accademia Reale di Scienze, at the beginning of the present century, was the daughter of its founder,—the Countess Diodata Roero Saluzzo. Long after her five volumes of poetry, her two tragedies, and her popular novel of "Gaspara Stampa," had had their due effect upon the Piedmontese public, she exerted a noble influence over both foreigners and country-

which, if not justified by the facts, was nothing but the severest satire. We must, however, admit that it is at all times extremely difficult to ascertain the precise value of Italian laudation.

men from the bed of pain to which she was confined, and by which she is still remembered. Suffering could not dim the brilliancy of her conversation, nor paralyze the activity of her acute and eager speculation.

At Paris, about thirty years ago, the Princess Jablonowska, a patriotic Polish woman, imbued the society about her with a warmth of interest in her native land, which ought to have insured its restoration to independence. In Florence, at the same time, their royal highnesses of Wirtemburg assembled a petty court of distinguished persons; and the duchess, it is said, recalled by her brilliant vivacity the best days of female wit in France. "Her information was extensive; and she showed a feeling and vivacity, which rendered the *crime of knowledge* pardonable in a pretty woman."

So, at Padua, the Greek genius of the Countess Albrizzi, the original of Baron Dénon's celebrated portrait, secured for her a brilliant position; and the stinging wit of Alfieri's sister gave her a right so popular and well sustained to the name of "La Vespa,"* that no one troubles himself

* "The Wasp."

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now-a-days to ascertain that which might have been given her at the font.

But our own country has offered two of the most remarkable examples of the excess and deficiency of this sort of influence. We speak of two persons whom we love when we name Margaret Fuller and Elizabeth Peabody. No women of moderate powers, deficient in self-assertion, ever approached Margaret at one period of her life, without feeling humiliated and repressed. They felt misunderstood, and half inclined to doubt their own worthiness. Let no eager friend rise up here to call us to judgment. When once acknowledged by her, her presence became a noble stimulus indeed, but never before.

With Elizabeth Peabody how different it was! No one ever approached her without feeling his most able points intuitively seized and drawn out; no one ever left her without having risen in his own self-respect and hers: and radiant as summer sunlight in our memory is the beautiful smile of appreciation with which she welcomed the struggling, half-delivered thought. When she dies, she will leave behind the results of much generous culture, profound research, and Oriental learning; but she can bequeathe no legacy to her country one-half so valuable as the stimulus she has imparted to all who have come in contact with her.

There is an influence exerted by enthusiastic and passionate genius without education.

Such, in this century, was the influence of the celebrated improvvisatrice La Signora Bandelletta of Parma, whose tones, modulated by native feeling, bore the souls of her audience up and on, lightly and certainly, as autumn winds lift the tender down of the thistle.

Such, too, was the influence of the modern Corilla, whose crowning may have suggested that of Madame de Staël's Corinne. A peasant girl of Pistoja, her passionate poetic faculty attracted the attention of some gentlemen, who sent her to school at Florence. The Marchese Ginori, her lover, was not the only man who prostrated himself before her. When his vanity induced him to carry her to Rome, an *enamoured faction* procured for her the honor of being crowned in the Capitol. The most celebrated improvvisatrice of her time, it is wonderful, that when the marquis, compelled by his rank to marry, settled upon Corilla a handsome income, she retired to the Strada Forche, and lived until her death, in 1798, "without reproach." The

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admiring General Miollis, of the French Army, placed above her door, where it may still be seen, this inscription:—

"Qui abito Corillo in seccolo,
Decimo nono."

He should have written "Diciotto." To exert an influence like this, real merit is not necessary. It seems to be a matter of temperament or of vital magnetism,—a force of the blood, more even than that of passion.

Different from either of these, because the person is here forgotten in the pursuit, is the purely literary influence of women. For this, taste and liberality are essential, but not original faculty. Thus, in the present century, such persons as the Duchess of Devonshire, Signora Dionigi (the author of an erudite work on Roman antiquities, illustrated by her own exquisite pencil), the Marchesa Sacraté (whose learning never overloaded her easy, graceful talk), and the Countess Perticari, the daughter of the poet Monti, diffused this influence throughout a distinguished circle at Rome.

Although the French began the excavation of the column of Phocas, the completion of it, and the discovery of many facts of its history, are

due to the Duchess of Devonshire. She has also edited "Horace's Journey to Brundusium," with engravings of every site he mentions; and a magnificent edition of Virgil. Both were undertaken at her own expense; and we have heard somewhere that the last was illustrated from her own designs. Signora Dionigi had a daughter who was a remarkable improvvisatrice, and whose talents greatly contributed to the celebrity of her re-unions. The Countess Perticari is especially distinguished for the beauty of some "Songs to the Rose."

Another sort of influence, frequently of the worst kind, and almost always blended with political, is that of women over their lovers. Let no one dare to call it the influence of love.

Thus, when Cardinal de Retz visited Rome, he was obliged to propitiate the infamous Donna Olympia Maldachini, mistress of Innocent the Tenth, before he could procure access to that pontiff. This woman was the sister-in-law of the pope. Her portrait is still preserved in the Villa Pamfili Doria. The fierce, brow-beating aspect of the picture adds weight to the report, that she kept the whole conclave of cardinals in order, and poisoned the soup of Cardinal Patilla.

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A room in the villa is still called the cabinet of Donna Olympia; and, when Lady Morgan visited Italy, she was presented with a red feather from the tippet "come della reliquia" of one whom we should think it the highest privilege of a pure-minded woman to forget. When remonstrances were offered to the pope on this subject, he could only reply, "Remediaremo, remediaremo."

Thus Madame Pompadour effected at Babiole the unfortunate marriage of Marie Antoinette with Louis XVI., and dared to teach her royal lover to call the "respectable" Marie Theresa "pious," at the very moment when the wily empress was addressing herself as "Ma princesse et cousine!"

Thus the Marchesa de Prie held Alfieri in a "bizarro et tormentissimo stato." Nor need we ask what sort of influence hers was, when we learn, that, under the cushions of an old green-satin sofa in her room, his "Cleopatra" remained unknown and forgotten by its author for more than a year. Far different was the influence of her who was released by death from the galling chains which bound her to the Pretender only to become the bride of the poet. Of her, — Louisa, Princess of Stolberg and Countess of Albany, — Alfieri wrote that noble epitaph: —

"Senza la quella, non avrei mai fatto, nulla di buono."

Her life will form a most romantic chapter in some future history of Woman.

When the forts of Naples were surrendered, on the capitulation, to Ruffo, Micheroux, and the Turkish and English commanders, it was the atrocious Lady Hamilton who induced Nelson to violate that solemn treaty, and, in restoring the king to Naples, avenge her upon the personal enemies whom her improper intimacy with the queen and her low-born favorite Acton had created. That this woman invented the shawl dance is reason enough why every modest girl should shrink from it. That she published the private letters of Nelson, and so threw a merited stain upon his memory, adds little to such infamy as hers.*

* At the very moment when these papers are preparing for the press, what may be called a "Defence of Lady Hamilton" appears in "Blackwood's Magazine." It is almost impossible to do justice to a life so recent as that of Lady Hamilton; it is entirely impossible to do justice to the mistress, Platonic or otherwise, of a nation's idol: the name of Nelson blunts the critic's style, or dips it in gall, as the case may be. It is possible that Lady Hamilton's death, unfriended by the nation which owed her a heavy political debt; that the neglect into which Nelson's own daughter was permitted to fall, — were indeed instances of such ingratitude as we

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When, after the French Revolution, a terrible re-action took place in Florence, the little town of Arezzo, renowned for its bigotry, was supposed capable of supplying material to aid the Austrian party. A madonna was made to work a miracle, to rouse the populace against Protestants and Republicans. A ferocious mob rushed on to Florence with the most sanguinary designs. There was no end to the horrors that followed. At Siena, seventeen persons, including an infant at the breast, were burned alive. Who, think you, led that infuriate crowd in behalf of Austria and the Madonna? No one but the *English minister;* led, in his turn, by a frail and beautiful mistress, dressed as an Amazon, and supported by a monk! This woman was subsequently created a baroness of the German Empire *for having done the State some service!*

There remain two distinct sorts of female influence to be considered, — the purely political and the educational; but since the errors of rulers spring oftener from a bad education than a depraved nature, and good rulers always do their utmost to establish seminaries, these two sorts frequently cross each other on the page of history, and perplex the record.

Had Bonaparte retained possession of Florence, he had intended to establish there noble seminaries for female education, as at Naples and Milan. Meanwhile, he permitted three corrupt convents to remain. Perhaps thinkers may discover in this a reason why, in 1820, a Florentine mother was not ashamed to enter a public assembly between an innocent young daughter and her own "cavaliere servente;" why vaccination was still termed "a flying in the face of God," and the rejection of swaddling bands pronounced "impious." To this day, the mention of the Bonaparte name excites enthusiasm in Italy. All the family had a genius for reigning. When Elise, the emperor's oldest sister, removed from Lucca, where she had displayed an energy worthy of Napoleon, she presided over the court of Florence, with the title of Governante. In Lucca, she had encouraged manufactures, constructed roads, drained marshes, and colonized the desert wastes of Piombino; but she had an

are apt to associate with courts and camps. It is possible, also, that they were instances of that divine retribution which is permitted only too often to fall on the "children's children."

Happy shall I be to see the stain wiped from the name of Lady Hamilton; but I dare not set aside a nation's verdict in a matter with which personal and political feeling have still so much to do.

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oligarchy to oppose, and was then as little appreciated as she has been since deeply regretted. In Florence, she could accomplish little more than the presiding over a frivolous court, as she was in a great measure under the control of the prefect.

The events of Madame Murat's reign at Naples are well known. As soon as they heard of the reverses of the French, the lazzaroni attempted to revolt. No military force had been left to guard the city; and the aristocracy acknowledged that they owed their safety to the sister of Napoleon, who, with an energy worthy of her brother, assembled the National Guard, and, assuming their uniform, addressed them in a speech full of spirit and eloquence. She remained on horseback the whole day; and, visiting every post, assured herself of the vigilance of the authorities, until the hour when the approach of the Austrians compelled her to capitulate with Captain Campbell of the "Tremendous." Her life was in danger to the last moment; and the infuriated populace followed her to the ship's side with oaths and menaces. What think you were her last words to the grateful Neapolitans who accompanied her to the frigate? This woman, full of sagacity and

good sense, as capable of leading an army as of repressing an insurrection, — what were her last words to her people? With the aid of the Archbishop of Tarentum, she had established the Pensionnar dei Miracoli, — a magnificent school for girls. When she stood on the deck of the vessel, she cried, "Watch over the Miracoli; preserve my school!"

Bonaparte felt and said that a body of well-educated women could alone raise society from that gulf of immorality into which the old governments had plunged it. This school of Madame Murat's was established on the same principle as the Imperial Pensionnar at Milan. No Italian lady could be found at once qualified and willing to take charge of this establishment, and the Baroness de Lor was brought from Paris for the purpose. The accommodations for the children were magnificent. The class-rooms opened into gardens and orange-groves; the dressing-rooms were supplied with fountains of pure water; warm and cold baths were attached to the hospital. The dormitories were spacious, and the play-rooms gently heated. The diet was generous and good. The instruction in languages, the arts and sciences, and belles-lettres, was more liberal than any American

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institution can boast; and, in addition, the children were taught to mend stockings, cut clothing, and cook well: every thing, in short, which could make them what Bonaparte emphatically wished, — "bonnes mères de famille."

Ah! women have much reason to be grateful to Bonaparte. He banished Madame de Staël because he knew her worth. He, of all sovereigns, has best understood of what women are capable.

The Duc de Melzi was the originator of the similar Pensionnar at Lodi. He entreated the aid of the accomplished Maria Cosway. She was the widow of Richard Cosway, a man famous for exquisite miniatures, oil-paintings, and sketches; who believed in animal magnetism and Swedenborg; and who, although confessedly the idol of a fashionable public for sixty years, was not gifted enough to eclipse his wife. The school which she established is still thought one of the best in Europe. On returning to their homes, at the age of fourteen, the pupils are prepared to manage a family, and keep its accounts.

We are giving proofs that women are often accidently invested with political power, and that, therefore, they should be prepared for its wise exercise. In royal families, the contingency

is, of course, expected; but it is seldom fitly met. The Duchess of Kent, who had to contend with a scrofulous temperament and an hereditary unsoundness of mind, formed a noble exception to the majority of royal mothers. The children of Maria Theresa formed unfortunate examples of the results of a very different training. Consuelo was not far wrong when she called Maria Theresa "an old gossip." Celebrated as her reign has been, she actually did nothing to deserve the reverence in which posterity has held her. She was like a thousand bustling, busy, and ambitious mothers of families, who make a great rout and talk about their housekeeping, and, after all, only keep things in very good order. Sentimental French writers tell us, that, oppressed by the sight of a suffering family, she gave them her dinner, and "nourished herself with the tears that she shed." In the same year, she assisted at the partition of Poland; and the "Wild Irish Girl" says, wittily enough, "that the tears which she thus caused might have fed her for the rest of her life." She was beautiful, ambitious, selfish, parsimonious, and absolute. That made her a prosperous queen which would have made her a hateful woman. But of what kind was the prosperity? and was

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her intriguing skill adequate to the training of monarchs? The prosperity was external, and her children were Marie Antoinette, Caroline of Austria, and Marie Christine. The empress reduced her husband to a state of vassalage, and, to her dying day, treated her sons as enemies. There is such a thing as educating by antagonism; which is the reason, perhaps, that the imperial sons proved more worthy than the daughters. When Francis heard of his wife's disgraceful alliance with Madame de Pompadour, he walked indignantly out of council; and when Joseph asked, "Mother, what good faith can you find in France?" he was banished from her presence. Joseph died of a broken heart, unable to accomplish the reforms which his mother's necessities compelled her too late to begin; and Leopold was recalled from Tuscany, where he was doing an immense good, and compelled to govern a people who had lost their liberties so long since, that they dreaded their restoration after the present despotic fashion.

The painful history of Marie Antoinette, who sacrificed the lives and freedom of her family to the preservation of a dressing-case, is well known. Caroline of Austria, Queen of Naples, is never mentioned in that unfortunate city,

without a shudder. She kept her husband under so degrading an espionage, that he was obliged to return a borrowed volume of Voltaire unread. She sacrificed her honor and her modesty to her passion for a handsome adventurer, — John Acton, the son of an English physician in the south of France, — whose power over her seems to have grown out of his insensibility to her charms. She was the intimate friend of the licentious Lady Hamilton. She had all her mother's faults, and none of her virtues. She was so dishonest as to levy a tax of three hundred thousand ducats to open roads; and, after a distressed people had hopefully paid it, to pocket at once the money and her promise. Marie Christine, the Governess of the Low Countries, is said to have been an infamous woman; but the lives of these persons are too recent, and they are themselves too nearly related to the royal families of England, France, and Austria, for us to be able as yet to judge them truly. The gossip of the countries that they have misgoverned is our chief source of information.

Among female sovereigns of the present century, utterly deficient in a righteous sense of responsibility, Beatrice d'Este, Archduchess of

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Modena, and the Queen of Etruria, once Duchess of Parma, may be mentioned. They did their utmost to crush the popular interest.

Among such as possessed naturally kind hearts and good capacities, but who were prevented by a bad education from doing justice to either, Caroline of Brunswick stands pre-eminent. We do not know whether her infidelity is considered an historical fact. It is certain that the aristocracy of England believed in her guilt, though some of them defended her on the ground that her licentious husband had no right to complain of so natural a result of his own bad conduct. Her easy accessibility and cheerful good-will won the hearts of the people, who always earnestly defended her. Even Sir James Mackintosh acknowledged a "friendly partiality" for her. Whatever she may have been in England, she sought in her foreign residence, on the borders of Lake Como, to forget her trials in works of taste, utility, and beneficence. A plain tablet still informs the traveller, that to her he owes the magnificent road which skirts the lake, the first ever opened for purposes of business or pleasure. Here she did much good, and gained much popularity. Her palace is still shown to strangers.

The common argument used by those who think that they feel a just horror of conferring political rights upon women is like that so often urged against the immediate emancipation of negro slaves. They are not *fit for power*, nor can they be made so. Universal confusion would follow such a step. Yet, under many governments, women have possessed these rights and this power; and so *little confusion has resulted, that most persons are ignorant of the fact.*

When Leopold became Grand Duke of Tuscany, in 1765, he established a government of communes, which, it is believed, he intended should pave the way to representative government. Under this, women had a civil capacity, and could become magistrates. Under it, one Signora Ricci was made treasurer of her commune. In Upper Canada, women vote upon questions relating to schools, upon the same conditions as men; that is, a certain property qualification.

There is certainly no justice in demanding of women political penalties and the payment of taxes, if men do not grant them the power the first is intended to crush, the second to represent. Women are hung for treason, tortured for testimony, impoverished for the State. "Not

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since the dark ages," objects some one. Yes, now, — in the nineteenth century; in France and Austria many times, in Italy still more often. After the restoration of the royal family, brought about by Lady Hamilton, at Naples, all who had shown any attachment to the republic were condemned to death. Under this act, Madame San Felice was sent to the scaffold. She had revealed a royalist conspiracy, and so prevented a massacre.

Eleonora Pimentale was a young girl, celebrated for her talents, her graces, and her patriotism. She was accused of having written some patriotic effusions in the "Monitore Napolitano," and condemned to die. She met her fate with courage and heroism. She took coffee, we are told, a few minutes before she ascended the scaffold; and said with a smile, to those who risked their lives by showing sympathy for her fate, —

"Forsan et hæc, olim meminisse juvabit."

It was not the bigoted cruelty nor the weak irresolution of the wicked woman, whom the admiring Romney fitly painted as a bacchante, that brought about these executions, but what the Neapolitans expressively call "la vilta" of

Nelson, the British lion. Had that "chambermaid of a lady of rank" been educated at a common school, and taught to think it possible that she should one day possess political power, and be responsible to God for its right exercise, — then the mistress of the admiral, had she ever existed, must assuredly have stimulated her lover to a *generous* policy and a *noble* warfare, and felt a just pride in keeping Britannia's flag unstained.

In the examples of feminine influence that we have offered, we do not mean to assert that any woman exerts only *one kind*. In every woman, many kinds are mingled; but one is generally pre-eminent.

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IX.

MARIE CUNITZ.

"The order woman seeketh."—Goethe.

NEARLY a hundred years before the birth of Maria Agnesi, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, at Schweidnitz in Silesia, Marie Cunitz was born. Her name occurs naturally in connection with that of Agnesi, because it was to a similar class of subjects that she devoted herself. In her early years, she was distinguished for her proficiency in the languages, both ancient and modern; in history, medicine, and mathematics. She finally devoted herself to astrology and astronomy; the first of these being considered at that period as worthy to engross a noble mind as the last. About the year 1630, she married, after the death of her father, a Silesian gentleman named Lœwen, who had been her principal instructor in astronomy. He seems to have been very proud of her; and

they continued their studies together. Previous to their marriage, both had made use of the Danish tables of Longomontanus; but they soon perceived that these tables did not correspond with the results of their own observations. Four years before, John Kepler had published his famous Rodolphine tables at Ulm. They were so called in honor of his friend, the reigning Emperor Rodolph; and formed the foundation of all astronomical calculations for more than a century. Marie and her husband found these tables more exact; but their use was cumbersome. They were obliged to employ logarithms, which must, in their turn, be corrected. They then resolved to give up the use of Danish tables, and devote some time to making those of Kepler more simple and convenient. This work was already begun, when the Thirty Years' War forced them to quit Schweidnitz, and take refuge in Poland. Mademoiselle Cunitz, as she was still called in spite of her marriage, was kindly received by the nuns of a convent; and in this quiet home her mathematical labors were completed. In 1650, "Urania Propitia, sive Tabulæ Astronomicæ," &c., was reprinted at Oels in Silesia; and, in 1651, it was printed at Frankfort. It was dedicated to the emperor, Ferdinand III.,

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by her husband Lœwen, and prefaced by introductions in Latin and German. He takes pride in telling the reader that the work is entirely by his wife; his duty having been only to prepare it for the press. On her side, she quotes the results of her husband's astronomical labors, and promises to bring forward others. She frequently criticizes the tables of Lansberg, whom she reproaches with a want of candor in asserting that they were conformed to the observations of all time.

Wolf, in his "Elements of Mathematics," speaks with praise of these tables. Lord Brougham, after remarking that this work is only an attempt to simplify Kepler's methods and avoid the use of logarithms, says that it is more remarkable from the fact that the writer was a woman than from any particular merit. This is perhaps true; but we have been surprised, throughout our late researches, to discover how often it falls to the lot of women to simplify and make useful the results of abstruse labor on the part of men. Women have, when eqully well educated and intelligent, a better mental perspective than men, and a clearer perception of relations. Goethe recognizes this when he says in his "Torquato Tasso,"—

"'Tis order woman seeketh; freedom, man."

From the same cause, it happens that several intelligent women have been heard to say, that they would like to rewrite the "Cosmos" of Humboldt.

Presumptuous as such a remark might seem to a thoughtless hearer, it meant merely, that, possessed of Humboldt's wide observations, pleasant facts, and wise deductions, they could arrange them so that they would be more generally attractive, while their individual and collective value would be proportionately increased. Women are also more patient, thorough, and observant of small facts, than men. It is said, that, before Maria Mitchell used a telescope, certain observations in relation to the positions of the heavenly bodies were made only once in four hours. A common process of arithmetical division decided where the star must stand at the close of the first, second, and third hour: but Miss Mitchell chose to direct her glass to the sky, not only every hour, but every *half-hour;* and she found that the actual positions did not correspond in the least to those which had been assumed. In such "small service," women may yet do the best part and the worthiest of the world's work.

We well remember, when a schoolgirl, to have

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seen a distinguished mathematician solve a difficult question for his puzzled class by dashing three abbreviated equations across the college black-board. The unfortunate students might as well have been treated to three lines of Arabic. They stood in blank dismay before the sprawling lines; and then one, more venturesome than the rest, suggested in a low voice, that a certain "Miss Mary" in the neighborhood might be able to supply the missing members. A shout of indignation welcomed this hint of the presumptive bachelor of arts. "A woman! — no, indeed!" But the recitation-hour drew fearfully near; and one lad, who had been working hard to help himself, and felt a right to be above false shame, exclaimed, as he tossed his cap in air, "Hurrah for Miss Mary!" and, without a word, started in search of her.

His companions followed, more for the sake of the fun than in the hope of relief.

Miss Mary, a timid, quiet-looking girl of eighteen, was teaching half a dozen little girls to read; when she looked up at her darkened casements, and found her larkspurs and lads'-love in imminent danger from the newly arrived deputation. In some consternation, she went to the door; when he who cried "Hurrah for Miss

Mary!" somewhat uncivilly pushed a slate before her face, saying, "We want to know how the professor gets those."

The color came and went; for Mary, although well used to this lack of courtesy, could never cease to feel it. She did not ask to see the question: she detected instantly the relation between the three equations; and, drawing a folded porcelain slate from her pocket, she wrote out clearly *thirty-six* equations in their natural succession, and handed them back to the astonished boy.

"There," said she, "you will understand those: if you don't, one of you can come back. Now shut the garden-gate, and don't crush my lavender." — "Thank you, Miss Mary," said the boy, as his quick eye glanced down the slate: "you're something better than a genius."

That day the professor was in high good-humor; and when he inquired the cause of a bonfire which the boys built in the neighborhood of Miss Mary's lavender that night, in honor of what they called her "shining light," he remarked substantially, that her wonderful performance on the slate "was nothing more than an attempt to simplify his method, and only remarkable because a woman did it."

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That may have been, Herr Professor; but it was what was necessary, and what you could not or would not do: so, if we had been in your place, we should have refused to take the credit of the next examination.

This little excursion from our subject is only a commentary on Lord Brougham's criticism on the "Urania Propitia." Whatever were its merits, it went through two editions at a time when Kepler's genius was rousing a new interest in the subject of astronomy, and continued to be spoken of favorably by those who had occasion to use it. Marie's biographers give her credit for wonderful general culture; but this is her only published work.

The celebrated controversialist, Gisbert Voët, mentions Marie, in a volume of his "Politica Ecclesiastica," published in 1669, as still alive. Lalande says that she died at Pitschen, in Silesia, on the 22d of August, 1664; which was probably the fact.

Voët began to publish his great work in 1663. The sentence was very likely written while she was living, and printed after her death. Desvignolles has given the most minute account of her, and one which, very unfortunately, we have been unable to procure. It is in the third volume of the "Bibliothèque Germanique."

A recent writer observes, that although her book has been little regarded of late, yet many distinguished writers have made use of her suggestions, without acknowledgment. From such experience as we have had, we think this very likely to be true. Perhaps it is not more true of the works of women than of those of men. All knowledge belongs to all men; and day by day they seize it as their rightful possession, their legitimate inheritance. Less and less do they feel their obligations to the individual whose labor or whose insight has brought it within their grasp. And for the individual, if he reads the signs of God's providence truly, he will be willing to work like the great Master, without recognition. He will feel, that, in serving all, he best serves himself. He will know in his own heart, that the gifts which permit the labor or develop the insight are beyond his own power, and come from the Infinite Source of all, as the light from the sun, or the growth to the plant. God gave them, he will remember, that he might work for his brothers; and, satisfied to have been so commissioned from on high, he will not pause to grieve because his agency is not recognized below.

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Could we but realize the blessedness of being so commissioned, none of us need strive in vain. The heavenly work will be taken up, just where the earthly has been dropped; and the forces of the soul will not depend upon the forces of the intellect alone, but on the use of those forces by the soul herself, and the sanctifying of them to everlasting ends. Men may possess themselves of what we have acquired, without one grateful thought; but the strength born of acquiring, no human wit can wile away from us. The joy of clear perception and keen insight belongs only to the worker, never to an indolent receiver. The latter gains only what he works for, and must use what the worker has gained before he can even give him thanks for it.

X.

MADAME DE STAËL.

"Quelques souvenirs du cœur, quelques noms de femmes, réclament aussi vos pleurs."—CORINNE.

"WHAT have women to do with politics?" is a question which has a singular pertinence at the present day. Men ask it, wherever they find women waiting on the thresholds of prisons or alms-houses, when philanthropy inquires after their insane, or when justice inveighs against a fugitive-slave law. "What have women to do with politics?" Let them repeat the question as often as they like: but let them turn rather to the English hustings, where women, uneducated to perceive the higher relations of party questions, throw all their weight and wealth, ay, all the eloquence which great men have pronounced "irresistible," on the side of a temporary success, for lover, child, or friend; or to France, where the vile mistress of a prince — better educated than most princes, since he was

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taught how to live without a throne — became so active an agent of political cliques, that a government vessel was not long ago deputed to bring her to our own shores. With still sadder faces, let them turn to Washington, where women sell the votes that their own baseness brings within their power, and feminine manœuvring and dishonor accomplish that for which all the strength of manly life has been found insufficient.

In such connection, the name of one woman at least rises to the mind, who justified, by the use she made of it, the possession of the widest political power. It is impossible to do justice to her life within the compass of an essay. It might well repay the study and admiration of years. It was not without a profound meaning that the ancients represented Love, Wisdom, Justice, and Productive Energy, under feminine forms; but it is seldom that the varied faculties of the human soul, developed through the profoundest apprehension of Nature, Poetry, and Art, are exhibited in a single human being as they were in Anna Louisa Germaine Necker, Baronne de Staël-Holstein. It has been said that distinguished women generally owe their mental power to the influence of fathers who

have no sons, or who are induced through peculiar sympathy to bestow unusual pains upon their culture. Napoleon always asked of a great man, "Who was his mother?" In view of such considerations, we may better understand the many-sidedness of Madame de Staël by dwelling for a space upon the character of her parents.

James Necker (her father) and Susanna Curchod (her mother) were both Swiss. Her father rose rapidly, through banking, and commerce with the East Indies, to a position of great eminence. He has been considered unequal to the emergencies of the time in which he lived. That he was so, may be only one proof that he was too truly wise and well-balanced to satisfy either party; and, when we hear people complain of his inflated style, it will be safe to ask whether this may not be an English criticism on French rhetoric. In his own time, he had one great merit, — that of making lucid expositions of finance intelligible to the common people. This made him director of the treasury to Louis Sixteenth. In a moment of confusion, he was banished from Paris. All France was in a ferment at the news, and the storming of the Bastille procured his immediate recall. Necker's return to Paris was a triumphal procession.

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When he finally retired in 1790, it was not as an unsuccessful statesman.

Madame Necker was the daughter of a Swiss clergyman, and the only woman ever beloved, we believe, by Gibbon the historian. He might scoff at revealed religion; but he could not despise the graces of mind and heart which were developed by its influence. She had a classical education; and some *men* may be interested to know, that she was, *in spite of it*, an admirable and affectionate mother, wife, and friend. How widely she thought, may be considered from the titles of her works, which considered alike the profound subject of "Divorce," the "Establishment of Hospitals," and the "Burial of the Dead." How tenderly she *felt*, was shown by the use which she made of her prosperity; ministering to the wants of others, distributing her great resources, and visiting herself the sick and poor. That her husband dearly loved her is not the only tribute to her worth. He showed his own unfitness for the possession of such a woman by forbidding her to write, because he did not like the uncomfortable feeling of seeming to interrupt important avocations when he entered her apartment. Of such profound selfishness, there are, alas! only too many examples.

To such parents, Anna Louisa was born, at Paris, in the April of 1766. Her mother, fond of metaphysics and somewhat harsh in manners, at first directed her studies; but the ambition of the young girl outstripped the urgency of her teachers, and her physicians were compelled to prohibit her books. In the livelier disposition and varied gifts of her father, she found, at this time, a pleasant resource. In his salon assembled all that was distinguished in Paris at that time, and the society of eminent persons developed her astonishing conversational talent. Here she learned to contend in argument, and to offer ingenious, brilliant, and striking theories to the consideration of those about her. Some great men have been said to be poor talkers because they saved their great thoughts for their published works. No such paucity of resources afflicted Mademoiselle Necker; and thoughts of value, on art, religion, letters, and society, poured in a sparkling stream from her youthful lips. Her love and reverence for her father were intense; and, fearing that he would prohibit her as well as her mother from writing, she learned to control her impatience with singular sweetness, and accustomed herself to write standing, that she might not seem to be interrupted by his approach.

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When he published his account of the French finances in 1781, this girl of fifteen reviewed it in an anonymous letter; and, in the same year, Raynal asked her to furnish an essay on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes for the volumes he was publishing on the commerce of the Indies. At the age of twenty, she was married to the Baron de Staël. If she loved any one at that time, it was the Viscount de Montmorenci, to whom she remained tenderly attached till the close of her life. She married the baron because he offered her a position of rank and independence, and because he was a Protestant; Necker being naturally unwilling that his immense wealth should pass into the hands of a Catholic. If she failed here in the duty of a noble woman, let us acknowledge that she atoned for it by remaining faithful to her vows. Her presentation at court naturally followed her marriage to an ambassador; and though the court ladies, envious of her high reputation, did their utmost, they could say nothing worse than that the bonnet which etiquette required her to wear was sometimes tied awry. During her long life, the breath of scandal never touched her; unless when, for a moment, the rush of English gossip confounded her with Madame de

Genlis. The cloud soon passed. Gifted as she was, longing to love and be beloved with all the intensity of a passionate nature, she yet remained irreproachable.

After the Revolution of 1789, she gave her influence to the Directory; and, being deeply impressed with the superiority of the English Government, longed for the establishment of a limited monarchy in France. "But, alas!" she said in prophetic anguish, "it is only through a military despotism that France can arrive at such a result." After the accession of Robespierre, she remained in Paris, where she saved many of his victims, often at the risk of her own life. There, too, she published a noble "Defence of the Queen." That queen, too frivolous, and fond of admiration, to comprehend the young wife, had always been Madame de Staël's personal enemy. Do the records of political strife show any other instance of a generous integrity like this? After the insurrection of Aug. 10, every hour became an hour of peril; but her woman's heart refused to leave her friends in danger, and it was not till Oct. 2 that she attempted to flee. Then she was attacked by the populace, and narrowly escaped with her life. She was one of those who demanded of

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Austria the liberty of La Fayette. When Talleyrand returned from America in 1796, she had influence enough to secure his appointment as foreign minister. When, afterwards, it became necessary for him to choose between his benefactress and his own interests, his narrow soul could not hesitate: so we need not wonder that he was accused of saying, "It is easier to manage Satan himself than one honest woman."

Soon after this, she published her work upon the "Influence of the Passions." No one is better qualified to judge of the destructive influence of these upon society than a woman married to a man whom she does not love, and compelled to feel the warmth of a passion unsustained by its appropriate sentiment. Madame de Staël was not one to reason blindly on such a subject. We do not know where the encyclopedist found the information, that the baron was young, cultivated, and handsome. Young he was not; for he died of the infirmities of age when his wife was only thirty-two. Cultivated he was not; for he could not even appreciate the glowing gifts of his wife. In a dozen memoirs, we have never seen the most distant allusion to his personal attractions. They lived in apparent harmony until the age of her three

children justified Madame de Staël in claiming a suitable provision from the property which her father had conveyed to her husband, to be secured against the inroads of his extravagant habits. Then they separated; but a woman like Madame de Staël could never be indifferent to the father of her children. When his increasing infirmities rendered it necessary, she returned, and fulfilled a voluntary pledge by remaining with him till his death in 1798.

She first saw Bonaparte in 1797. Many reasons have been assigned for the strong dislike which soon grew up between them. On Madame de Staël's part, it was, perhaps, a natural feeling of resentment, when she found that he would not pledge himself to the independence of Switzerland. They were too brilliant to spare each other. With Bonaparte, an epigram pierced deeper than a sword.

Her instinct penetrated to his unscrupulous ambition. She had called him "Robespierre on horseback;" and when, in 1802, Necker published his "Last Views on Policy and Finance," Bonaparte detected the keen insight of the woman in the prediction of the overthrow of the republic.

It was a premature announcement, and found

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no favor with the ruler. He forbade Necker to publish, and banished Madame de Staël from Paris.

An absurd self-esteem was predominant in French literature when the latter first began to write. Her generous appreciation of foreign nations chastened this in a most wholesome manner; but that self-esteem was a tool with a keen edge, that Bonaparte meant to use, and did not like to see blunted. How truly she prophesied for that time and this, when she said that a military despotism alone could re-establish order in her beloved France, we can all see well enough now. To every entreaty of her friends that he would permit her to return, Bonaparte always answered, "No!"—"I have left her the whole world," he added; "but let her be contented to leave Paris to me."

After her father's death, she went to Italy; and she did not sketch her own ideal in "Corinne" half so effectually as she showed, in "Lord Nelvil," the hold that this affliction had taken of her mind. "Germany," the finest of her works on many accounts, was too liberal for the French courts. After the censors had expurgated and approved of it, Savary suppressed the whole edition. "The work is not French.

and the air of France suits neither it nor you," was his only explanation.

In 1810, she was residing at Geneva, and extended a generous sympathy to a young wounded officer from the south of France, named de Rocca. She was at this time forty-four, and he only twenty-three. The genius of the woman fired his whole soul. To the remonstrances of friends, who censured what they thought a childish infatuation, he replied, "I will love her so passionately, that I will compel her to marry me." She found in this union a quiet happiness; for it was said of her with truth, that, "although she had never been a child, she never ceased to be young."

In 1812, she went through Russia and Sweden to England; and was delayed in Sweden by the death of her favorite son. In 1814, she reached Calais, where she was received by the foreign allies with the greatest distinction, and hastened by her influence the removal of the foreign troops from France. It is said that Napoleon asked her to return, and assist him in forming his new Constitution, in 1815; but she replied emphatically, "He has done without me and the Constitution for twelve years, and now he loves neither of us." After the restoration, she returned to

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Paris, happy in the love of her devoted husband and the fine promise of her children; comforted also by the prospect of a free Constitution for France.

Her departure to another world, in the year 1817, did not take her by surprise. Looking forward to the great change, she said, "I have the fullest conviction that the love of God will make it easy." She was interred at Coppet.

In 1821, her complete works were published by the Baron de Staël in seventeen volumes octavo. In 1830, Schlosser's admirable "Parallel between Madame de Staël and Madame Roland" was published at Vienna and Paris. De Rocca was no weak enthusiast: he printed two works on "Strategy," and left a manuscript novel. He died of grief within six months of his wife.

A little human vanity (observe that we do not write it *feminine* vanity) at one time betrayed Madame de Staël into an approbation of that philosophy which her whole life refuted. She was the first woman in France, if we except in a degree her mother, who made herself an intellectual power to be feared. Napoleon could control the French nation, but not her. Other

tribunals reversed their decrees; but she was found faithful.

In Lewes's recent "Life of Goethe, he says, "In December, 1803, Weimar had a visitor whose rank is high among its illustrious guests, — Madame de Staël. Napoleon would not suffer her to remain in France; and Benjamin Constant carried her there, that she might see and know something of the men her work on Germany was to reveal to her countrymen. It is easy to ridicule Madame de Staël; to call her, as Heine does, a 'whirlwind in petticoats,' and a 'sultana of mind:' but Germans should be grateful to her for that book which still remains one of the best written about Germany; and the lover of letters will not forget, that her genius has, in various departments of literature, rendered for ever illustrious the power of womanly intellect. Goethe and Schiller, whom she stormed with her *cannonades of talk*, spoke of her intellect with great admiration. 'Of all living creatures he had seen,' Schiller said, 'she was most talkative, most combative, the most gesticulative; but she was also the most cultivated and the most gifted.' The contrast between her French and his German culture, and the difficulty he had in expressing himself in French, did not

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prevent his being much interested. In the sketch of her he sent to Goethe, it was well said, 'She insists on explaining every thing, understanding every thing, measuring every thing. She admits of no darkness, nothing incommensurable; and, where her torch throws no light, there nothing can exist. Hence her horror of the ideal philosophy, which *she* thinks leads to mysticism and superstition. For what *we* call poetry she has no sense: she can only appreciate what is passionate, rhetorical, universal. If she does not prize what is false, she does not always perceive what is true.'"

Her colloquial eloquence was marvellous; and on it, as on all points which concerned her reputation as a woman of genius, she loved to extort the suffrage of all the world.* Her country was as proud of her works as her friends were fond of her person.

While, on the one hand, she exercised the most despotic power as a woman of genius, and obtained permission to be learned and metaphysical by showing the most undoubted power to be so, and so put all future women under infinite

* See anecdote of the Comte de Ségur, in the sketch of Margaret Fuller.

obligations to her; she could not, on the other, free herself from a sort of Rousseauish sentimentality. Her need of being beloved was as womanly and full as her power of conversation; and strong-minded women have reproached her with the fate permitted to her magnificent Corinne. In the *dénouement* of this novel, however, she followed the educational influences of society, which never permit the most distinguished woman to forget that it was for love alone she was born; while the noble, original lines of her life have been reflected gratefully by hundreds of women within the century.

How the woman constantly tormented, and finally conquered, the artist in her, we discover in her unacknowledged marriage, in the very decline of life, to a man younger than herself, and every way her inferior except in the power of loving. How the artist triumphed in its turn, and must triumph for ever, all the works with which she has endowed the century prove, all the glowing reputation shows, which still clothes her name with an electric life and light.

Madame de Staël's eldest son, the heir to the title, died in 1827, distinguished for his unpretending worth, his philanthropy, and his attachment to liberty. He published some valuable

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"Letters on England." The second was killed in a duel while in the Swedish service. Her daughter, if living, is now Duchess de Broglie. It is said that her will revealed the existence of a son by her second marriage. If so, it is strange that this fact should be all that we know of him.

A relative of Madame de Staël — Madame Necker de Saussure — sketches thus her personal appearance: "She was graceful in every movement. Her figure, without entirely satisfying the eye, attracted and enchained it; for it had, as the exponent of her soul, a very rare advantage. It unfolded suddenly into a sort of spiritual beauty. Génius beamed from her eyes, which were of rare magnificence. Her gestures, always harmonious, gave weight to her discourse. Her arms were of remarkable beauty and whiteness, and her dress rather picturesque than fashionable." She was an admirable musician; possessing a voice of remarkable flexibility, power, and sweetness. A far greater charm, however, resided in her conversational power. Inspiration flowed through her lips as never through her pen. In her work on "Germany," she says, after dwelling upon the spirit and freshness of conversation in Paris, "That sort

of pleasure which is produced by an animated conversation does not precisely depend on the nature of that conversation. The ideas and knowledge which it evolves do not form its principal interest. That consists, in a certain manner, of acting on one another; of giving mutual and instantaneous delight; of speaking at the moment when one thinks; of acquiring immediate self-enjoyment; of receiving applause without labor; of displaying the understanding in all its positions, by accent, gesture, look. That consists in eliciting at will the electric spark, which, while it relieves some of an excess of vivacity, shall awaken others from a painful apathy."

It has been often said, that, the more thoroughly a woman's intellect is cultivated, the more powerful her passions will become; and the second marriage of Madame de Staël is instanced as a proof of the assertion. The happiness of that union, one of sentiment more than passion, is its best apology; and, if the remark were true at all, it would be equally true of man. As it is, a host of women, like Lady Jane Grey, Maria Edgeworth, and Miss Sieveking, arise to stamp it as a libel.

In character, Madame de Staël was independ-

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ent and truthful. When told that a congratulation on the birth of the King of Rome might win her Napoleon's favor, she replied, "What would you have me say? Can I do more than wish that they find him a good nurse?" Urged in the same way to claim the rents of her confiscated estates, she answered, "To do that, I might prepare a certificate of my existence, but never a declaration of love."

Of Madame de Staël's books it is necessary to say very little. They have become classic. Every one who reads them knows that they are not written in the purest French, and that they abound in Swiss idioms. She greatly improved the whole tone of French literature. What was not good French before she wrote it, became so by her writing it. She imparted a vigor to her style, which one could hardly fancy the language capable of holding. She disarms criticism, and drags the reader into her own channels, by the rush of her thinking. She contributed a paper upon Aspasia to the "Biographie Universelle." Her works, as a whole, are thought to have a high tone. "Delphine" described her own early life, and showed the painful conflict between her energetic nature and the conventions of society. Of course, society denounced it; and she wrote her own "Defence." There are stupid people everywhere, who seem to think that romances have no right to exist if they do not do all the reflecting for them. In books, goodness must be rewarded, vice unsuccessful: consequently, Jane Eyre, George Sand, and Delphine are contraband. But is it so in life? and, without pretending that Jane Eyre and Rochester are patterns of Christian virtue, is it not right, when one knows that such lives are lived, to sketch them truly and forcibly, so as to reveal humanity to itself? What wonderful revelations were made by that book! Not even the world-known Uncle Tom has touched so many human hearts to the deepest quick as Jane Eyre. Under its influence, how many of the icebergs of society suddenly flamed out as volcanoes! In commenting on it, how the dolls of fashion grew into warm-hearted women! how the victims of convention were fused into living human souls!

The moral was not in the book: no one pretended that. It was deduced from it, because it roused active thought on matters of moral life and death. So might it be with "Delphine."

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XI.

MARGARET FULLER.

"The maiden of Phœbus, to whom the golden-haired
Gave, as a privilege, a virgin life."

THE horticulturist glows with delight when Nature offers him a new flower. The statelier its aspect, the more intense its tints, the more formidable its culture, the more cordial his welcome. While its reviving fragrance floats through his conservatory, and lifts the very heads of all other plants, hope kindles in his bosom, and every energy is bent to the perfecting of that germ which is the vehicle of its immortal type, — the germ which is to transmit its grace, its color, and its God-given charm. He does not stay to ask why the stem is coarse and angular, the leaves heavy and viscous, the root moist with a poisonous juice, the very calyx which enshrines the precious germ set round with thorns. If he deals with these matters at all, it is as an intelligent questioner, seeking

their use, and relation to continuous life; not as a fault-finder gossiping against the Eternal. What precious fluids flow through that angular channel, what honeyed sweets are distilled through viscous exhalations, what precious medicament lies hid in the poison, what possible injury to the young germ the thorny crown repels, — these things perhaps concern him. Would to God that ordinary human creatures stood thus reverent before a new soul fresh from that hand which makes and permits no mistakes! Would that their eyes opened gladly to the unfading beauty of the immortal; and that the angularity, the bitterness, the individual peculiarity or weakness, with which God defends the youth of his best beloved, were heeded only as they reveal the secret of development or explain the facts of position! Then had we long since ceased to hear of Margaret Fuller's arrogance, conceit, and irreligion, and had recognized her as a noble gift to our time, the true inspirer — sometimes by association, always by emulation — of our "young men and maidens." Alas! the days are changed since she stood among us. Very far from Margaret's is the standard of noble truth, of womanly aspiration, of literary culture, which satisfies the demand of society now. And, at the

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moment when a truly ennobling brotherly love offers us a complete memorial of her,* it will be well to review briefly the works which she has left to us; most and longest, to consider that best of all her works, her life; and to endeavor to correct some misapprehensions concerning her which still float on the popular breeze.

To those who "wander to and fro in the earth," fulfilling the varied engagements of the lyceum, these misapprehensions are familiar as household words. Rumor finished her clumsy work long years ago, and it is still too early for the historic sponge to clear the board. "Show us any thing that Margaret has left as fine as many of the things that have been said of her, and we will put faith in your vindication," said once an intelligent clergyman, who should have known better. Is it nothing, then, to prompt to the saying of fine things? "This is the method of genius," writes Margaret, — "to ripen fruit for the crowd by those rays of whose heat they complain."

The two volumes of memoirs now republished contain, beside the original matter, a touching

* Life, and Complete Works, of Margaret Fuller. In six vols. Boston: Brown, Taggard, and Chase. 1860.

life of Margaret's mother, from the pen of her son Richard; and a Genealogical Record of the Fuller Family, which doubtless indicates the force and quality of that blood. It seems to us that the editor is unnecessarily anxious to efface the impression, that his father's discipline was so severe as to over-tax even Margaret's precocity. In her Autobiography, a species of writing for which she was admirably qualified by nature, Margaret left on record, in regard to this matter, precisely the statement which she desired should survive. Does the editor call the Autobiography a romance? Very well. In its pages, Margaret seized her personal experience, and, by her usual intuitive insight, made it of universal use. "A more than ordinarily high standard was presented me," she writes. "My father's influence upon me was great, but opposed to the natural unfolding of my character, which was fervent, of strong grasp, and disposed to infatuation and self-forgetfulness." To foster these peculiarities would have been a worse service than any overstraining; and, by the thorough training he required, Mr. Fuller brought an influence to bear on Margaret's "infatuation," whose benefits she never ceased to feel, and came ultimately to understand. With her night-

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mares and somnambulisms, also, this severe discipline and excessive study had very little to do. They belong to such natures as hers. They are a part of the dreamy "self-forgetfulness;" and, if an occasional indiscretion added to their horrors, they could not have been wholly escaped, under the most tender indulgence, by one of her class. If not overworked by external circumstances, a mind like Margaret's must have overwrought itself.

Madame de Staël wrote standing, that she might not *seem* to be disturbed when her autocratic father entered her apartment. A gifted woman of the present century spent three years of her youth in copying mercantile letters; the only curb the common sense of her merchant father could find for an ideality he did not comprehend. To all such natures, God provides such discipline. It may look harsh: we can trust Him that it shall prove wise.

None but poets remember their youth; and we prize this autobiographical fragment more than most of what Margaret has left us. Very beautiful is the conception of these two volumes, — a threefold yet concurrent testimony, which serves to show her many-sided nature. Very grateful ought our public to be to Mr. Clarke

for the crystalline clearness with which he sets before them the story of his intercourse with his friend. He feels his obligations, and, with graceful, manly self-reliance, acknowledges them. To her other biographers she ministered delight; to him, growth. *They* stood admiring: *he* felt the woman in the genius. "This record," he says, "may encourage some youthful souls, as earnest and eager as ours, to trust themselves to their hearts' impulse, and enjoy some such blessing as came to us." He will never know how many. Nowhere does the remarkable simplicity of Margaret's relations with men and women appear to such advantage as in his pages. Not a shadow of coquetry nor mist of passion hovers over the record: impetuosity, ardor, and high resolve, gleam through the rifts of the correspondence, and grant us clear guesses at what we do not see.

The most common charge brought against Margaret is that of arrogance, — a charge which had some show of truth in it, both as concerns her individually and the temperament which she inherited. But who are we that bring this charge? and what true significance has it? May we not be tale-bearers, censorious, meddlers in other men's matters? and, if so, what is the

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significance of *that* fact? For us and Margaret abides the old eternal law. She was human: we had no right to expect of her, perfection, either inherited or attained, during the development we saw. The only profitable question is, Did she accept, foster, hug to her bosom, her own frailties? or did she in the main, at all events ultimately, see their true nature, and put them under subjection? To this question there can be but one answer.

From a manuscript some time in our possession we copy the following statement — a very fair one, it seems to us — of the impression she sometimes made upon truly noble souls: —

"My nature would always have resented the assumption of superiority; but gladly would I have knelt before the humblest human creature in whom I perceived it, — many a pure-hearted child has bent the knee which only stiffened before Margaret, — and this, not because I was not willing to acknowledge her fine ability, her great superiority, but because I knew that the highest crown we could either of us inherit, it depended upon our own wills to wear, — because I felt myself as much the child of my heavenly Father as she. To become truly regal in my eyes, she must have relinquished the love of power for its own sake; must stretch out generous, sustaining tendrils towards feebler souls; in fine, must break up her 'court,' and enter into 'society.' If there was any thing in my own temper which bore a likeness to her faults, I only felt on that account how necessary it was that she should hold them, as I was trying to hold mine, 'under her heel.' Margaret was even then, at times, beautifully tender and considerate; but it was from the heights of her queenliness that she was so. Her possibilities enthralled me, but never her actual self."

This statement, nowhere so distinctly made in the Memoirs, but involved in others which they contain, may, for the sake of truth, be made once; but, for the sake of all honor and nobleness, let it be then set aside. We balance it first by her own words concerning Carlyle, — showing how much juster she could be to others than we are to her, — and then by the prayer which Mr. Channing quotes from her diary, under date of the very hour which rung with complaints of her conceit and coldness: —

"His arrogance," she says of Carlyle, "does not in the least proceed from an unwillingness to allow freedom to others. No man would more enjoy manly resistance. It is the habit of a mind accustomed to follow its own impulse, as a hawk does its prey. He is, indeed, arrogant and overbearing; but, in his arrogance, there is no trace of littleness or self-love. It is in his nature; in the untamable energy that has given him power to crush the dragons."

All this was true of her who wrote it, and who, at the moment of misapprehension, wrote also this truly Christ-like prayer: —

"Father, let me not injure my fellows during this period of repression. I feel, that, when we meet, my tones are not

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as sweet as I would have them. Oh! let me not wound. I, who know so well how wounds can burn and ache, should not inflict them. Let my touch be light and gentle. Let me not fail to be kind and tender when need is."

And here her keen intellectuality detected a pharisaic satisfaction in the very humility of her petition, and her truth breaks through to close in these words: —

"Yet I would not assume an overstrained poetic magnanimity. Help me to do *just right*, and no more."

Do the records of noble womanhood show us a finer instance of self-knowledge and humble seeking?

Next to be considered is the common charge of an irreligious character; and this charge the volumes before us by no means rebut in so forcible a manner as could be wished. Mr. Clarke's expression of "almost Christian," when he speaks of her aim in self-culture; Mr. Emerson's evident want of faith in her religious experiences, of a nature it was impossible he should understand; his dwelling so long upon her belief in demonology and fate, in omens and presentiments, — have done much to strengthen the popular mistake. Margaret had a Goethe-like faculty of seeming and being all things to all men. The creature hardly lived to whom she would have

breathed out her vital religious experiences in all their force. To the cold and flippant, before the merely intellectual or philosophic, she was dumb as death. When she presented to an observer a single glittering surface, she was necessarily misunderstood. She forgot her own past, and did not pause to explain changes. In his usual spirit of fairness, Mr. Emerson offers us the key to the riddle, so far as it concerns himself.

"The religious nature remained unknown to you," Margaret writes, "because it would not proclaim itself, but claimed to be divined. The deepest soul that approached you was, in your eyes, nothing but a magic lantern."

It seems to us that Mr. Clarke came nearer to her, personally, than any of her biographers; and, if so, it was on account of the deep religious glow in his own soul, which hers answered with a faint but *decided* reflection. He undoubtedly strove to make the truth manifest in this regard, and failed, not for lack of material, — for we have an abundance in his pages, — but from some accidental inability to marshal it in effective array. The book followed, as most memoirs do now-a-days, too soon upon the death of its subject, and could not meet a public prejudice as yet unrecognized.

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Margaret's profound truthfulness was religious in its very nature, and she herself recognized the relation. Truthfulness is Godlike to our human view, beyond Love, beyond that Justice of which it is one element; for we encounter it more rarely: and Margaret wrote early, and as expressing the shaping fact of her own inward life, "The man of Truth; that is, of God."—"She had so profound a faith in truth, that thoughts to her were things," writes Mr. Clarke; and, because they were of the essence of God himself, she dealt with them so subtly, so earnestly, and so unsparingly.

It was religious aspiration which spoke in her when she wrote, "No fortunate purple isle exists for me now, and all these hopes and fancies are lifted from the sea into the sky."—"Never was my mind so active," she writes a little afterward; "and the subjects are God, the universe, and immortality." Are we to believe she thought of such things in vain? She professed herself ignorant of theology: so let her remain. If her religious instincts failed anywhere at first, it was in practical recognition of the brotherhood of man; but the walls of Sing-Sing and the Roman hospitals cry out with answers to that charge.

One friend she gladly sought "for his compact, thoroughly considered views of God and the world;" sought because of the natural affinity of her mind to such views, not because she was half pagan, and worshipped like her Greeks.

"Tangible promises, well-defined hopes, are things of which I do not now feel the need," she wrote once; and on the next page: "Blessed Father, lead me any way to truth and goodness; but, if it might be, I would not pass from idol to idol. Lead me, my Father; enable me to root out pride and selfishness."—"Margaret, has God's light dawned on your soul?" questions some friend; and she answers with a truly Christian humility, "I think it has." Indeed, so far from being irreligious, it might almost be said of Margaret, from the testimony of these pages, that she received a sudden illumination, and was converted in the strict evangelical sense. Of the period to which we refer, Margaret wrote, "This truth came to me, and I received it unhesitatingly: so that I was, for that hour, taken up into God." And afterwards: "At that hour I was taken up; later, the Holy Dove descended." It was in experiences like these that Emerson put no faith; their ecstasy did not suit his cool head: and, in her periods of bitterest anxiety

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for her husband and child, Margaret wrote from Italy, that his fears were justified; her faith had not lasted. But her own words, written at such a moment, must not be allowed to condemn her. If such feelings lose their intensity, as we all know, they are none the *less real* on that account: they are the seed of a yet diviner experience. It is our human weakness which cries out in Gethsemane; and children of God we still are, whether we can read our family name or not. "I thought I should die," she wrote after her sickness at Groton; "but I was calm, and looked to God without fear. Nothing sustains me now but the thought of God, who saw fit to restore me to life when I was so very willing to leave it. I shall be obliged to give up selfishness in the end. May God enable me to see the way clear!" And, when Margaret wrote this, she was not accusing herself of any low form of selfishness; only of that intense desire for self-culture, which possessed her like a demon, and which it was the will of God, working through circumstances, perpetually to thwart.

"I have faith," she says again, "in a glorious explanation, which shall make manifest perfect justice and wisdom. I reverence the serenity

of a truly religious mind so much, that I think I may attain to it."—"Like Timon, I have loved to give, not so much from beneficence as from restless love. I return to thee, my Father, from the husks that have been offered me; but I return as one who *meant not* to leave thee."

In July, 1838, she says, "I partook to-day, for the first time, of the Lord's Supper: I had often wished to do so." Were these the utterances of an irreligious spirit? Nay, rather of one profoundly religious, but too individual to accept commonplace conclusions, or be content with a second-hand faith. Very slowly did this side of her nature develop, but with soundness and entire freedom. Could she have seen as little children see, when she so bitterly regretted her defeated hope of visiting Europe, she would have been saved the need of much painful self-surrender; she would have known, that in all earthly experience, whether of travel or of artistic or literary culture, there is but one end to be gained,—an end which God inevitably secures for every human soul, though he may sometimes postpone it; and, in this faith, every thwarted purpose glows in the light of hope. Too much is said, in these volumes, of her own dissatisfaction at her lack of personal charms. Margaret

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herself said, and said truly, *this* was mere "superficial, temporary tragedy!"

It surprises us also that one of her biographers at least should expect impossibilities of her. Strange, he thinks it, that she has not studied the natural sciences, and can write only vapid descriptions of "skyscape." But it was never in Margaret to observe or to criticize nature or art for itself alone. The subtle changes of air and earth and sea she heeded only as the æsthetic influence stole over her; and then she described, not nature's change, but the regenerating, soothing power of nature over the human soul. Transfigured before her were her violets and lilies; and the little hedge-row blossom glowed tropically in the light to which her hand lifted it. So art moved her chiefly as one manifestation of human power of expression or power of excitation. She makes mistakes, it may be; but not from her own psychical stand-point. Of her faults she herself said, that there was "room in the universe" for them, and that she herself had more important matters to think of. Would to God that the world could recognize the wisdom of the saying! As well might the rose wear away its petals in striving to blunt its own thorns, as a nobly constituted creature of

God gaze morbidly and for ever on its own weaknesses.

To be good in the sight of God, to be noble and generous in its relation to every other human soul, — that is alone worthy of consideration. All honor to Margaret that she kept her eye turned heavenward, and bated no jot of heart or hope! Most of us know our own sins by heart, and owe very little except vexation to society's persistent accusing. Margaret's power to "draw out others," spoken of in these volumes, was by no means universal. It existed for those whom she loved or wished to love. Many she silenced or repelled. Elizabeth Peabody, who survives her, is infinitely her superior in this regard; being naturally hospitable to all degrees of excellence; disheartening no simple effort, and knowing well how to crown such as merit the best.

"It remains to say," says Emerson, and we say with him, "that all these powers and accomplishments found their best and only adequate channel in her conversation, — a conversation which those who have heard it, unanimously, so far as I know, pronounced to be, in elegance, in range and flexibility and adroit transition, in depth, in cordiality, and in moral aim, altogether admirable; surprising and cheerful as a poem, and communicating its own civility and elevation like a charm to all hearers."

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It is not our intention to follow the thread of Margaret's married life: the romance of it is too tender, the close too cruel, for us to trust ourselves. It is, beside, well known to the world; and humanity has already vindicated her love for Ossoli, and her yearning thirst for the sight of her child. Divine, prophetic, was the prescience which crept over her before she put to sea. Those who would not bow to the Delphic genius, have bowed, as a late London critic has said, to the suffering, storm-beaten woman. Meanwhile, let great souls speak of her greatly, and bear witness to all the power of her whom the ignoble will continue to misconceive.

In the third volume of the complete works is published "Woman in the Nineteenth Century;" several papers concerning woman and her interests; and some letters from and concerning Margaret, which would more properly have been included in the Memoirs. Some of these last show her religious feeling and sweet womanliness in so bright an aspect, that we would gladly quote them. "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" is perhaps more widely known than any of her works. We shall avoid any lengthened criticism of it, because it would open a discussion of the much-vexed "Woman Question," for

which we have neither space nor time. It is doubtless the most brilliant, complete, and scholarly statement ever made upon this subject. Its terse, epigrammatic sentences have furnished more than one watchword to the reformers with whom the author herself was never associated. The book is interesting as the strongest expression of the aggressive and reformatory in her. She was interested in our reformers, though she spoke of them lightly; and it was reserved for Italy to teach her what Garrison could not, — the value of an abstract idea. In Rome, she prayed that he might be spared to his country. In the preface to this volume, the editor bears touching testimony to her domestic virtues.

The fourth volume contains "Summer on the Lakes;" Margaret's letters to the "Tribune," giving the details of Italian politics; some letters to friends, portions of which had already been incorporated into her Memoir; and an account of the fatal shipwreck.

"Summer on the Lakes" has long been one of our favorite summer classics. It won us, in 1844, not more by the vital individuality and grace of the style in which it stands alone among her lighter works, than by the beauty of the little brown etchings with which her friend Miss

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Clarke adorned the first edition. In the matter of style, it was Margaret's peculiarity to have none when she spoke from her memory. The narrative portions of this volume, for example, might just as well have been written by anybody else; but once arouse her heart and mind, and out flows the personality. Let her speak of Mazzini, or describe a fringed flower in the moonbeams, and no one could mistake the author. This volume is especially interesting as containing all that remains of her Italian experience; her complete work on that subject having shared, to our bitter regret, her own fate.

"Art, Literature, and the Drama" is a reprint of the volume which Margaret published on the eve of her departure for Europe, — a friendly gift to those she was leaving. It proved, in many respects, the most popular thing she had printed. And deservedly; for Margaret's mind was eminently critical.

She was often misled, as in one well-known instance, by the strength of her affection and her sympathy in her first judgment; but let the merit be real, and also of a sort which she was glad to see, and no one ever did such exquisite justice to thought and its form. Every word which she ever wrote of Goethe was admirable;

and yet what she has left was only her *preparation* for better work. Nothing was ever more tender and true than the "Sketch of the Two Herberts," in this volume. Let the reader dwell also on what she has to say of "American Literature" and the "Lives of the Great Composers."

The closing volume of the series, entitled "Life Without and Life Within," strikes us as the most interesting of the miscellanies; and its contents are almost entirely new to the public. Here we have the best of what remained about Goethe; pleasant criticisms and ideal sketches of many kinds; appeals for the unhappy also; and words which, if the fault-finders will but read them, will show not merely how great was her spiritual capacity, but, to a degree, the measure of her attainment. It is impossible, in closing, to criticize Margaret's works as they deserve. We repeat what is well known, and has been often said, when we write that their suggestiveness is their chief, their perpetual charm. No one can read attentively what she wrote, without learning to think for himself. The difference between Margaret's written works and her marvellous conversation was well indicated by a remark made by the Comte de Ségur to Madame de Staël. "Tell me, count," she asked in a viva-

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cious moment, "which do you like best, — my conversation or my printed works?" — "Your conversation, madam," was the immediate reply; "for it does not give you leisure to become obscure." Some poems are added which have been severely criticized. It is quite probable that Margaret never would have published them; that she would have said of them at last what she *wrote* at first, — that her "verses were merely vents for her personal experience." Nevertheless, let them be poor, as the critics will, in artistic form: we are glad to have them as revelations of her inward life. Margaret Fuller wrote never a word to be suppressed. We feel an infinite confidence in her, and we thank her brother for sharing it. One of these poems, at least, seems to us to have exquisite truth and beauty, both in thought and form. We refer to the "Lines to S. C.," — the friend who illustrated her "Summer on the Lakes."

One criticism we cannot withhold. Since these six volumes are stereotyped, and have taken their permanent form, we deeply regret that all the biographical matter was not thrown together according to its period, even if appendix after appendix had been made necessary by the step. It is further a matter of regret, that

the essays themselves are not dated. We are quite aware that this is not usual; but, in this particular case, the psychological value of the rare record would have been much increased by such a means of tracing development.

We should have been glad to extract largely from these volumes: but, to do it, we must have resigned all hope of speaking at length in regard to Madame Ossoli's personal character. To that we could not consent.

We could hardly believe, till we had turned the six volumes over and over again, that the only portrait offered in this complete edition is one from the picture painted by Hicks during the last few months of her life in Rome. It was well to have this preserved; for there is great ideality and sweetness in the expression, — a certain look we always hoped would dawn and nestle there. Those who saw her after the hope of a mother had risen in her heart say that this was then a good likeness; but we cannot get over the loss of the first portrait, published, we think, in the original edition of "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." If the last likeness gives an idea of more personal beauty than Margaret possessed, it has wholly lost that majestic, Juno-like curve of the throat, which was more than

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beauty. If it was thus her eyes dilated, and her lip grew tender, when she gazed upon the wounded men in those Italian hospitals, let us know it; but let us not be compelled to be satisfied with a portrait which not one of her early friends would recognize.

XII.

"THE GREAT LAWSUIT."

MEN AND WOMEN *vs.* CUSTOM AND TRADITION.

"I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen upon a parchment." — KING JOHN.

WHEN, in 1844, Margaret Fuller gave "The Great Lawsuit" to the pages of the first "Dial," she stated with transcendent force the argument which formed the basis of the first "Woman's Rights Convention" in 1848. Nothing has since been added to her statement; nothing can ever be taken away from it: and every new step in the movement crowns her brow with a new laurel; for to her it was left to make a complete, scholarly exposition of a question, only the first third of which came to treatment under the hands of Mary Wollstonecraft.

The progress of the "Woman's Rights" movement seems rapid, only because we have not traced its gradual historic development. The law of Christ, involving perfect human justice,

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is constantly changing future possibilities into present facts. Previous to the time of Christ, and, indeed, for some centuries after his coming, eminent women in several countries had seized position and privilege. The oppressions and innuendoes of Vedantic lore could not annihilate the metaphysical and mathematical power of the Hindoo Lilivati; but scores of commentators have wearied themselves for ages in explaining, in a miraculous manner, such an exception to her sex. Aspasia defied the insults of actors and play-wrights, and unveiled her features in the streets of Athens as freely as under the blue heaven of her native isle. It was doubtless due, in a great measure, to the Empress Theodora, that, in the reign of Justinian, the Roman law underwent a favorable change. Unhappy were the women who died before the invention of the printing-press! What the character of this empress was, the insight and patience of some woman may yet reveal; but certainly history, so far, has not enlightened us. The woman whose first thought, when raised from a life of infamy to the throne of the world, was to save the wretched companions of her early career, even though she could not solve the problem she set to herself; the woman whose courage,

and presence of mind, saved not merely Justinian, but the peace of the empire in the alarming sedition of 532 A.D., — was a woman worth saving. Procopius, who was not too tender to put vile stories of her into his anecdotes, praises her in his history; and contemporaries did not hesitate to call pious the woman whom her husband, weak coward that he was, unceasingly regretted.

But position and privilege, seized after this Old-World fashion, however pleasant they may have proved to the individual, secured no position, opened no privilege, to the sex. Fortunately for us, no daily record of womanly life at that period survives: only now and then long-buried walls, covered with the street-drawings of Pompeii or abominable decorations of Old-World cathedrals, give to the instructed eye some dim vision of the depths out of which woman has arisen.

In England, centuries later, the general corruption of manners which characterized the Stuart courts brought its own remedy. Women of surpassing beauty, or more than average ability, born to wealth and station, fell in groups before the prevailing contempt which classic studies and Continental habits had not failed to

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nurture. But these women fell to find the tyranny of license no better than the tyranny of law; and to learn by a bitter experience, that restraints may be divine in their nature and effects. The first cry of the tortured victims was for education, — education which should raise them to a certain social equality, and should defend them from the inevitable miseries of worn-out toys, whose use departed with their beauty. And this cry met with a certain sort of response; for education, vocation, and civil position, were not yet linked by logic in the public mind.

Among those who took a high rank in this movement was Mary Astell; a woman distinguished for theological and literary labors, and the intimate friend of a celebrated Platonist, — John Norris of Bemerton. "A Letter to a Lady" in "Defence of the Female Sex" went through three editions in the year 1697. "A Proposal to Ladies for the Advancement of their True Interests," composed by her, was so effectively written, that a wealthy friend, supposed to be Lady Elizabeth Hastings, immediately offered ten thousand pounds towards the erection of a college for the education of women; and the scheme would have been carried into

execution but for the bigoted opposition of Bishop Burnet. Her "Reflections on Marriage" were said, by a contemporary, "to be the strongest defence that ever appeared in print of the rights and abilities of her sex."

Between the death of Mary Astell in 1731 and that of Mary Wollstonecraft in 1797, a great change occurred in the condition of European women. The noble names which lighted up the times of Elizabeth and the Commonwealth were the names of women, who, in lofty, social position, aided by wealth and the emulation of gifted men, amused their leisure with learning as other women frittered theirs away at tapestry. But, while these exceptions shone like bright particular stars, the flood of social corruption which issued from the court overwhelmed in its waves the mass of the sex. They were more unfortunate than men; for civil and social requisitions forced even the idlest of courtiers into a healthier activity.

When the Revolution put an end to frivolous maskings and unwomanly revels, the women whom the sword had startled began to think, and were won to listen to any schemes for employment and respectability. Mary Astell found her peers upon the Continent: and, in

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France and Germany, leading women began to demand publicly, not merely learning for the few, but a good education for the many of the middle class; not yet, alas! not even *now*, — a hundred years later, — the common school or the college for the million.

So it happened, that, in the eighteenth century, some hundreds of women distinguished themselves in various kinds; and, in London, Berlin, and Paris, unfortunate husbands found themselves more than once sustained, in bankruptcy and broken health, by the highly educated wives whom a previous century would have left powerless under the same circumstances. So the same century which welcomed Lady Russell and Elizabeth Hamilton; which clasped the circlet of Necker, De Staël, and Recamier, with the precious name of Madame Roland; which gave Meta to Klopstock, the Frau Rath to Goethe, and Emily Plater to Poland; which had already promised Rahel to Varnhagen, — found Elizabeth Blackwell studying midwifery in London to support a beloved but dying husband, and, when the prejudice of the faculty took the bread out of her mouth, devising, at the early age of twenty-four, the first medical botany, which she published with magnificent illustrations in 1736. This century also saw Sybilla Merian (eminent alike as painter, engraver, linguist, and traveller) publish, with the one hand, an embroiderer's guide; while, with the other, she unfolded skilfully all the mysteries of insect life, in two magnificent volumes, issued at Nuremberg in 1679 and 1683. When political storms overtook her husband, and she was forced to retain her maiden name, she sailed for Surinam, with no companion but her young daughter; and, after three years of labor, published at Amsterdam sixty superb plates, exhibiting the metamorphoses of the insects of Surinam. Her original drawings still hang in the Stadt House of Amsterdam, and decorate with their beauty some of the best cabinets in Europe. Her shining honor lay in the fact, that, when she died in 1717, she left two daughters able and willing to continue her work.

In the same century, the Paris sun shone on the little daughter of the apothecary, — Bihéron, — who, working restlessly over dead bodies in her chamber, perfected the common manikin; and was the first to unfold, by the help of prepared wax, the inner mysteries of the human frame. For the deductions which

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gave special lustre to the name of John Hunter, he was indebted to the girlish observations of Mary Catherine Bihéron, made eight years before the publication of his book.

The same century saw the calm sense and womanly instinct of Elizabeth Nihell contending in London against the obstetrical quackeries of Godalmin and Smellie, and sustaining, unassisted by the best London physicians, the dignity of medical science; while, in Germany, Madame Wittembach made sweetmeats in her pantry, or wore away in the use of her needle the young hours of a life that was to culminate, ere its close, in the lustre of unchallenged Greek scholarship and professional distinction, accorded by the best-qualified judges of her time.

These instances — not so remarkable, or they would be more widely known — show how the work went on, and also that it was chiefly educational in its nature, so that no honest womanly work could fail to help. Such was the aspect of affairs, when, just one hundred years since, Mary Wollstonecraft was born; born to utter one wild, despairing cry for education, — a passionate protest for her sex against popular misapprehension and social injustice; born to melt, by the burning current of her words, the crust which had

so long protected old insults and abuses. Few women of the present day know how much they owe to the strength and purpose of this one.

A "Vindication of the Rights of Woman" sounds like a hot argument for political rights; but read it, and you find only a claim for moral consideration, — a protest against the sensual sentimentality which the public feeling still showed when the name and sphere of the sex came under consideration.

Mary Wollstonecraft, it may be said, was no effective advocate; since a cloud rested on her own name, linked already to those of the French atheists; but, when she published her book, slander and misapprehension had not had time to do their work, and it flashed upon the community with all the power of a noble effort made by a noble woman. True, wholesome words, spoken of life and marriage, of religion and duty, — her appeal fell into the popular heart; redeeming what was left in it of soundness, and producing an effect, both social and literary, which may be traced emphatically for more than twenty years, and, by a discerning eye, to a far later period.

What did the public know of her? Only that she had succored a dying mother, sustained a

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bankrupt father, educated her sisters, and provided for her brothers; only that she was faithful to old friends, and grateful to new ones. So they read her book; and that did its work, let bigotry and the old church say what it might. Its historic significance was soon manifested, as the names of Maria Edgeworth, Sidney Morgan, Harriet Martineau, and Anna Jameson, dawned on the period that intervened between her life and that of Margaret Fuller. What an advance in the womanly ideal, what a change in the social atmosphere, is indicated by the mere mention of any one of them! The influence of Mary Astell and her compeers had roused woman to an effort after *general* education: Mary Wollstonecraft gave *special* impetus to this common effort. One of the first results of this impetus was the publication of hundreds of books concerning women, and the translation of the best works women had written, in any sort, in any tongue, — such as the mathematical works of Cunitz and Agnesi, the theses of Wittembach and others. Then followed the special character of the culture which the women then developing began to show. As positively as Anna Jameson gave herself to art, and Maria Edgeworth to morals, did Harriet Martineau dedicate

herself to political economy, and Von Heidenreisch to obstetrics.

Such lives, on the Continent no less than in England, roused the public mind to thought; and everywhere the "sphere of woman" came to be discussed, and much nonsense to be talked. Even the Hungarians, in the midst of revolutions, paused to dictate to the sex, and French and English journals dilated with the theme; while, in Sweden, serious minds were turned toward the old abuses, and Fredrika Bremer was preparing for that visit to the West which was to strike the first blow for the effective emancipation of the daughters of Sweden.* In the midst of a very general agitation in that Western World, not yet culminating in conventions, not yet expressed through the desk, not yet justified in the medical profession by any distinguished name, Margaret Fuller grew up. Taught from the first to regard herself as the equal of men; totally incapable of considering the question of sex, so far as it concerned the fitness of thought, speech, or deed, — it would

* In May, 1860, Henrietta Oertengren, a teacher, and Sara Magnus, a singer, received travelling stipends from the King of Sweden. Miss Oertengren is to direct her attention to the best methods of female culture.

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have been strange if the world had not read her some hard lessons. Powers which would have challenged the homage of the world, directed by a manly energy, seemed at first only to arm that world against the loving, aspiring woman. Thrown by remote kinship or personal proximity into the society of some of the most distinguished men of her native State, she could not but recognize her own superiority to the best of them, in certain aspects. As a woman, it seemed impossible to accomplish any thing: as a man, what might not have been achieved? But of this consciousness, such as it was, no bitter, unwomanly traces remain: only, on account of it, it was easy for her to interest herself in the "Great Lawsuit," and to round her statement later into the full proportions of the "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." Her personal feeling was fully met when she laid her head upon the heart of her husband; and, through him, sweet Mother Nature finally appeased the hunger which no classic lore, no æsthetic culture, no contact with the wide world of social welcome, or resounding fame, had power to sate. Nor let any woman blush to make this confession for her. What was true of her has been as true of the best-cultured manhood. Gibbon

seized his pen, overshadowed by the majestic sweep of those historic periods which were to ring in the ears of untold generations, and wrote to his friend, "It is finished; but *I am alone!*" And Goethe, who had mastered human experience, and glorified it in the eyes of a passing and a rising generation; Goethe, who permitted himself to feel only so far as it would serve him to know, — wrote in the same mood, "My life has had no fitting aim: I am aweary of it all."

From Margaret Fuller flowed forth the first clear, uncompromising, scholarly demand for the civil rights of her sex. What she wrote was the offspring of deliberate reflection, and took its place at once in the world of letters. The fearlessness of her suggestions, the mobility of her style, and the affluence of her illustrations, won her wide audience; and the effect of her paper was seen not only in the inspiration communicated to minds of smaller grasp, — now, by her, thoroughly aroused to the work of emancipation, — but in that general demand for freedom of vocation, made evident to the public mind by names like those of Mrs. Griffith, Caroline Chisholm, Florence Nightingale, Janet Taylor, Mary Carpenter, Dorothea Dix, Eliza-

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beth Blackwell, Mary Patton, and Harriet Hosmer.

Since Margaret wrote, the work has gone steadily on; and, more and more, all the labor of the world opens to woman's touch. The question of women's work is, at this moment, in the ascendency; and whatever relates to it meets immediate welcome and response. "Let them be sea-captains if they will," has given the practical bias to all recent consideration of this subject.

The women of whom we have spoken in this relation have been exponents of their age: the spirit of the time, the thought of the masses, crystallized itself in them.

"They builded better than they knew."

Since 1848, when a small convention was held at Seneca Falls, in the State of New York, the demand for civil equality has been steadily pressed in the United States. It has been made with much eloquence, with varied ability, by women whose names are now familiar as household words; and, without formal organization, there has come to be in these United States a wide-spread and generally acknowledged "Woman's Rights Party."

This party demand,—

First, Absolute freedom in education; absolute, unquestioned access to all public institutions, to all libraries and museums, to all means of culture,— artistic, æsthetic, scientific, or professional.

Second, Absolute freedom of vocation; and this freedom involves such a change in public thinking as shall make it honorable for all women to work, not merely for bread, for the support of husband or child, but for fame, for money, for work's own sake, as men work.

Third, Absolute equality before the law; which, of course, involves the right of suffrage.

Education and vocation have found their exponents in the past; but there is still required a woman capable of stating, from a woman's point of view, the present position of woman before the law. When this is once fitly done, it will level the last defence of the feudal Past. Woman's past condition, in all civilized countries, has been the outgrowth of early Oriental and later classic influences. The present attempt to emancipate her is a popular effort to overthrow them, and enthrone, at their expense, the Common Sense of the nineteenth century, the religious instincts of Jesus, and the intellectual aspira-

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tions which persist in the demand. With the first moment of victory will be inaugurated a new freedom for man also. Looking back through the ages in the light of Christian love, he will criticize the spirit which has so far tyrannized over him. He will forget the coarse insults of the Greek comedy and the Latin satirist, as he sees, in his wife, his fellow-citizen and fellow-laborer as well as his friend.

Reaching forward to the future, he will claim for her, and not only for her, but, far more, for his daughters, that absolute inheritance of God's world, that absolute field for thought and action, which no woman has yet known. And woman? Emancipated by Love and Faith, free to accept or reject the ministries about her, she will perceive more clearly than ever the relation of man's life to her own. Recognizing, as opportunity evolves them, her duties to society and the State, marriage will gain a still diviner significance, and the security of public virtue be found in the assurance of private happiness.

Margaret Fuller told the whole story when she said, "Let principles be once firmly established, and particulars will adjust themselves."

PART II.

FANCIES.

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"For to dream of a sweetness is sweet as to know."

"The least touch of their hands in the morning, I keep day and night:
Their least step on the stair still throbs through me, if ever so light."

"Now God be thanked for years enwrought
With love which softens yet."

E. B. Browning.

I.

LONG LANE;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF KITTERY LONG AGO.

"Through work and wail of years
She winneth a solemn strength."

"AND so you do not call Maine classic ground?" said a bright-eyed old lady, sitting in the window of the parsonage at Kittery, and speaking to a fair young girl who stood beside her, knitting-needles in hand, after ancient New-England fashion. "The bright waves of yon Piscataqua are very dear to me; and I have half a mind to punish you, Mary, by not telling you a word about Long Lane."

"Long Lane! Dear grandmother, you could not be so cruel. Oh! you do not know how earnestly I have longed to hear something of that dear old wilderness, where George and I held our childish picnics; where roses are plenty as violets in a hedgerow; and tulips, gooseberries, and lilacs are snarled together in such

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a tangle! O dear grandmother! what do *you* know about Long Lane?"

"It was in the time of the Grants," mused the old lady.

"Maine may not be classic; but I am sure the Grants are," said Mary. "Why, that was long before I can remember; in the times when the Indians lurked behind every tree; when Mrs. Blaisted and Mary Bean were as good heroines as Portia or Cornelia. O grandmother! there were no mill-wheels nor fishing smacks then."

"It was almost before I can remember, dear," said the old lady, wiping her glasses; "and perhaps that is the reason why I like to talk about it. Such a terrible road as led to it! and such a stupid old farm-horse as we had yoked into our low cart when we went! Yes, Mary, there was then a house at Long Lane, and many a curious old relic of the Lady Ursula who built it. Sit down, child, and I will tell you all about it.

"It was a fine summer afternoon, long before I was as old as you are, when my mother made me very happy, by taking me, as a reward for some extra stitching that I had put into my father's shirts, on a long-promised visit to Madam Whipple at the Lane. I did not know much about the place: but I had heard that

there was a perfect wilderness of flowers, and a summer-house that overhung the river; and these two things were sufficient to make me dream of an Eden. Well do I remember how long we were in getting there, and how tired and impatient I became. At last, the stupid old horse entered a winding avenue, shaded by tall trees, and hedged by great tangles of barberry and sweet-brier; which, after some minutes, brought us to a little oval court, behind the cluster of low, rambling buildings which were Madam Whipple's home.

"Here we left our horse; and walking round to the front, which overlooked the river, a heavy gate admitted us to the garden. It was as much as my mother could do to lift the ponderous iron knocker; and a long time we kept it going before a sleepy-looking servant girl let us in to a little semicircular entry, dark and narrow as need be, and through that to a long, low parlor.

"You have never seen such a room, Mary. The walls were hung with a dark-velvet paper, and the wainscot was nearly black. Through the middle of the room ran an immovable table. It was long and narrow, and was built into the house, of such massive oak as they cut on these shores two hundred years ago. The upper end

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was raised by two steps; and behind it stood a ponderous old chair, that looked as if it might have belonged to a cathedral. In this sat Madam Whipple. She had been a belle in her early days. Handsome as she still was, she had lost the use of her limbs, and was confined to this stately position. She was not as old as I am now; but I thought her the queerest old creature that ever was seen. She wore a brown brocade, with a nice lawn kerchief pinned about her throat, and a white apron to correspond. Her short sleeves had broad ruffles just below the elbow, and gave way to black lace mits tied up with care. On her head was a lace cap, with a very rich border; and a black-velvet hood, which partly covered this, and was tied under her chin by a broad black ribbon, completed her dress. She received us warmly, and told me almost immediately that she was sitting in the Lady Ursula's dinner-chair, and at the head of her table. Her servants, she continued, sat below the steps; and the salt-cellar rested between them and their lady. I suppose I looked curious; for I should not have dared to ask a question of so stately a personage: yet she went on to tell me that all the flowers in the garden had been planted by the Lady Ursula, and so long

ago, that they were the first ever seen in the Grants.

"Then, giving me a few directions, Madam Whipple continued her talk with my mother, leaving me to find amusement for myself. I ran first into the entry, where it was almost too dark for me to make out the figures, on a faded tapestry, of the offering-up of Isaac, which the Lady Ursula had wrought, and hung there. In the kitchen I was astonished by the sight of a heavy mangle, and the enormous jaws of the old fire-place, against each jamb of which was built a low stone seat. Timidly creeping toward the nearer of these, I peeped up the chimney, and saw the strange old wheels and tackle of a dilapidated smoke-jack. From one corner of the room swung out a long crane of ash-wood; and suspended from the end of it by a chain was something that looked like an iron butter-boat, with a bit of twisted rag lying over its lip. This was the kitchen lamp, in which all the fatty waste of the family was burnt. Not being able to puzzle out the figures on the dingy coat of arms over the mantle, I ran into the garden. I never saw so fine a garden as that. The currants, gooseberries, and lilacs were all matted together; and such a profusion of un-

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weeded roses and tulips was never crowded into so small a space. I was not long in finding my way to the old summer-house. Covered with moss, and propped up by old garden-pots, it looked as if Nature had adopted it, and made it part of the soil on which it stood. The river washed its walls. I climbed its crazy seat; and, though I have seen the grand ancestral halls of the Lady Ursula since, I shall never forget, dear Mary, how much I enjoyed that afternoon, watching the white-winged boats glancing in the sun up and down the dear Piscataqua.

"At last, my mother called me; and though I hurried to her, as the children of those days were wont, I could not help stopping to look at a strange sort of a saddle that hung in the shed. It was broad, and had an opening on the upper side as if to accommodate some protuberance of the animal. It was hung with rich brass ornaments; and on a panel, bronzed with time, I saw the crest of the Lady Ursula. While I stood gazing, the sleepy servant came to find me, and told me that, long before there were any horses in the country, the Lady Ursula rode upon a cow."

"O grandmother! is it there now? Can I go to see it?"

"There are others like it, Mary; but this was destroyed in the fire which swept, a few years later, over Madam Whipple's deserted home."

"And did you never find out any more about the Lady Ursula, grandmother?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the old lady, sighing; "and as you have her blood in your veins, and something of her faithful spirit too, you shall hear it some day. I will not forget the odd things you like to hear; for your old grandmother cannot live long to tell you stories."

"Dear grandmother!" and the girl dropped her knitting to come and sit at the old lady's feet. It was near sunset; and the long shadows from the great elm, which drooped by the parsonage gate, fell softly over her brow.

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It was some hours later. The tea equipage had been carried away; and behind the tall screen of greenish silk, in the far corner of the room, one tiny lamp attempted in vain to hide the moonlight. It streamed broadly into the room, illuminating the pleasant old lady in her chair, and the young girl who now rested against the window sill. Before them lay the quaint old garden, whose useful vegetables had come up in fancy beds, set round with borders of

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pansies, marigolds, and poppies. The latter bowed their flaunting colors to a gentle breeze which was coming up the mouth of the river. Those who stood there saw the distant waves as they broke against the beach in the moonlight. "Now, dear grandmother!" and the girl turned with an appealing look.

"Well, Mary, the Lady Ursula was the daughter of Lord Thomas Cutts, of Grondale Abbey, England. At a very early age, she was betrothed to a Capt. Fowler in the army. Her father disapproved of the match; but the entreaties of a wife whom he idolized overcame his reluctance. Every thing was prepared for the wedding, when disturbances on the coast of Algiers summoned Capt. Fowler away. It was thought best to defer the ceremony; and for a whole year the disappointment of the Lady Ursula was soothed by the tender letters which informed her of her lover's safety. At last came the terrible news that he had fallen in battle; and the severe illness which this occasioned her daughter so tried the constitution of Lord Thomas's wife, that she soon drooped and died. The ambition of Ursula's father pointed the way to a wealthier alliance; but, ere she ceased to struggle in secret with her sorrow, a sudden accident,

terminating his life, gave her new subjects of thought. The estate of Grondale was entailed upon her oldest brother. Soon after her father's death, the immense property of her mother having been divided between herself and a brother, they decided to seek a fortune in the New World. Lady Ursula's trials had given her a distaste to the gay society of her home, and they obtained a grant of land from Sir Fernando Gorges."

"In what year was that, grandmother?"

"I do not know, my child: it seems difficult to ascertain. Some grants of land were made to Gorges as early as 1606; but I do not think any north of the Merrimack was made before 1622. It may have been about 1624 when the Lady Ursula set sail. Many a severe trial had the lady in crossing the broad sea, and long enough she found it ere she erected what could be called a comfortable shelter for her family. The grant secured to Major Cutts two islands adjoining the shore, and the tract of land now called "Long Lane." He took possession of the islands, which, on account of the unsettled state of the country, he connected with the mainland by draw-bridges. At night these were raised to protect the inhabitants from the Indians; by

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day they were lowered to permit the inhabitants to go to their work. The people who settled this part of the country, my dear Mary, were of noble families, and lived in lordly style. New England could boast no others like them, and Virginia but very few. Major Cutts soon erected a large and convenient dwelling, with a reception-room capable of holding fifty or sixty guests."

"Were you ever in it, grandmother?"

"No, dear; but, when I was a little girl, my grandmother described to me her early home. The arms of the family decorated the panels; and tapestry, wrought by the young ladies, covered the walls. On the mantel were some vases of colored glass, and some silver branches for candles. In one corner of it stood an ancient escritoire. It was always open; and there lay upon it a heavy armorial seal of silver, which was made into spoons, my dear Mary, on my marriage."

"O grandmother!"

"Hush, child! you have eaten curds with them a hundred times. The floor was waxed till it shone like glass. Some years after the house was built, the family accounts show that Major Cutts had thirty cows, several hundred

sheep, and many horses. Every lady in the family had a horse and side-saddle, and they had soon a fine pleasure-boat."

"Did they have no minister, grandmother?" said Mary in some astonishment.

"Not yet, my dear: there was no Queen's Chapel, and Portsmouth was called Strawberry Bank then. A domestic chaplain read service for the family, morning and evening, and on Sundays."

"Were there any children, grandmother?"

"Yes, child; and they were taught all necessary matters by their mother and the chaplain. They also learned to spin from a thrifty handmaid of Madam Cutts; and superintended, as they grew older, the affairs of the dairy.

"Well, dear grandmother, the Lady Ursula did not live on the island."

"No: she went, as I have told you, to the mainland. It was a long time before the place assumed the form in which I saw it. But wealth gave her ample power. She had brought from Europe twenty men-servants and a large number of female domestics. In a few years, her house was richly furnished; vistas were cut through the trees; and smooth lawns, or beds

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of rare exotics, took the place of straggling wild-flowers and half-burned stumps."

"How tedious she must have found it!" said Mary.

"I do not think so, child. The Lady Ursula had a large family to superintend. She was a religious woman, and she did not neglect her duty to her household. It was her sweet voice that led the morning and evening prayer. It was her white hand that presented the bitter draught to the wood-cutter or housemaid prostrated by fever. It was her clear intelligence that forestalled every danger, withstood every difficulty, and soon turned Long Lane into a 'garden of delight.'"

"Dear Lady Ursula! What made her call it Long Lane?"

"After they had been some years in the Grants, one of Major Cutts's children was to be married; and the major was to give a grand entertainment for her, in honor also of his own wedding-day. Sad as she felt, and grievous as had been the disappointment of her own early life, the Lady Ursula never refused to interest herself in the pleasures of those about her. A tender affection for her beautiful niece induced her to transplant to the island her finest bed

of tulips.* It was a warm evening in June that she stood upon her lawn superintending the operation. When it was over, she put her arm within that of her favorite attendant, a strong-minded and intelligent girl, and turned toward the river. She was still young. The dark curl of her lover still nestled against her yearning heart; and, as she withdrew it to press it anew to her lips, she said bitterly, half hiding her face in the bosom of the faithful girl, 'Would to God it were all over, and yon silvery waves were singing me to my last sleep!'

"'Cheer up, my lady,' spoke the stout heart of Hannah Illsley; 'cheer up. 'Tis a *long lane* that has no turning.'

"Perhaps the good girl had heard of the pointed attentions of the governor of a neighboring Province. Be this as it may, her words did not have the effect she anticipated. Her lady smiled sadly, and, lifting herself up, glanced rapidly over the broad hills she called her own.

"'It is true, my faithful Hannah,' she said: 'life has been a long, dark lane enough, since the hour of his departure; and I may fitly continue to dwell in such.'

* This statement is actually preserved in writing among the family traditions.

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"And from that hour she called her pretty place 'Long Lane.'"

The old lady paused; for the moonlight glittered on the tears that fell fast over Mary's knitting. "Come, cheer up, child," she resumed: "you shall hear about the wedding *fête* before you sleep, that you may dream of dancing to your heart's content. I will finish the sad story of the lady, in the broad summer noon to-morrow. For a whole week, all the servitors on the two domains had been busied in preparing for the great occasion. The grass at the island had been combed and cut until it was as smooth as velvet. The walks leading up from the river had been nicely gravelled, and fresh borders of wholesome box enclosed and shaded the Lady Ursula's pet tulips. The family were early astir. For the first time in her life, the Lady Ursula had put on the dress prepared for her bridal; and as Hannah Illsley shook out the folds in the long train of glittering satin, and laced the close bodice over her swelling breast, she saw a strange bloom on her lady's cheek, and felt that it was a tear which gave the lustre to her eye. The Lady Ursula wore no powder; and, over the glossy braids of her dark hair, the lovely attendant fastened, more

like a matron's cap than a bride's veil, some folds of costly lace. She had spent the night at the island; and hearing the first notes of 'God save the king,' from Billy Ball's violin, she went down to the lawn, where her brother was standing. The major wore a suit of brown velvet, laced with gold, and a wig that would have covered twenty empty modern heads. Madam Cutts stood beside him. She wore a skirt of plum-colored damask, with a stomacher of white and silver. Double lace ruffles fell at each elbow, and her cap and hood were richly trimmed with the same. I am afraid you would have laughed, Mary, if you had looked down and seen that she wore black velvet shoes with diamond buckles, and bright-blue silk stockings."

"O grandmother! she ought to have belonged to Lady Montagu's set."

"Madam Cutts knew more about butter than books," returned the old lady, smiling. "One of her daughters wore a bright-yellow brocade, that was made over for me when I was eight years old."

"A yellow brocade, with your light hair and blue eyes!" said Mary.

"Well," said the old lady, laughing again, "nobody thought much of that then. But the

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major's company must not be kept waiting. A drummer had joined Billy Ball; and together they thundered forth a welcome to a neighboring chaplain in his gown and cassock, and his lady in brown damask. Old General Atkinson's scarlet velvet was relieved by the white damask skirts of his daughters. The governor followed, in black velvet; while his lady hung on his arm, in a pink taffety trimmed with silver. The ladies wore hoops, high-heeled shoes, and head-dresses as high as a common house."

"O grandmother!" said Mary, "I cannot let you say that, even in the dark. I *feel* you *blush*."

"My dear child," said the old lady with mock solemnity, "were they not several stories high? and may I not tell one in describing them? Out of their upper windows floated long banners of Brussels lace, that descended to the waist. When the guests approached the major, they were announced by an usher, and offered cake, fruit, and sack on a silver tray. After remaining near him for a time, they wandered round the island or boated in parties on the river. At last, they were called to dinner, and the family chaplain spread his hands over the board. 'O God!' he said, while the impatient

company feared to be detained too long, — 'O God! thy mercies have been so abundant, that to enumerate them is too great a task for time. Wilt thou intrust that work to us in eternity?' And, sitting down, he bade them welcome to the table. At one end stood a large haunch of beef; at the other, chickens, hams, tongue, and vegetables. Then came ducks and fish, that were alive that morning: these were afterwards cleared away for the dessert. High in the centre of the table stood a silver tub, that held four gallons; and rising from its polished sides, like an immense pyramid of new-fallen snow, were the frosted pancakes, Madam Cutts's especial pride. On one side of it stood the boiled plum-pudding, beleaguered by custards and jellies; and on the other, a tasty floating island, representing a ship at sea. An immense bowl of punch and a silver ladle were at every guest's command. It was the boast of Major Cutts, that nothing was consumed on the island that day, save sugar and spirits, that had not been produced there, — a boast that has never been echoed, I fancy, by any of his descendants. They staid two hours at table, and were called out upon the lawn to partake of chocolate, cakes, and cheese."

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"Why, grandmother, did they have no tea?"

"No, my child; nor till long afterward. The first tea that was drunk in Maine was, however, made on the island. One of the young ladies was returning from school, in Massachusetts, with a daughter of Governor Vaughan. A severe storm detained her at Portsmouth several days; and at the governor's table she was first offered tea. Ashamed to own that she had never seen it, she followed Madam Vaughan's example; and, adding the sugar and cream, carried it to her lips. She purchased a pound of tea, for which she gave a guinea, and sent to Boston for some cups and saucers."

"How strange that seems!" said Mary, laughing.

"Yes," said her grandmother; "but now you may put up your needles. Your father is waiting for his bowl of milk; and then it will be high time you were asleep."

Mary sighed, but put away her work, and laid the family Bible on a little table by the lamp. In the mean time, her grandmother shut the window, and placed beside it a large china bowl filled with milk, — a far safer beverage than the pint of sack with which many of the minister's brethren of that day were accustomed to put on their "night-cap."

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The sun had risen brightly, the humble duties of the morning had been performed, and the minister gone his daily round among the sick and poor upon the fishermen's beach. Mary was once more at the window with her grandmother. The old lady sat beside a huge basket of long stockings, and Mary had in her lap some blue violets gathered from the hedges. She was taking off the sepals of the calyx; for they were to be made into a simple remedy for sore throats.

"The sun shines bright enough to-day," said she at last. "You will have no better chance to tell your sad story, grandmother."

"I hardly like to tell it to you, pet," said the old lady. "I was thinking, this very morning, how like you are to the picture of the Lady Ursula which hangs in my dressing-room. I had hard work to prevent your father from calling you by her name."

"I am sorry he did not, grandmother. Somehow, it makes me think of a distant convent on a high rock near the sea, mournful music of evening bells, and peasants at their *aves* on their knees."

"Ay," said her grandmother, shuddering;

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"and of an early grave. But to the story, child. When the guests were gone, and Billy Ball and the drummer were seated to discuss a substantial supper, Hannah Illsley missed the Lady Ursula. Depressed beyond her wont, she had decided to return to the Lane that night. The moon was up, and her carriage had been a long time waiting, till at length her maid grew anxious. Inquiries ran rapidly round; for the very dogs loved that noble lady. At last, one of her servants was found, who said that he had brought her some letters at least two hours before. They had come by horseback mail from Strawberry Bank, as they used to call the town of Portsmouth; and she had gone to the shore to read them. The family were immediately scattered; and it was not long before Major Cutts himself discovered her insensible form upon the bank. In her hand lay a letter from her long-lost lover. He had been taken prisoner by the Algerines: but the war was over; exchanges were at last effected; and in those days of slow travelling, when there was scarce one daily coach between Oxford and London, he had hurried as well as he could to Grondale Abbey."

"O grandmother! how glad I am!"

"And so was the Lady Ursula," said the old lady, darning away; "and that was the reason that her blood stopped flowing, and she lay for hours, as if she were dead, on the floor of the banquet-room. At last, she came to herself, and began to comprehend her happiness; and when, on the afternoon of the next day, the major laid her in a litter supported on the shoulders of trusty attendants, while a guard of her own servants led the way to Long Lane, he whispered, 'Cheer up, my sweet Ursula; cheer up. Wait till the haying is over, and we will have a month's holiday to usher in such a Christmas festival as the Province never saw.' And so the Lady Ursula determined. With a joyous heart, she made her preparations; and, like a girl of eighteen, moved among her maidens. All day long, the sweet notes of her voice rung through the Long Lane, that had now found a turning. It was, as I have said, the haying season. July had come with its hurry and its heat. The colonel was expected every hour; and, leaving her maidens busy in preparation for his coming, the Lady Ursula went out one morning in a carriage, alone, to take refreshments to the haymakers, who were several miles away. The bread was placed upon the grass;

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and, glancing round upon the happy faces of her assembled servants, words of heart-felt blessing thrilled joyously upon her lips. Uplifting her hands, she looked towards heaven; but the tones that should have followed never reached a mortal ear. She fell, struck to the earth by the tomahawk of an Indian."

Mary turned very pale: at last she said, "How could God let her die?"

"It may have been a mercy, my dear child," said the old lady, wiping her glasses; for they always grew dim when she told this story. "It may have been a mercy. The Lady Ursula was fit for heaven; and sojourning among the heathen could hardly have tended to make the colonel so."

Mary was silent. She was very well satisfied with a colonel who had remained faithful through years of imprisonment, and had followed his lady to a new world.

"And what became of the men?" she asked at length.

"They were all butchered on the spot," answered her grandmother. "One fleeter than the rest swam the river, and alarmed the major. When he arrived, the house had been rifled and the barns were in flames; but the enemy had

gone. The massacre was so terrible, that the bodies were interred where they lay, and a plain stone was erected to mark out the lady's resting-place."

"And the colonel?"

"He re-embarked for his native land, my dear."

"Poor man!" said Mary. "I wonder if he lived alone all his days."

The old lady smiled a little, rather more than she was willing the young girl should see: but she answered quietly, "I think not, my dear; for in my grandfather's time, who was judge of probate, a descendant of his visited this country in search of Lady Ursula's will, and claimed the estate which had long before been purchased by Colonel Whipple. Nothing, however, could be done about it."

At this moment, a quick military step was heard without. Mary started; and far over the nicely polished floor fell the blue violets she had been picking. The uniform of a British officer brightened the doorway. "Ah, bonny Mary Stevens! was there none to guess that the shadow of a young love had already fallen over thy brow?"

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II.

PEPPERELL HOUSE;

OR, A GLIMPSE OF MARY STEVENS'S YOUTH.

"Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,—
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

GOLDSMITH.

THE parsonage at Kittery Point stood upon gently rising ground. A long, low range of rooms, it sloped down to the very sward at the back. Ample chimneys rose from its centre, and the absence of modern piazzas was well atoned for by the shade of the heavy elms that clustered about it. In front, a neat yet somewhat fanciful court-yard opened upon a small garden, whose mixed beds of flowers, fruit, and vegetables, were bordered by box, and arranged in so charming a manner, that it seemed a wholly ornamental rather than a useful spot.

Within the hall, the nicely sanded floor and the tall English clock reminded many a

schoolboy of the next generation of a passage in the "Deserted Village." To the right, a few steps led to the "Apostle's Chamber," — a guest-room always kept in readiness in a minister's house of that period, when no bolts or bars forbade a stranger to enter after the family had retired to rest. It was distinguished, in this case, from other rooms of the same sort, only by an inviting air that seemed to hang round the white curtains, and gleam from the very depths of the oval mirror which hung between the windows. To the left, the slanting rays of an afternoon sun streamed through a door which led to the common sitting-room of the family. A few pots of flowers were arranged on the broad window-seats. High leathern-backed chairs stood against the wall; and a long sofa, of the same angular sort, stretched across one corner of the room. By the side of the minister's arm-chair, in front of one of the windows, was a light stand, covered with heavy books; while in a recess, under a mirror hung with prisms, stood a small octagon table, decorated with a service of rare china. Over the fireplace were pleasant portraits of the minister and his wife, — a beautiful woman, who had died long before, leaving him the sole charge of

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the daughter already introduced to the reader. The hearth was as bright and red as paint could make it, and the steel tops of the jetty fire-irons gleamed in the sunset like veritable diamonds. So, at least, thought Arthur Blount; for he shaded his eyes as he entered the low doorway, and stood at Mary Stevens's side before she had raised hers from the brush and bell and tassel attached to the jamb by which she stood.

They were both silent for a moment. Far out before them, in all the radiance of sweet New-England summer, stretched one of the loveliest landscapes in the world. The blue Piscataqua rippled away toward the ocean. Beyond it rose the few spires of Portsmouth, clouded by foliage of the most delicious green. Long, fairy-like bridges, connecting Newcastle and its forts with the town, shot out toward the east; and the pleasant reaches of Kittery and Rye shaded off the picture on either side.

Arthur gazed upon all this; and, as Mary's eye involuntarily sought his, she read its asking. Throwing a light hood and mantle of black silk over her shoulders, they went out together. Arthur would have gone in the direction of the beach; but Mary's steps turned, as if of course, toward the narrow, grassy path through the

heavy woods, called then, and now, the Lover's Lane. She had paused a moment to gather a few white flowers, when a sudden step broke the stillness; and a man dressed in black, slender, and bent as if under the pressure of some heavy sorrow, glided rapidly by her, — so rapidly, that, in the late afternoon, Mary only wondered that she did not see his face.

"Who is that?" she asked, with a feeling of strange oppression.

"Is it possible," said Blount, with a somewhat incredulous air, "that you have never seen 'Handkerchief Moody'?"

"Mr. Moody, of York!" exclaimed Mary, turning pale; "and he had the black veil over his face! No: I have often climbed upon his knees when I was a child; and frequently, when he comes to visit Sir William, he brings me some Indian trinket in memory of those times: but I have never seen him in one of these fits. What can be the cause of so deep a depression?"

"I have heard," replied Arthur, "that, when he was about ten years old, he accidentally shot his favorite playmate. The convulsions which followed the accident were only a prelude to a brain fever, and he has ever since been subject to occasional anguish of this sort. He is Judge

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of the Common Pleas; and I have seen him on the bench trembling in every limb, with his black veil over his face. On one occasion, he said to Mr. Sewall, "If the justice of God were but evident, I should be at that bar rather than on this bench, and atone, by a violent death, for the innocent blood I have shed.'"

Mary shuddered. "Such remorse may be natural," she said at last; "but I cannot think it is right in the eyes of Him who loves all the children of men, and scatters so lavishly, even in these hidden forest-paths, his treasures of joy and light."

"No," answered the young officer; "but Moody belongs to a susceptible and eccentric family. His brother is Sir William's chaplain."

"I know him very well," said Mary, smiling. "Did he not sail for Louisburg with a hatchet over his shoulder, with which he threatened to cut down the images in the French churches?"

"Yes; and it was he who once astonished all his hearers by being guilty of a short grace. It was at the great entertainment given to the officers of the expedition after Sir William's return."

"I very much doubt his right to the honors of

that grace," returned Mary. "I have heard my grandmother quote the very same, as given at a far older entertainment on Cutts's Island."

"There is nothing new under the sun," responded the young man; "but truly, if it was not his own, his memory served him well. I have heard that he refuses all salary; and so his wife and children often suffer for the necessaries of life."

"That is one of his many peculiarities," replied Mary. "He is one of those who may be said to commit high-treason against Virtue, he makes her service so painful a matter. But his brother — is this sadness growing upon him? He was not wont to leave home during its attacks."

"I think it is," replied Arthur: "for he is on the point of quitting the bench to become a minister; and he assumes the veil so much more frequently than he used, that many people think he will end by wearing it altogether."

"He has a gentler nature than the reverend chaplain," she said; but what she might have added was cut short by the approach of a horseman, followed at some distance by one of the Pepperell livery. One glance at the broad, bluff person of the rider, clad in the long, embroidered

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waistcoat of the time, and made more portly than was necessary by the padded velvet and stiff military decorations, and Mary would have passed him with a gentle "Good even." But Sir William Pepperell threw himself off his horse, and approached her cordially. He would have taken her cheeks between his hands; but Mary drew back with dignity.

"I did not know you were returned, Sir William," she began.

"And how should you?" he retorted, less cheerfully. "It is six months since we began to miss the 'little Byron' at Pepperell House,—six whole months, at least, since she inquired in person after her old friends."

"You wrong me, Sir William," gently responded the young girl; though Blount could see that her soft eyes were filling with tears. "You wrong me. Dr. Stevens must surely have explained to you the nature of the instructions he has laid upon his daughter."

"It matters not, it matters not," returned the knight bluffly. "Instructions that can be disregarded for the sake of a young popinjay like Blount might well be forgotten in behalf of an old friend like me."

"The young popinjay is much obliged to you," rejoined Arthur, laughing.

But Mary threw back her hood, and the dignity of her manner admitted no further trifling. "Good even, Sir William," she said, in her usual tone; "good even. You will apologize to your young friend to-morrow for having taken a cup too much to-night. If you are bound to Pepperell House, you may carry the news of my speedy coming. If the moon be bright, we shall call on Lady Pepperell before we return."

In some discomfiture, the jovial commander mounted his horse; and Blount followed Mary, as she passed hastily on.

"Sir William is just returned from a visit to his friend General Waldron," she said apologetically. "It is rumored that their friendship is to be cemented by a union between Andrew Pepperell and the general's daughter."

"A girl worthy of a better fate," muttered Arthur Blount.

But Mary did not hear him, and she continued: "I think you have never seen the silver service presented by the city of London to our gallant knight. Have you any objection to taking a short cut through the woods, and reaching Pepperell House soon after Sir William himself?"

Arthur consented.

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For some months, Dr. Stevens had withdrawn Mary from the gay English society which frequented Pepperell House. There was something in its rude and jovial tone, something perhaps in the hilarious manners of the knight himself, that he almost dreaded for his gentle girl; but far beneath all the reasons which he offered to his daughter lay the fear of having her withdrawn from his own protecting love, to be sheltered by that of a foreigner. Nor was this solely a selfish objection. Dr. Stevens could have steeled his heart to this most difficult duty of self-denial; but already he saw tokens of the approaching dissatisfaction, which was to issue in revolution, and sever the Colonies from their mother. Nurtured as Mary had been, he felt confident that he should secure her greatest happiness by such a course. No words had been exchanged of late between father and daughter; but Mary felt sure that she understood his wishes.

Many of her admirers had not found it difficult to follow her from Sir William's stately mansion to her own quiet home; but, one after another, they found good reasons for discontinuing their visits, until only Arthur Blount remained their occasional guest. Often did Dr.

Stevens wish that some blemish on the young man's character, or some slight irregularity, would give him a good excuse for checking the intercourse of the young people; but Mary herself passed gently over, in his case, familiarities that had raised an effectual barrier between her and others. No word of love had either of them spoken: but, when Dr. Stevens met Arthur at dinner on this day, a cloud stole over his countenance; and, as soon as the usual meal was over, he had withdrawn to his study, whither his daughter followed him. What passed there, no one ever knew: but, some hours after, Mary came forth, looking more pale and quiet than usual; and so Arthur found her, standing by the chimney, too absorbed in thought to feel the fatigue of her strange position.

It was quite dark when they reached the large, square mansion which went by the name of Pepperell House. All that wealth could do had been done; but that could not deprive the building of a somewhat provincial air. A firm wall, built of English brick, surrounded the grounds, and protected the young fruit-trees from the easterly gales. Quaint hedges of box, cut into grotesque shapes, looked, in the pure moonlight, like inlaid bands of jet; and many

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evergreen-trees, standing about the courtyard, were indebted far more to the gardener's shears than to any law of nature for their peculiar forms.

As they approached the broad, well-lighted hall, a brilliant, graceful figure bounded out, exclaiming, in a somewhat masculine tone, "And so my little Harriet has come at last, — well attended, by my faith!"

Mary checked the noisy flow of words to introduce to her companion Elizabeth Pepperell, now Mrs. Colonel Sparhawk, who had been absent during his previous visits to Kittery. "I have bribed my escort by a promise to show him Sir William's service of plate," she said.

"It is a shame that you should compel me to say that no servitor of yours ever needed a bribe," replied Elizabeth Sparhawk. "But come in to Lady Pepperell: of course, she does not expect you. Let me tell you though, Young Discretion, Dr. Stevens has been here to-day, and promised to send you to the bridal festivities, will you, or will you not: do you hear?"

"I hear," replied Mary gently, "and so does Captain Blount; but whether he understands or no, it might befit Mrs. Sparhawk to inquire."

"Lecturing before you are over the threshold,

by all that is comfortable! Mamma," continued the lively woman, stepping forward into what seemed an empty saloon, — "mamma, whom, of all strangers, is the very last you expect?"

At the end of the room, set in the strong light of a cluster of wax candles, stood a tall embroidery frame; and, before Mrs. Sparhawk concluded, a tiny figure tripped down from a flight of steps behind it, and came forward to greet the guests. Lady Pepperell's form was so extremely small, that the broad lace ruffs which the fashion of the time compelled her to wear seemed completely to swallow up her person, and the heavy falls which drooped over her elbow entirely concealed her beautiful arm. Her face had a gentle, sweet expression; and, when she spoke, her voice hardly rose above a whisper.

"Elizabeth gives you her usual noisy welcome," she said, as Mary stooped to kiss her; and then turned to greet Captain Blount.

A slight rustling drew Mary's attention to the window, where, closely sheltered by the curtains, sat the person who had passed her in the woods. Whatever pain she felt at the moment, her womanly tact came to her aid, and accom-

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plished all that modern science does in its treatment of the insane. Stepping lightly toward him, with her left hand she threw back the ominous veil; while, with her right, she seized Mr. Moody's. "Are you playing hide-and-seek with me, my old friend?" she said; "or are times so changed, that I must buy trinkets to show my regard for you?"

The light of sweet human love quivered over that pale face; tears started in the mournful eyes; and, entirely forgetful of a mood that had been on him for days, the young man rose, and came forward with Mary to the company. Elizabeth Sparhawk caught her friend's kind intention; and, as he passed her to bow low to Captain Blount, gently removed the barrier to human sympathy which fluttered behind his head. A general conversation ensued. They all went together to look at the service of plate. Though small, it was very beautiful. A table of solid silver, somewhat long for its breadth, sustained a miniature dinner-service of the same. The largest article, a soup-tureen holding about three pints, bore the arms of the city of London. The whole affair was elegantly engraved; and, in the centre of the table, a panel bore an inscription in old English letters, purporting

that Sir William Pepperell, commander of the Provincial forces in New England, having reduced the city of Louisburg in 1745, was knighted by George II. for the same, and rewarded, on a subsequent visit to England, by this precious gift from the city of London. The reading of this inscription brought up brilliant anecdotes of the siege; and Moody told, in a striking and graceful manner, touching stories of the heroism of the young French girls, which brought tears to Elizabeth Sparhawk's eyes.

"I shall expect you soon," she whispered, as she parted from Mary. "We are all gone Waldron-mad."

Mary and Arthur pursued their way in silence, till she paused behind some rocks, that, jutting boldly up from the Point, sheltered them from all observers. Here it was necessary to part. Arthur's duties carried him toward the Fort. It was not far to the parsonage-gate, and Mary was safe among her own people.

"Part!" he repeated; and, seizing her hand, drew her towards him. He did not speak; but those dark, eloquent eyes entreated, if eyes ever did, for one sweet parting kiss.

Mary read them truly by the light of the

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moon, but drew very gently back. "There are those who would pretend to misunderstand you, dear Arthur," she said; "but I cannot. It must not be. You leave us in the morning: perhaps we shall never meet again."

"I have never spoken to you of love," replied Arthur, as soon as he could master his voice; "but it was only because I could not do it with propriety. There is no barrier now. My uncle is dead. I go home to take possession of my estate: let me return to claim Mary Stevens for my wife."

He did not see how her whole frame shivered as she spoke, nor hear the rapid beating of her heart. When she answered him, her voice was sweet and low: no faltering betrayed what she had suffered. "Dear Arthur, no words have passed between us; but, if you think I love you, you think right. Yet there are causes which ought to separate us, and must. Forgive me if the voice in my heart has been too strong. If I have ever said 'Stay,' when I should have said 'Go,' I hoped, I thought — but it is all over now. Let us part as we have lived, nor give each other any pleasure which the experience of future years may change into a pang."

"They may well call you Harriet Byron," thought Arthur: "prudent and cold indeed."

He was unjust, as men always are at such moments. Mary read his heart, and it made her own ache. Before she could answer, he extended his arms, and said mournfully, "Once, dear Mary, once, before I leave you for ever!"

"To what purpose?" she answered hoarsely. "O my friend! it would not be difficult to lay my head upon your shoulder, and weep there till you had comforted me; but at this moment, when I know that it is my duty to break every tie that unites us, why should I give you this new and strong one to my heart? Should the time ever come when destiny shall unite either of us to another, will it not be best to remember this moment so?"

"And you can think calmly of such an hour, O Mary!"

"Not calmly, Arthur: God forbid! Nothing at this moment clouds my soul but the thought of you. I will not wrong you. You shall not give me what you will one day wish to give your bride. And now farewell!"

"Cruel, cruel Dr. Stevens!" exclaimed the young man bitterly.

"Not cruel, Arthur; for he loves us both, and the time will come when we shall see it so.

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In the mean time, let us pray; and may God help us!"

For the first time, her voice faltered; and now Arthur thought of her, not of himself. "Let me, at least, go home with you, Mary."

"No, Arthur: I could not part with you there. Go, and God bless you!"

He pressed her hand once, twice, thrice, to his impassioned lips, and strode away on the rocks.

"It is all over," thought Mary; "and how dark this moonlight looks!"

She rose, and tried to climb the rocks: but the elastic strength of the young girl was gone; and, crippled, bent, and faltering, she made her way to the parsonage. Prayers were over; yet, strange to say, the minister yet sat beside his untasted bowl of milk. Mary would gladly have gone to her own room; but she knew she must not. She did not throw off her hood, but went in to bid him "Good-night!"

"A somewhat late hour this for *solitary* rambles," he said, coldly receiving her usual kiss.

"Father," she answered, "I have not been alone, but doing what you believe to be my duty. God help me, if you are mistaken!"

He did not raise his eyes, or he would have

been alarmed to see how pale and ill she looked; but the tone touched his heart, and he put his arms around her. She glided from them, and reached her chamber.

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More than a week had passed away. The sun rose gloriously from the bosom of the ocean, lighting up, with tender, radiant gleams, the blue ripples of the Piscataqua, touching the tops of the trees with fire, and finally lingering like a halo round the snowy pillows of the bed where Mary Stevens was lying. She had been ill ever since her walk with Arthur. Her bodily frame had not proved strong enough to sustain her under a struggle so severe; but Mary Stevens had a firm and pious mind. Having wholly decided to part with her lover, she deluded herself by no vain sophistries. Praying daily, "Lead me not into temptation," she did not walk into it of her own accord; and her recovery was hastened by the clear and definite action of her own mind. This morning she lay with her hands clasped upon her breast, and her meek eyes turned toward the beach. Beautiful as the spring day might be, she was unconscious of its charms. She was thinking of Arthur, — of his future and her own. It seemed strange to

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her, that, in the mercy of God, two beings, who loved Him and each other so well, should be called upon to separate. "However," she said to herself at last, "we cannot see the end from the beginning. It is neither marrying nor the *not* marrying that is the end of life; not happiness nor misery: it is the growth of our spiritual nature. What should I do now, if I could not trust my Father in Heaven? — if I did not believe that he would strengthen me to the end? Is it not those whom God loveth that he chasteneth?"

As she pondered thus, she thought of the Pepperell Family, and their long prosperity, — of him whom all the neighbors called the lucky Yankee boy. She remembered how often she had heard him say that he could travel from Kittery Point to Saco, without stepping off his own land, or eating any thing but his own game. She remembered how his mercantile success had culminated in the splendid events of the siege; and she thought how proud he must have felt, when, after vindicating himself from the unjust aspersions of his enemies, he was knighted by the king's own hand, and received the thanks of the city of London. Now, she thought, all his honors were to be strengthened by the splendid marriage of his son. She thought of Lady Pepperell, whose mind was as small as her person; of Sir William, who led a gay, external life, roughly hospitable indeed, but hardly benevolent; and she wondered if this were to go on for ever, — if such were, in truth, the persons whom God delighted to honor. More than once, her mind wandered from these speculations to the portrait of the Lady Ursula, which had been brought from her grandmother's dressing-room, at her request. Her eyes were filling with sympathetic tears as she gazed; when she heard a heavy step upon the stairs, and, hastily swallowing her emotion, composed herself in time to receive her father. His thin locks falling from under a black scull-cap, and the white bands which indicated his vocation, contrasted somewhat oddly with his rich, brocaded dressing-gown. He came up to Mary's bedside, and she saw the traces of deep emotion upon his countenance.

"To-morrow is the day of the ordination!" she exclaimed. "Are you going away?"

"Yes, Mary; I must leave you for a season: but I cannot go without telling you that Arthur is still in the neighborhood."

A flush rose to Mary's cheek. "I am very sorry, dear father: why did he not go away?"

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"He heard that you were ill, my daughter, and could not."

"O father!" The tears came at last, escaping from those thin, transparent lids, and running down over her pale cheeks.

"My daughter," said Dr. Stevens solemnly, "it is not yet too late. I may have asked of you more than you are able to do. God forbid that I should! Do you wish to see Arthur again?"

In her heart, how ardently she wished! But, when the hot tears had passed like rain, she lifted her poor aching head, and said, "It is no matter what I wish, dear father. The question is not, whether I am weak or strong; but what is my duty? Leave me to do it."

"But, Mary, I cannot lose you in the struggle. What if Arthur were here?"

"I should not see him."

"Mary, he is here."

"Dear father," said the poor girl, clasping her hands, "you do not know how much harder you make it all. Tell him that I love him; but I cannot see him. Tell him I shall live, and not die; and he must trust, as I do, in the Father above us both."

And these were her last words to her lover.

Soon after, the morning prayers were said in her room; and Mary asked her father to call on Lady Pepperell, as he went on his way to Boston. "Let her come, and take me away in her coach," said she. "Neither Arthur nor I wish to do wrong; but I am weak, and cannot trust myself. Let me go and comfort poor Mr. Moody, or help old Mrs. Rattray with her confections."

"You are not strong enough, child," gently remonstrated her grandmother.

"No, dear grandmother; but I soon shall be. Change of air and scene, change of thought and occupation as well, — all these will do me good."

Lady Pepperell came in a state coach that glittered with gay trappings; and, attended by liveried servants, she carried the poor child away. It was as Mary predicted. As soon as she found that she could be of use to others, her vital strength returned. Preparations were making to receive the bride. Andrew's house, elegantly appointed for one at that period, was finished; and, one afternoon, Mrs. Sparhawk called Mary to look at an elegant diamond ring which Andrew had just purchased. As she gazed upon the brilliant hoop, Mary Stevens' eyes grew dim.

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"Perhaps I am very foolish," she said in answer to Colonel Sparhawk's inquiring glance; "but a wedding seems so very serious a thing to me, that I do not like to see you all so gay about it. Even as I look at this brilliant ring, I see black enamel taking the place of the bright gold, and 'Obit' written thereon."

Elizabeth Sparhawk put her hands playfully over Mary's lips. "Hush, hush, you raven!" she exclaimed. "You have borrowed Mr. Moody's black veil."

But, alas! the vision was prophetic. The next morning, Mary saw young Pepperell depart. She herself assisted in packing into his saddle-bags the last decorations for the bride. In a few days she was to follow him, with Sir William and Lady Mary; and the wedding was to be celebrated with a magnificence unknown in the Province. The gay nothings suitable to the occasion would not fall from her lips; and Mrs. Sparhawk, who accompanied her brother, rallied her upon her distraction.

"I do not think I am distracted," said Mary in reply to some inquiries of Lady Pepperell, after they were left alone. "I am in my sober senses, and they are crazy with the wine of joy. After my late experience, it is not wonderful

that I should think all happiness somewhat insecure."

Lady Pepperell sat musing for a few moments. "Mary," said she at last, with the suddenness with which one welcomes a bright idea, — "Mary, did you ever see the letter my father wrote me on my marriage?"

"No, madam."

"I will go and get it this very moment: it may do you good." And the active little woman tripped away. Lady Mary Pepperell had been the daughter of a certain wealthy merchant, — a Mr. Grove Hirst of Boston, New England, — who printed for her, and all young ladies, a certain letter, which, to his own thinking, indicated with precision the only road to matrimonial bliss. A copy of this letter — bound in sky-blue velvet, printed on white satin, and delicately clasped with gold — Lady Pepperell now put into Mary's hand. Nothing short of the strict nature of the Puritan school in which she had been reared would have enabled Mary to peruse this strange document with gravity. Descending to all the minutiæ of female employment, the author seemed to be deficient in all needful mental perspective. His good wife must never work one moment after dusk on Saturday

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night; never lay aside her knitting till she reached the middle of her needle; must rise with the sun; pass one hour every day with her housekeeper; visit every apartment, from the garret to the cellar, at least once a week; must attend to the brewing of her beer, the baking of her bread, and interest every member of her family in religious duties.

"A proper climax," thought Mary as she read this last, "but preceded by such a medley of instructions!" And she wondered what would be her own father's thought if he were called to part with her.

"I may not live to see your wedding-day, dear Mary," said the little lady affectionately; "but put that book away, and let it remind you of me when the hour comes."

.

It was the second evening after Andrew Pepperell's departure. Mary had assisted Lady Pepperell and her maid to make the preparations necessary for their own. A heavy north-east rain had set in, and detained Sir William in the town beyond his usual hour. His lady had retired to prepare for an early start. With a feeling of foreboding heavy at her heart, Mary sat down at her open Bible. For a day or two, she

had observed a gloom upon Sir William's countenance; and, with her eyes fixed upon the significant words, "For it was the preparation-day," she sat trying to give her disjointed thoughts a form. Could it be possible that any thing was going wrong with Andrew? Why did Sir William look so black when Lady Mary asked at what hour she should order the coach? She knew but little of Andrew, and that not in his favor. What should she think of Sir William's hurrying to Portsmouth every day, the moment breakfast was over; returning always in somewhat less than full possession of himself?—he, the temperate Sir William! Again her eye rested upon the words, "For it was the preparation-day."

At this moment, her quick ear caught the clatter of hoofs without. Thinking only to greet the master of the house, she rose with her candle in her hand; but, before she could reach it, the hall door flew open, and two figures in long riding-cloaks, drenched to the skin, stood before her. "Elizabeth! Andrew!" was all that she could say; but not one word in answer.

Andrew Pepperell seized the candle in her hand; and, with a face purpled and convulsed with passion, strode away to his room. Eliza-

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beth, white as a ghost, sank upon the nearest chair. With a perfect disinterestedness that few women possess, Mary staid to ask no questions. She rang for lights; and, the moment they came, passed her arm gently round Elizabeth Sparhawk's waist, and led her to her own room. A warm bed, hot draughts, and the usual precautions of that period, could not prevent her teeth from chattering, while her whole frame shook. When every thing had been done, Mary asked, "Where is Colonel Sparhawk?"

"Gone to meet Sir William."

Mary went down to the housekeeper to beg that Lady Pepperell might not be disturbed. She found the servants all assembled in the hall. Looks of consternation were on their faces. No one seemed to know what to make of this sudden return. The servant who had gone with the riding-party was attending to the horses, and as little inclined to speak as the over-ridden animals themselves. Two hours went by, and Sir William came at last. Mary heard his sword clank against the stone pavement of the court-yard when he dismounted, and came to meet him. One glance told her that she and everybody had seen the last of the cheerful, jovial Sir William Pepperell.

A settled moroseness brooded over his fine countenance. He bent his shoulders as if they smarted under a recent blow; and, when Mary feebly begged that Lady Pepperell might not be disturbed, he answered rudely, "No one need disturb her: let her sleep her last, quiet sleep."

Colonel Sparhawk was pale, but calm. He followed Mary into the hall.

"Are there any questions it is proper I should ask?" she said, looking timidly up into his face.

"There is but little to tell you, Mary," he replied with his usual grave courtesy. "When we reached General Waldron's, we found the lady unwilling to receive us. Guests had already arrived from a distance, and preparations were making on the most magnificent scale; but at this last moment, said the lady, when she finally gave us an audience, she felt justified in withdrawing from an engagement to one whom she found to be absorbed in low company and low pleasures."

"And Andrew?"

"He answered not a word, asked no questions, made no defence."

"God help him!" ejaculated Mary.

"Nay, let him rather help Sir William," re-

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turned the colonel. "It is no trifle, when a man has reached his years, to find himself and his family the sport of the country. As for Andrew, let him bake as he has brewed. I would have detained them both upon the road; but the boy would not wait, and Elizabeth dreaded to have him meet his father wholly unprepared."

"Poor Andrew!" said Mary, sighing. "It was but an ungentle reward for his long devotion, at the very best." She turned to go up stairs; but those most unlucky saddle-bags obstructed the way. She turned aside to put them under lock and key; and, as she closed the press, heard the low rumbling of distant thunder, and saw that the key glistened in the moonlight. Mary went to the window, and opened it. The wind had changed. A light southerly breeze came up the river, and the clouds were drifting rapidly before it. "It will be a hot day to-morrow," she said to the old housekeeper as she turned away.

.

Yes, it was a hot day,—a day long remembered in Portsmouth as the "hot Saturday." On this day, men dropped dead at their haying in the field, and horses before they reached

their stalls. Cattle lay with dry lips, gasping in the shade; and the white waves caught a coppery glare from the hot atmosphere that mocked the very thought of coolness. Mary felt the heat at dawn. She was up and dressed when Lady Pepperell's bell rang, and answered it herself. It was hard to disturb the peaceful serenity of that child-like face.

"Where is Sir William?" was her first question when Mary entered. "I was too weary last night. I really believe it is after the hour at which I ordered the coach."

"I should have called you," answered Mary; "but we are not going to the general's to-day."

"Not going!" And then all had to be explained. She bore it as such women always do, silently grieving; but exerted herself meanwhile for the comfort of her daughter and husband. Most of all, she dreaded to see Andrew; but she need not. When she went down, he had already gone on horseback to Portsmouth.

Sir William yielded nothing to her gentle advances. The mortification stung him to the quick; and, when he spoke, it was but to mutter bitterly, "Would to God that he were dead!" Elizabeth Sparhawk tossed restlessly upon her bed, her faithful husband watching beside her.

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Mary, like an angel of comfort, wandered from one to the other. No one in that house thought of the heat, — rather of the fires of pride, that blast the human soul, and desolate as they sweep on.

It was some hours after noon. Lady Pepperell had gone for a moment to the hall, and Mary was sitting by an upper window. At a distance, she discerned a crowd of persons making their way toward the house by the dusty upper road. They came tumultuously but slowly on, bearing something with them, reverently carried. The heaviness at Mary's heart interpreted the whole. In a moment, she was at the head of the stairs. "Lady Pepperell! dear Lady Mary! come here to Mrs. Sparhawk's room."

She was none too quick. The door had scarcely closed upon Lady Pepperell's form, when Mary heard the heavy, muffled tread of many feet, and the deep drawing of many breaths, as something heavy was again deposited.

"Would to God that he were dead!" Say it again, Sir William. But there is no need: from the arm-chair where he has sat since yesternight, the stricken father sees and understands it all.

.

It was not suicide, — only the heat; and this death of the young heir, and all the terrible casualties of that terrible day, so swallowed up all memory of the intended marriage, that, when the public again thought of Sir William, it was only with the tenderest commiseration. And they had need. Mrs. Sparhawk recovered from a sickness that seized the very centre of life. Lady Pepperell lifted her meek eyes, and bent her gentle lips to smile once more; but to Sir William came no change. No company came now to his hospitable board; no glass of wine tempted his lips to gossip of the fleet at Louisburg. A stern, unmitigated fate was written on his brow; and, as soon as the health of Mrs. Sparhawk would permit, his friend Sewall was summoned from York to draw up a new will. He had but one ambition, — to perpetuate his name; and he now directed all his energies to the securing of his wealth and title to his daughter's son, who was to take the name of Pepperell.

"A strange pride in a reputation, a strange anxiety for the honor of his posterity," muttered Sewall to the housekeeper, as they left the room. "There is something ungodly in this uneasy mind. Would you wonder now, Mistress Rattray, if you

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or I lived to see all these family honors scattered to the wind?"

"God forbid!" ejaculated the faithful woman; "but my master has never been himself since the hour of Mr. Andrew's death."

As they passed through the hall, they found Mrs. Sparhawk paying some money to a stranger. Mr. Sewall paused to look at something in her hand. It was a diamond ring. The hoop of virgin gold had been replaced by one of black enamel, and a crystal behind the stones protected a lock of Andrew Pepperell's hair. On the hoop was written,—

Andrew Pepperell obit. Aug. —, 18—, æt. 26.

When the first days of suffering were over, Mary would gladly have returned to her quiet home: but Mrs. Sparhawk, who had lost her infant during her distressing illness; and Lady Mary, who knew not what to make of Sir William in his changed mood,—begged that she would stay. So Mary went daily to lighten her grandmother's cares for a few hours, still making Pepperell House her home. She was not sorry that she did so. A few weeks after Andrew's sudden death, with no healthful change to body or spirit, Sir William passed away. If there

were such a thing as slow apoplexy, he might be said to have died of that; for his countenance grew rigid and purple after the death of his son, and it was apparent to all beholders that he preserved its calmness by almost unprecedented effort. It cost Mary no little pain to remain at Pepperell House until after the funeral; but she considered it a duty owing to her friends, and she did not shrink. The body was splendidly coffined, covered with a black-velvet pall embroidered with the Pepperell escutcheon. It lay in state in the great hall for a week, and hundreds came to visit it. It was Mary who covered every mirror with a white veil, superintended the sable hangings of the house, and arranged the plumes upon the canopy which sheltered the body. When the work was done, she paused to look about her. Upon every panel was painted the Pepperell arms. On one side of the mantle were painted those of the Sparhawks; on the other, a vacant compartment had been left for those of the Waldrons, when Andrew Pepperell should have the right to quarter them with his own. Mary sighed. At this moment, Elizabeth Sparhawk came to find her.

"You are wearying yourself, dear Mary, with

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all this parade," she said. "Come away with me: let us leave this useless pomp."

"It was Sir William's wish," said Mary gently. "It is that of the townspeople. It cannot be useless to respect the wishes of the dead. It helps us, if not them; but, as I arrayed these candles at the head and foot of the bier, I could not but think of the Saviour lifted down from the cross, and laid, unhonored, beneath the friendly stone."

A week after, all that was mortal of Sir William was carried to the village church. The Pepperell and Sparhawk pews were hung with black, and a sermon was preached over his remains. According to the custom of the period, the females of the family remained at home. Sitting at Lady Pepperell's window, Mary watched the crowd upon the beach. The long procession had entered the church; and hundreds who could not enter were grouped about the doors and windows, trying to catch the preacher's words. Those to whom this seemed hopeless were already lighting huge fires upon the sands, and cutting up the two oxen provided for the occasion. Soon the servitors of the family distributed bread, spirits, and beer among the people; and preparations were made in the great

hall to entertain with suitable magnificence — rich wines and richer viands — the dignitaries of the land who honored the occasion with their presence. Long before it was over, Mary Stevens's eyes were closed in sleep; and Mrs. Rattray gently lifted the tired girl away from the window, and laid her on Lady Pepperell's bed. Nothing need now detain her. Her father and grandmother came early on the morrow to take her away; and, when Mary rested her head upon the shoulder of the latter, she said plaintively, "It is good to be at home once more."

.

Many years had passed. The war was over. What remained of the Pepperell Family was headed by the young Sir William, the child of Elizabeth Sparhawk, resident in London. The vast estates of the family — stretching, as the first Sir William proudly boasted, from Kittery Point to Saco — were already confiscated; but the service of plate (the guerdon of the "brave Yankee boy") had been carefully preserved. The Colonial authorities considered their own honor involved in the honor of Sir William Pepperell; and, instead of melting down the splendid gift of the city of London, enclosed it in an

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iron box, and sent it to Boston, to be shipped for Liverpool in a vessel just ready to sail. What became of it afterwards is not known: some persons thinking that it went to the bottom in the Liverpool ship; others, that it ignobly purchased the bread of the young heir. Be that as it may, so valuable did the Provincial authorities consider it, that Sheriff Moulton of York, attended by an armed escort, was appointed to convey it to Boston. The tidings reached Kittery and Portsmouth a little in advance of the procession, and crowds assembled on the public ways to see it pass.

Against the broken slab which covered the tomb of Sir William, under the now shattered and dismantled walls of the Pepperell and Sparhawk grounds, stood a clergyman and his wife. Those who came here with us some years ago will see, beneath the pallor of extreme ill health, the unmistakable sweetness which adorned the countenance of Mary Stevens. She led by the hand a little boy, whose brilliant eyes and flowing curls attracted the notice of the neighboring loungers. His teeth were of a dazzling whiteness, and the radiance of his smile entranced every eye. As the sheriff rode by, he drew in his horse, and tossed the little fellow a sprig of

berried winter-green from his button-hole. The boy bounded forward to catch it, and a natural anxiety induced his mother to move a little nearer to the crowd.

"Neighbor," said a Kittery fish-woman in heavy clogs and a short red petticoat, turning to our English officer who had been but lately released from his parole at the Fort,—"neighbor, what has become of the Arthur Blount, that, in his young days and yours, used to be such a favorite at the big house?"

"He is become a rich man, if that will content you, mother," answered the officer somewhat shortly; "but we of the 49th are apt to think he disgraced us. He resigned his commission at the beginning of the war."

A faltering voice called "Joseph!" and the boy moved away with his parents. It was the first time and the last that Mary heard her lover's name spoken after the death of Andrew Pepperell.

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Another score of years had gone by. At the close of a warm summer's afternoon, two persons might have been seen walking toward the Point. One was a young English midshipman; and the other, something tells us, we have met

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before. Never did a human face beam with a diviner light. A beauty not of earth hovered around those lips of radiant sweetness as he discoursed with his companion. Their steps had turned from the deserted parsonage toward the dilapidated tomb of Sir William Pepperell. Near them lay heaps of broken bricks that had once formed the garden wall; and three deserted mansions, whose windows were broken in and whose underpinning had been torn away, stood the sole monuments of his former prosperity.

"It was during the war," said the clergyman sadly, as he followed the direction of the young man's eyes; "the loyalty of the family provoked the ire of the soldiers, and they destroyed every thing they could. That building to the east, which seems in the best preservation, dates from the period of your father's last visit. It was intended for young Andrew Pepperell; but Sir William and Lady Mary never entered it after his unhappy death. So tragic was his fate, and so deep the interest that it excited, that a sacred awe restrained the more ruthless hands whenever they approached it. It was left a monument of man's mistaken pride."

"I thank you," said the boy, "for bringing me hither. I shall love my father's memory bet-

ter, now that I have made a pilgrimage to this spot."

"Then live more worthily in consequence," returned the clergyman solemnly. "If there ever comes a period when the fascinations of wealth and rank tempt you to forget the brotherhood of all, remember the moment when you stand at the grave of one who placed his salvation therein. The name that he fondly hoped to make immortal is hardly remembered here in his native town. The young heir is dead, you tell me, leaving no successor; and, but a few weeks ago, the charity of a distant connection alone saved two of his grandsons from dying in the alms-house. Never was there a more striking instance of the vanity of human wishes."

"But tell me," said the young man, a generous admiration kindling in his eye, — "tell me, are there no times when you, too, feel the need of this lesson? If not of wealth or rank, surely the dangers of a reputation and influence so surprising as yours must sometimes require such a check."

The young clergyman sadly shook his head. "My heavenly Father has been kind," he answered. "The state of my health precludes any

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such possibility. If, at one moment, I should weakly attribute to my own efforts a success which flows only from his all-bountiful love, the next I might find myself convulsed by sufferings which would rebuke my vanity; since no human hand can alleviate them, and which teach — nay, *compel* — me to await with humility that heavenly summons which can never be far off while they are so near."

III.

HOW TO MAKE CHILDREN HAPPY.

"A single rose for a rose-tree which beareth seven times seven."
E. B. Barrett.

IT was a warm spring afternoon, when two ladies, richly dressed, left a fashionable greenhouse in the neighborhood of Boston, their hands full of freshly-cut flowers, which glittered in the sunlight, and scented the soft air as they passed along. As they neared their home, they crossed, to shorten the way, a portion of a street devoted to the poor Irish.

"O lady, lady!" pleaded a little voice, a little hand seizing the rapidly flying skirts of her who came first, — "O lady, lady! just give me one flower."

"Not I, indeed!" replied the careless girl. "I am going to a great wedding to-night, and have no roses to spare for those dirty little fingers." And, rescuing her silken flounce with

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a somewhat determined air, the younger of the two passed on.

As the elder followed, she saw two children standing bareheaded beneath the hot sun, their feet hidden to the ankles in the dust of the dry road. They might have been six and ten years of age. The larger wore a sullen, stupid look; but the great blue eyes of the little pleader were full of tears, which she tried to wipe away with the corner of a dirty pinafore. The child was by far too much disheartened to renew her entreaties; but, as the elder sister came in sight, she dropped a few bright buds into the half-raised apron. She remembered for whose wedding she had intended the beautiful adornment; and she said, half aloud, "Emma will never miss these among the thousands she will have." She was well repaid by the look of admiration that lighted up the sad, dull face.

"Oh, mammy will be so glad!" shouted the older girl; and, seizing a flower, she darted up the street. The warm flush of joy had already dried the tears of the younger; and, toddling after as fast as her little feet would carry her, she, too, disappeared, without one ostensible word of thanks.

Annie Weston cast a look in the direction

which her sister had taken, hesitated a moment, and then followed the children. They had entered the low dwelling which served them for a home. It stood by the dirty roadside, with hardly a tree in sight. A few blades of grass about the door were brown with the heat, and the sun streamed in through the unblinded windows and open door. As she drew near, she caught the eager accents of the older child.

"O mammy!" she exclaimed, "we have seen *one* at last, — one of those bright, beautiful ladies we used to see at Ballymote. She was not afeard to be kind to us, but dropped all these roses in little Bridget's apron. I hurried home, dear mammy; for I want to see you smile; and you will smile at this, I know," she added, as she held up a white moss rosebud. She stood by the side of a coarsely-dressed woman, whose back was towards the listener at the door. The drooping attitude of her whole figure showed the deepest despondency; and Annie watched the play of a somewhat refined countenance in a little shaving-glass that hung opposite. Her lip quivered; the smile with which she sought to answer the loving glance of her child vanished; and, as little Bridget laid one by one her treasures in her mother's lap, the latter bowed her

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head upon her hands, and wept aloud. Annie saw that some tender chord had been touched. Noiselessly as a lady well knows how to tread, she entered the freshly-mopped room, and emptied her whole store of flowers upon the table; then, drawing the silent and disappointed children to the doorstep, she seated them there. "Be good now," she said, "and play with these bright rose-leaves. Mother will soon feel better, and then she will give you some of the pretty flowers." The children smiled gladly; and in a few moments the kind girl was out of sight. She entered her chamber quietly, for the sun was near its setting, and hastily began her toilet.

"Annie!" cried her mother from a neighboring room, "you will certainly be late. Ellen has been at home this long time. The gardener has just come in: let *him* make up your flowers for Emma."

"No, thank you, mamma: I do not intend to make them up."

"Annie!" cried Ellen at the opposite door, "just give me one of your buds to finish my wreath: I have not quite enough."

"I am sorry, dear Ellen; but I have not one to spare." And Annie shook out the long tresses

of her dark hair, and began to braid them rapidly as she spoke.

"Nonsense, Ann! Emma will never miss *one*." And Ellen's eye ran rapidly round the room in search of what she wanted. Annie grew pale, but did not speak. After a moment's pause, the truth darted across her sister's mind. "As I live, I'll tell mamma!" she uttered, and ran quickly out of the room.

"That is too provoking!" said her mother, as soon as Ellen's story was ended; and turning to her husband, who was absorbed in his evening paper, she added, "My dear, what shall we do with Annie? She grows more extravagant every day. She ordered five dollars' worth of flowers for Emma, from old Houghton; and, instead of sending them as she intended, she has thrown all, except the few she gave to Ellen, into the lap of a dirty little Irish child."

"Where did she get her five dollars, my dear?"

"Saved them out of her allowance, Charles. She was to have had a new *visite;* but she gave it up, and put the money aside, that Emma might have a bouquet precisely like one her lover saw abroad and very much admired."

"I do not see what I can do, my dear. You do not want me to cut off her allowance?"

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"No; not precisely: yet it might be a good plan, for a time."

Mr. Weston smiled. "As long as the money must be spent for flowers," said he, "it matters little where the flowers go."

At this moment, Annie hastily entered the room. Her cheeks were quite crimson with emotion, and her voice trembled. "My dear father," said she hurriedly, "I am going to give you pain. I have broken a promise; but I quite forgot. I know it is no excuse; but I quite forgot."

"Quite forgot what, Annie?"

"Forgot to save the white moss rosebuds that you gave me the money to buy, and desired me to wear."

"Well," said her father in a tone of vexation, "I cannot say that I do see the use of giving moss rosebuds to Irish children. Your own flowers you might give away; but mine"——

"It was very wrong, dear father; and, if you would only trust me—— I cannot explain; but I have taken great pains with my hair, and I hope you will like it without the flowers. Forgive me this once."

Mr. Weston pressed his lips to the thick braids she bent down for his inspection, and answered, "This once, Annie."

Without a word from her disappointed mother, who had anticipated more than one triumph for the beautiful bridesmaid, Annie sprang into the carriage beside her sister.

"Annie," said the latter, "shall I tell Emma what you have done?"

"No," said Annie, her eyes filling with tears: "it is done, and I had better bear the disappointment alone."

"It is provoking," said Ellen; "because phlox and dandelions would have pleased them just as well."

"I don't know that," returned Annie brightly; and she was silent for the remainder of the drive.

That evening, when some young girls were praising the beauty of the bridal party, Ellen could not refrain from telling the story. "What was most foolish of all," said she, "papa had given Annie a wreath of beautiful white moss buds; and she must needs throw those away with the rest." A gentleman, who had caught more of the truth from one glance at Annie's tranquil face than Ellen from her knowledge of the circumstances, here raised his eyes to the narrator's, and said with emphasis, "A wreath of buds for a rose-tree which beareth seven times seven." Ellen had not read the "Brown Rosary," and did

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not understand this forced application of Miss Barrett's beautiful lines; but she felt that he was pleased with her sister, and blushed.

The day after, Annie loaded a little basket with common garden-flowers, and sought the home of the Irish children.

"Here she comes, mammy!" cried little Mary, looking up with waiting eyes. A single glance showed Annie five or six tall glasses, that seemed like relics of a happier time, filled with the beautiful flowers she had given. The children had not been allowed to destroy them; and little Bridget's eyes were even now fixed upon the mantel in untiring admiration.

"Yes," Annie answered in reply to Mary's appealing look,—"yes, I am come now to make you happy. I have brought all these flowers for you and Bridget; and see, here are large needles and coarse thread. Now you shall make necklaces."

Mrs. O'Gara stood wondering, while her visitor set the children to work; and, when the sunshine of happy industry gleamed out of their eager eyes, Annie turned to the mother, and, with sympathizing tact, drew from her the incidents of her story. Her father had been head gardener to a famous earl, the largest landholder in the county of Sligo. She had been accustomed to

connect all beautiful flowers with the happy time when she trotted beside him as he surveyed his hot-beds and conservatories. All the refining influences of rural life had been around her from her childhood. She was imaginative and loving. She deserted her father in his old age, and married, against his wish, a worthless man, the natural son of a neighboring priest. For a few years, they lived happily. Her father would not see her after her marriage, but replaced her near his heart by adopting her second child. The oldest died soon after. The husband, by degrees, became intemperate and abandoned. To hide her disgrace in a foreign land was her only wish; and, seizing little Mary one day as she came home from school, she embarked for America alone. Little Bridget was born on the passage. Her husband followed her. She bore upon her person the ineffaceable marks of his anger, and was going to her grave from an internal disease, the consequence of his brutal kicks, when she had endeavored to shield her children from their father. It is not our intention to follow her painful story. We began these pages with quite a different view. Suffice it, that, through the sufferings of years, she never spoke of her husband in harsher terms

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than "poor misguided man." She humbly accepted his unkindness as the discipline through which God sought to convince her of her ingratitude to her earthly father.

At present, however, a different thought presented itself. "What has sustained me," she said to Annie, "through all my trials, has been the memory of my happy childhood. I have dreamed of the sloping lawns, the shady trees, and bright flowers my father tended. I have been able to get my daily bread; but Mary has suffered from the change. She was beautiful as a little child, and the pet of the earl's daughters. I have hardly seen her smile since we left home. She is sad and moping. She will soon lose me. Oh! tell me, my dear lady, how I can make her happy for the short time I shall remain."

"Do you give her plenty to do?" asked Annie.

"Yes: but, in this neighborhood, there is little amusing; and though she runs my errands, wipes dishes, and such like, she has idle hours, when I have no time to teach her. Yesterday she sat looking dreamily at the flowers with a half-smile; and see how bright her face is now!"

Yes, flowers of her own,—*flowers* she could destroy, tear up into necklaces, or plant in the

wide cracks of the floor,—these were truly a pleasure. Annie did not disturb the children, but went home to think how she could help them. "It is very true," she thought to herself, "that these children, to be good, must be taught to be happy. That may not be quite evangelical; but I am sure it is right. To give to one human being a happy childhood is as if one were to give him a good education. The fruit of neither can be taken away. If it ripen in time, it may be gathered in eternity. There are many mothers less capable of doing this than Mrs. O'Gara. What can I do for their hundreds of children? If people neglect their obvious duties, they who see that they do so must either discharge them, or teach the neglectful to discharge them."

All that afternoon, Annie kept her room. Her mother and sister wondered that she could be so stupid. At last, she came down to tea. "Father," said she, "are you going to plant the lower half of the garden this year?"

"No, my dear."

"Are you willing that *I* should?"

"You?"

"Yes, papa; not all myself, but with the help of some children."

"What! the little wretches you gave your

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flowers to? Yes; but, if I miss a single bud or cherry, I will turn you all out." Mr. Weston spoke with energy; for his garden often suffered, and he felt as if this were only inviting the robbers in. "If that is the case," thought Annie, "I must turn depredators into laborers." And, after tea, she tied on her bonnet, and went down to Mrs. O'Gara's. "Mary," said she, "do you ever want something to do?"

"Oh, yes! I want some flowers to string to-night."

"Do you know any other children that do?"

"Oh, yes! a great many."

"Well, go out into the street, and bring in all you can find." Mary ran off. Annie drew a chair to the door; for she did not wish to bring the dirty little feet across Mrs. O'Gara's clean floor. Eight children returned with Mary.

"How many of you like flowers?" asked Annie. Even little Bridget held up her hand.

"How many of you would like a garden?" All hands were up.

"How many of you would work for it?" Some hung their heads.

"It would be hard work at first," pursued Annie; "for it would be necessary for you to go to school and help your parents as you do now.

I should want you to get up at daylight, and work with me till breakfast-time. Sometimes, perhaps, you must work after tea. But, if you were good, I should pay you at first, so that you might buy some tools. When flowers and vegetables began to grow, we could sell them."

"And have the money for ourselves?" said one bright-looking boy of twelve.

"Yes."

"But who would buy them?" asked a timid girl.

"I would," said Annie, "if you could not find a better market; but you might sell to the village."

All hands now went up but Mary O'Gara's. "It would be quite *dishonest*," she thought, "to sell to Miss Annie."

"Not if I want to buy," said Annie, smiling; and it was agreed that these ten children should come to the garden-gate at five the next morning. Before she slept, Annie had a long conference with the gardener as to the best way of proceeding, and ordered from a neighboring shop half a dozen baskets to carry weeds in.

She was awake in good season: the first flush had not colored the east when she went down stairs. Not a child was missing. The gardener

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had marked out a large square lot. Annie divided her band into groups. The stoutest pulled the heavy weeds. The girls carried them off in baskets to the sty. The little ones, like Bridget, gathered the many stones into piles. They worked happily for two hours and a half. Annie was surprised to see how much they did. Before they went to breakfast, she told them, that, if her father lost his fruit this year, they must lose their garden. "Now," said she, "you can be honest yourselves, and plead with the other boys to be so. But no promises; for they may be hard to keep." The children went away, feeling that they were trusted. Annie looked at her discolored skirts as she went into the house. "This is likely to be troublesome work," she thought; and she spent the rest of that day in making up a neat, stout dress, that would not drink in the dew. The first season, she did not have a very handsome garden. The walks were crooked, the beds were ill shaped; and she was wise enough to raise only hardy and showy flowers, — showy, that the little ones might not be disappointed. Still Mary O'Gara lost her sullen look, the bright boy earned enough to buy himself a "Euclid," and all the children were more decently clad than at first. Annie taught

them habits of industry, order, and thrift. She showed them how to put up their flowers in salable bunches, and many were the occasions of far more valuable lessons. When they first began to weed, they came unawares upon a little stream that the tall pigweed had for a long time concealed and Annie had almost forgotten. Along its course sprang up the glossy leaves of the yellow cowslip.

"I mean to have those!" shouted one of the boys. "I can sell *those* for greens in the market."

"There are not enough to divide," said Annie; "and they do not all belong to you." The boy hung his head.

A little girl stepped forward in answer to Annie's appealing look. "Miss Annie," said she, "let us all give up to little Bridget. Her mother is sick, and she needs money more than we do."

"I wonder," thought Annie, as she parted from this child, — "I wonder what religion is. I do not believe I know." No, Annie did not know. She was ambitious to be useful, and her character was finely strung; but religion she did not yet understand. Her father was a strong man, of strict integrity and great gentleness. Both her

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parents were Episcopalians, of somewhat worldly views. Now Annie began to study the Bible for herself; and, in the midst of her many difficulties, she saw her way clearly.

This winter, Annie taught the girls to sew and knit; and the boys were taught to whittle skewers for the butcher, and flower-frames for the gardener. What they earned was used to buy and cut strong clothing for those who needed it. Their gains were thrown into a common treasury.

The second summer found Annie far more busy than the first. She cultivated twice as much ground, had twice as many pupils, and a dozen times as much trouble. She was helped, however, in many ways; for her efforts had prevented many a garden from being robbed: and even her father now began to realize that her white moss buds had not been entirely thrown away. Annie was so anxious to create all the happiness she could, that she sometimes ran imprudent risks. Occasionally a vulgar girl, or rude, dishonest boy, gave her a great deal of trouble. But Annie was resolute before she became religious, and afterward that resolution was founded on a rock. Nothing turned her aside, nothing ruffled her sweetness. She had

but little money; of that her father was not profuse: but she had time and patience and health. She gave them all to purchase a happy childhood for the little ones whom her Master also loved. The moral worth of her gift few practical persons will dispute. We have no time to dwell upon the subsequent details of her experiment. The boy who bought "Euclid," with her encouragement fitted himself for college, and is carrying himself through. Two boys became first-rate gardeners. In time, she added to her garden a good poultry yard; and some of her pupils afterwards devoted themselves to this charge. Mary O'Gara became a happy, well-paid vest-maker; and, when her mother died, Mrs. Weston found an excellent nurse for her youngest child in bright little Bridget. Annie was not without admirers for years; but her friends are now convinced that she has found her truest sphere of usefulness in training that —

"Rose-tree which beareth seven times seven," —

and she labors on without any desire of change.

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IV.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

"Sallow-complexioned; and, if hearts can wear that color, his heart was sallow-complexioned also." — CHARLES LAMB.

NOT far from my home, but in a close and winding street, half covered with creepers, and set out with old-fashioned beds of "Job's tears," was the dwelling of a child, a little older, but far more beautiful, than myself. It might have been a happy home; for a rich nature waited to be developed in the heart of the little one: but, alas! the mother slaved herself, as shallow natures will, to procure fine garments for her tiny frame; and the father sometimes abused her in his maudlin fits of intemperance, or misled her by a libertine example. I have stolen round the corner often, at sunset of a sabbath eve, to watch that fair face bending over a Bible on the window-sill. How fitting a frame for the graceful figure, crowned with its heavy

mass of curls too red for perfect beauty, was the mass of crimson cloud that seemed to kindle it with a living fire! Of a sudden, the exterior of the little hut improved. The father, who was a wood-sawyer, went more regularly to his daily business; the mother took more pride in household tidiness; and the daughter, often missed now by my seeking eye at the late sabbath eve, went regularly every day to a distant dwelling to receive music-lessons from a gentleman, who, attracted by her rare loveliness, had found her home, and made her one of his sabbath-school pupils. It was his influence that had introduced the refinements of life into this little dwelling, and brightened the whole family aspect. I heard his name. It was one high in church and state, and well known for public beneficence. His was a nature that sought approbation; and it seemed ungrateful to quarrel with it while it wrought only for a legitimate result. But there are instincts in a woman's nature, especially when that has been disciplined by trial and brought into rigid subjection to principle, which she may trust as implicitly as she would the word of God. I met him once, leading his pupil by the hand; and lifted to his a clear, childish gaze, which something within him told

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him to avoid; and, from that hour, we understood each other well. I knew, that, spite of standing, and market-place renown, and wealth in plenty, the man was a hypocrite, pondering all the while some evil purpose. He also saw, that, young as I was, I was a stern moralist, and might transfix him some day by some omnipotent and penetrating truth.

Time wore on. The girl shot into promising womanhood; retaining a rare simplicity, which the costly gifts of her new teachor did not alienate. She was still dependent on herself; and a young lawyer and his wife, won by the grace of her character and charmed by the brilliant tones of her voice, gave her, at times, a home in their family as a seamstress. It was a beautiful sight, to one who knew not the bitter truth, to watch the unfolding of her womanhood in her face, it was so rich, so radiant, in its promise.

I felt it to be one of my greatest pleasures during several months; but I was roused from my revery one morning by the weeping wife of the young lawyer, who had passed the night at the bedside of her *protégée*, and had received from the unconscious but raving mother an infant girl. Whose name, think you,

rung in fearful shrieks of agony upon the otherwise silent air of that sad night? None other than that of her sabbath-school teacher. He was no longer young: no momentary enthusiasm had overcome his deep-laid scruples. He was thoroughly bred. He had not been enticed to sin by its fair seeming, without a full understanding that it was the apple of Sodom he held to his lips. He had not the excuse so often offered, of opposing relatives, of conflicting claims of duty, to prevent his making her openly his wife. He was wealthy and alone, save that a widowed mother was sustained by his bounty. Only his sinful pride of birth came between him and the loving, gentle wife he might have called his own. From the first, he had deceived her; nourishing his fell purpose in his heart, feeding it with revery from day to day, and moulding the pliant, unsuspicious nature of the child, like wax, to his wishes.

During those painful hours which my young friend had passed at Mary's bedside, her mistaken husband had followed the wretched seducer to the shelter of an obscure packet-ship, in which he had sought a refuge from the public eye; and employed at once entreaties and threats to induce him to become her husband, and to give

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her the shelter which she had every right to claim of his name and family. In his bitter indignation, he told him of the words of Christ; predicting an intenser retribution to him, who, not satisfied with the commission of evil, should teach others also to sin. He assailed him with every argument, and finally pleaded with him as a father for his child; but it was all in vain. The wretched man cowered before him. "Take all that I have," he cried; "take it, and welcome: but leave me my old, untarnished name."

The fool and blind! As if the legal amends could tarnish a family escutcheon like the "bend sinister" with which his own sin had already crossed the shield! Who could help quoting to him the words of Channing, terse and vigorous as an ancient proverb: "The wise man seeketh to shine *in himself;* the fool, to outshine others"? Of "shining in himself" he had no notion. He only knew that he was good as he caught the echo of the world's approbation. My friend accepted a generous settlement for the poor girl, and left the already-departing vessel only with the pilot.

His wife remembered how tenderly, if distantly, I had watched poor Mary's character; and, with the early morning, they came to me

for sympathy. For a moment, the hot tears prevailed; for a moment, in my young haste, I reproached Jehovah, that he had permitted such a blight to fall upon so fresh and fine a nature. I knew not then, as I know now, that the end of life is spiritual progress; that for many natures this seems impossible, except as a consequence of flagrant sin, which, opening the mental vision, shocks the whole being into a susceptibility to God's influence. My bitter grief once over, I angered my misguided friend not a little by rejoicing openly in the failure of his mission to the packet.

"What!" he exclaimed; "is it not his duty to marry her? Can it be possible that you do not despise him still more for his unmanly rejection of her?"

"It may be true," I answered, "that he owes her all this, and more; but, in pressing this consideration so far, it seems to me that you argue with the narrow wisdom of this world. Let the coal from the altar of Jehovah once kindle your heart, and you will not see in this marriage her highest good. Have we not read, that a happy union is possible only among the sons and daughters of the Almighty; that it is an irresistible law, a divine ordinance, that the soul shall assi-

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milate in value to whatever it loves; that it grows in its likeness, whether it be for better or for worse? And would you set before her such an example as his? Would you defile her spirit by a closer contact with his? Would you give him fresh opportunity to reveal to her his moral hideousness? No, my friend: let us thank God, that cannot be. I am not anxious to save poor Mary's reputation in the eyes of the world; rather, her soul in the sight of God. Let us help her to our utmost to repent of her sin. It it is true that I pity her; that I think her almost an angel of light, when I remember him: but something within me says that she has sinned; that she had no right to substitute his voice for that of conscience; that, if she had been willing to open her eyes on the light she had, she might have saved herself, even at the last hour. Let her, then, bear the consequences of her sin, the loss of reputation, the altered faces of her friends, the various social trials that must come. God will see that they are not too heavy. Let us see that she want not proper sustaining influences. There is a great nature in her. Perhaps it is only through her sin that it could be developed, and taught to strive for heaven. Let her go away to some far country town, — to a spot

where temptation will not be too strong. Let her attempt no concealment: let her bear her maiden name as openly as her infant in her arms. There may yet be a serene life in store for her."

"And you would tell her this, — you," he asked, "with that face of stone, and heart of ice?"

"A face of stone," I answered, "only because I fear to feel for her more than for virtue. A heart calm, and yet tender; because I would be not only a loving nurse, but a stern teacher. Would you marry your own sister to him? Nay, why do you start? Is not she also your sister, — this poor, misguided one? Let us not tell her these things arrogantly: let us confess ourselves sinners, and assure her that we consider the first fruit of repentance a willingness to bear the full consequence of our sin, if that be the will of God. Let us require the same of her. I know her well. She will not disappoint us."

Somewhat reconciled, and yet half angry with me, he went away. My counsel prevailed; not, perhaps, because he had much confidence in it, but because no other way opened. The poor girl had no other friends, and I insisted that no more should be said about her marriage. She

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was long in recovering from her fearful sickness; but, when she did, it was evident that a passionate affection for her betrayer still lingered in her heart. She still believed that he would come back and marry her of his own accord; and, when she learned the name of the foreign city in which he had taken refuge, she gave it to her child. The most painful part of our duty was to uproot this attachment, and substitute for it an earnest love of God. Not that we had power to do this. God, in his own mercy, worked within her, and blessed our means. When she felt that she must prepare herself to teach her child the way of truth, she remembered, and shuddered to remember, that her little Seville must not tread in his father's footsteps.

When the time came for her to go, I very much wished that she should have strength to reject the income provided for her, and trust to the honest labor of her hands for her support. But my two friends would not hear of this. "Mingle some mercy with your justice," they said. "She is too weak to labor. His money ought to support his child. If we allow her to feel herself poor, she will be ruined."

I knew the power of that argument, and was unwilling to take the responsibility: so we sent

her, well provided, to be the inmate of a hard-working family in a distant country village. Those to whom she went knew what she was, and how she had become so, and were admonished to respect her present firm intentions; but, as from time to time she saw her city friends, they grew somewhat injudicious in the counsel that they gave. They thought she drooped. How could she do otherwise while the necessary change was going on? They felt that she had been very much wronged, and it was far harder for them than for me to remember *her own* sin. They tried to raise her self-respect. They saw her faithful to her maternal duties; and they bade her take heart, for she was quite as good as those about her. These things, repeated in her simpleness to those nearest, angered the virtuous but narrow-minded village girls, and prejudiced them for a long time against her. God's work went on, however. Mayhap her loneliness helped it.

After a time, an epidemic fever raged in the village. All but the nearest kindred shrank from the infected; and, when these were exhausted, Mary took their place. From the bedside of the rich to the bedside of the poor she went like a ministering spirit. She was not

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always received with kindness; but she heeded no hard words, for they were only words of truth. "I can surely bear what I truly deserve," she whispered to herself, and went about still. With a cordial in her hand, with an unaccustomed meekness in the bend of her beautiful head, seeking and receiving no compensation for her laborious services, she went. The whole village came to look upon her as a saint. They could hardly believe it was she who had saved them; and the usual re-action took place. They petted her child, and it seemed as if they could not do enough to atone for their former neglect. To her credit be it spoken, she did not presume upon her popularity. Her reserved manner, returning with the health of her patients, reminded them significantly of the past.

To my great delight, she had at last relinquished the stipend she had received from her betrayer. Her strength had returned; and she refused at once to receive any longer the letters which had kept the painful hope alive that he would change, and she might be permitted to love him; and the money which had supplied her daily bread. I heard of her from time to time as useful, but hardly happy; serene, but not yet grateful.

In the mean time, the current of my life had changed. Amid more trying scenes, amid the pressure of its heavy responsibilities upon myself, and the new cases of suffering which every year brought with it, I had almost forgotten my early interest in her. It chanced a few months since, that, in the course of a summer's wanderings in search of health, I was detained over a sabbath in a distant country town. My heart was full of an absent child; and the name of the place, as we drove up before the public-house, awakened no remembrance, — only a regret that we were still so far from home. The next morning, while worshipping in the tiny Unitarian church, from amid the chorus of rough voices and rougher instruments which constituted the village choir, I caught the notes of a voice, rich, mellow, powerful, and in perfect tune, operating upon the discordant materials around it like a sweet temper on an irritated household, gradually uniting them all in perfect concord with itself. Indecorous I fear it was; but I turned about, in the middle of the hymn, and found it proceeded from one whose matured but serene and expressive countenance would hardly have reminded me of Mary but for the miniature of her ancient self, presented in the chubby face

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always received with kindness; but she heard no hard words, for they were only words of truth. "I can surely bear what I truly deserve," she whispered to herself, and went about still. With a cordial in her hand, with an unaccustomed meekness in the bend of her beautiful head, seeking and receiving no compensation for her laborious services, she went. The whole village came to look upon her as a saint. They could hardly believe it was she who had saved them; and the usual re-action took place. They petted her child, and it seemed as if they could not do enough to atone for their former neglect. To her credit be it spoken, she did not presume upon her popularity. Her reserved manner, returning with the health of her patients, reminded them significantly of the past.

To my great delight, she had at last relinquished the stipend she had received from her betrayer. Her strength had returned, and she refused at once to receive any more the letters which had kept the pain alive that he would change, and she was permitted to love him; and for many days she applied her d[illegible] for [illegible] service, [illegible]

In the mean time, the control of her [illegible] engaged. Amid more trying scenes [illegible] pressure of the heavy responsibility [illegible] self and the new cases of sickness [illegible] year brought with it, I had almost [illegible] early interest in her. It chanced a few [illegible] since, that, in the course of a [illegible] ings in search of health, I was [illegible] sabbath in a distant county town [illegible] was full of an absent child, and the [illegible] place, as we drove up before the [illegible] awakened no remembrance, [illegible] we were still so far from home. The [illegible] ing, while worshipping in the [illegible] church, from amid the chorus of [illegible] and rougher instruments which [illegible] village choir, I caught the notes of a [illegible] mellow, powerful, and in perfect tune, [illegible] upon the discordant materials around it [illegible] sweet temper on an irritated household [illegible] ally uniting them all in perfect concord [illegible] itself. Indeed, I fear it was; but I [illegible] about, in the middle of the hymn, and [illegible] persons whose matured but [illegible] with [illegible] countenances would hardly [illegible] [illegible] for the minister [illegible] [illegible] pressed in the singer [illegible]

and flame-like curls of the young Seville at her side. "Can it be she?" I murmured almost audibly; for I could not imagine a more exquisite expression of sweetness than lingered at that moment round her still beautiful mouth. A trace of anxious thought about the brow was the only relic which her hours of sin and shame seemed to have left. It was not really so; for the whole development of her spiritual nature had, in truth, proceeded from the great need of self-scrutiny which they involved. I sought her out. To my surprise, I found her married. I give you her simple history in her own words:—

"After the sickness, learning for the first time to depend upon myself, I found life hard and cold. Next to God, I leaned most upon you. Occasionally your words came to me like prophecies. Mr. and Mrs. ——" (naming the young lawyer and his wife) "spoke far more gently: but your words were true; they did not flatter me. I felt that you loved me too truly to do that. I knew I could rely upon your telling me the worst. In your last letter, you had said, that, when I began 'unreservedly to serve God,' I should know it; for a sweet peace would infallibly follow, which never could be mine while I had any longings or repinings that were not

wholly righteous. I wrote off these words, and laid them in my Bible. For months I struggled on, but profitably; and I came to realize the peace of which you spoke. One of my patients was longer recovering than the rest. He was a man of an irritable and imperious temper, and had also a mother sick in body and in mind. They were both very poor. I knew his good traits very well. I respected him; for, under great disadvantages, he had kept himself pure. Several times already he had offered himself to me, and I had rejected him; for I almost loathed the thought of marriage, and had no special love for him. Watching over him in sickness, tenderer feelings were born. He offered himself again. I knew that I should have to work very hard as his wife; that I should, perhaps, be still less respected in the town: but I knew, that, if I did not marry him, he must lead a lonely life. I knew that I had it in my power to make him as happy as he could become. I remembered that you told me to be sure and expiate the sin of my youth by a disinterested life, which should make God and man forget it. I knew, too, that you had said, I must necessarily look only to a private sphere of action; that I must be sure to work nobly in that. I felt that God now opened

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this sphere to me. If I could but make a now miserable family happy by constant self-sacrifice, I might, perhaps, atone for having driven my father to a drunkard's grave, and clouded the last years of my mother with shame. What right had I to sigh for a better fate? I married him. I work harder, but am not thanked: I am constantly tried by his mother's bitter temper; but I have great influence over them both. Things are now in a better state. They live more like civilized beings. They have consented to hold family worship; and, for me, the peace within increases. Have I not done right?"

She asked the question anxiously. Whatever romantic hope I might have had that she would continue single, I saw that this practical self-sacrifice was a far better thing. I kissed her cheek, and re-assured her. I left her, thanking God that he had so blessed her efforts at self-discipline; and I now relate her story to those who may be pondering similar cases, to point out the following truths:—

That the end of life, and of marriage as the most perfect life, is spiritual progress.

That this purpose of God should be kept uppermost in all the discipline we provide for our fellows.

That the world's redress is always summary, but not always Godlike or effectual.

That it is not healthy for a sinner to dwell upon her wrongs; but to remember, rather, in how far she has wronged herself.

That, to one just entering the way of life, the voice of the world must never for a moment take the place of that inward consciousness which can alone sustain one in the right.

That Love and Truth are one; but this Truth is not of man's deciding. Only under God, and with frequent prayer, is the spirit made capable of judging another.

That the most untoward circumstances, even what the world calls "ruin of character," if properly encountered, may tend to increase faith and humility; may lead to a more intimate walk with God.

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V.

THE COUNTRY PARISH.

"Vacant heart and hand and eye,
Easy live, and quiet die." — Sir Walter Scott.

"HE is going to take a country parish, is he?" exclaimed an aged uncle of a favorite nephew. "Well, thousands have been spent upon his education, and thousands more upon his travels since; and if, after all that Europe and America have done for him, he will settle down in that contemptible country village, with two hundred dollars for a salary, why, let him. He may starve, for all the help I'll give him."

Not quite so outrageous were his clerical brethren; but they still turned a somewhat cold shoulder on one who *rated* himself so low: and when, after preaching for six months without aid, and writing two sermons every week, he ventured to ask for assistance, one had already arranged

his exchanges for three months to come; another thought it too far from home; and a third, a man of fervor too, insisted that it was too early in the season for a country exchange.

Poor James Haviland! Exchanges there were, doubtless, that he might have had; but his flock were in just that condition, that they demanded the best religious influences of the day, and he dared not run the risk. From the most intelligent and gifted of his brethren, he had hoped for the widest sympathy; but how was he disappointed! It was in the eye of the oppressed and careworn pastor of a parish like his own that he detected the first sign of emotion.

"My brother," said the aged man, "I could wish that talents and earnestness like yours were more favorably placed. My own labors have been humbly pursued for thirty years, under the constant pressure of ill health. I have added but twenty to my church in that period, and a single leaf contains my whole register of baptisms. When I first took this post, I was confident of the sympathy of my brethren; but my exchanges have been confined to one or two ministers, the least desirable preachers in the county, whose parishes touched mine. I have barely held my own; and

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had I, since the day of my settlement, seen a single young man, willing and able to bear my responsibility better, I should have resigned my pulpit. In the mean time, my people have slept under my preaching, while I have prayed over them."

The old man's voice quivered with emotion; and I could not forbear pressing his hand to my lips, as I took the young preacher's arm and walked away. James Haviland was my schoolmate. He was younger than I at the beginning: but many years of care and sickness had done their work on me before he came forward into life; and, when he assumed the charge of a little country parish, I was the only friend who manifested much interest in the undertaking. As I saw him scarcely able to sustain himself under it, an almost maternal solicitude thrilled through me; and I watched with painful anxiety the deepening color which succeeded his conversation with the old pastor.

"James," said I at length, "I should like to know from whence arises this indifference to the fate of country parishes. It seems to me, after all, that there is no position in the world so worthy of the disciple of Christ as that of the country pastor. The city is re-enforced from

the country, year after year; and the character of the young men who leave it is chiefly of his forming. No man here is so insulated by his prosperity, that his heart does not thrill to your appeal; no woman here is so absorbed by passion, that you dare not speak to her of death and the salvation of her soul. Beside this, you are the natural guardian of the town-schools. The children look to you to confirm every privilege they claim. The teacher is sure of your sympathy, when that of the committee fails her. The taste of the rising generation is determined, in a great measure, by the books which you select for the parish library, and the lecturers whom you introduce to their lyceum. Here, where there are few newspapers and fewer books; where women are absorbed in their domestic cares, and men in the state of the weather, — you are, in fact, the only channel through which the world's current of moral or intellectual life sets in towards your people. The whole of Europe might be convulsed with strife, desolated by famine, or wonder-struck at some great advance in science or art; and who beside yourself, and one or two not natives of the place, would be disturbed thereby?"

"I would rather not dwell on the why, dear

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Margaret," he replied; "but I do suppose that very few denizens of a city know the value of a living voice to a place like this. It was not intentionally, I am sure, that the brethren withdrew from intercourse with the noble old man we have just left. They did not realize how fully capable his people were of relishing the best preaching, how close would be their criticisms, and how vivid their interest when spoken to with power. They did not consider their influence with the young men of his society; for, in cities, they are almost an unattainable class. Still farther, Margie: they forget how little harm it does a wealthy congregation in the city to listen to dull preaching half a dozen times a year. They hear the foolish comments of their young, and the uncharitable objections of their old, parishioners; and they do not realize that the able sermons they might have preached to a country audience would have lived in the memory of tender women and active men for years. To the country parish, the strong preacher comes like a prophet: to the city congregation, his is but one among a thousand influences; the dimmest, oftentimes, of a dozen dim voices. There are no critics like those of a remote country parish. It was but yesterday that an

old man said to me, shaking his head, 'You are not equal, young man; you are not equal. Sometimes the spirit of the Lord is upon you, and I glow while I listen. Again, you feebly drag yourself through the service; and I have trouble to keep awake, after hard work afield.' On that gray rock," continued James, raising his hand,—"on that gray rock, fringed with birches and red with mosses and sunlight, George Whitefield often preached. It is within a few rods of our old church; and many of those who now sit under its roof on the sabbath can give you powerful abstracts of his discourses, which tradition has handed down to them, containing, as they reverently believe, the 'meat and meaning' of gospel warning. Mine be an immortality like that," he added, his eyes kindling, "to live in the hearts of men, saving and purifying them! It is the destiny of a Christ alone."

"No, Margaret," he resumed, after a pause of some feeling, "I would the brethren knew the truth! but it is not a voice from a country parish that can convince them of it. Let me tell you, rather, why it is that I see the matter differently, and will use to the last my failing strength. When I was a little boy, a visitor at my father's

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house spoke in terms of ridicule of the condition of a country church which he had just visited to accommodate a family connection. 'As to the music,' said he, 'I could hear nothing but the shrieks of a dismal clarionet. At the conclusion of my prayer, a dozen of the fathers breathed out a nasal "Amen," echoed as it were by the falling of some score of seats, which the most old-fashioned of the congregation still persisted in holding up, in spite of the absence of the reason that originally induced it; namely, very crowded pews. I had not at first observed,' he continued, 'the presence of nursing infants in the congregation; but, after I began my sermon, I was frequently obliged to pause — I hope I did it with becoming patience — until their more pressing appeals were ended. At the hour of communion, half a dozen of the voluntary choir marched up to the table, and surrounded me with so many apparent instruments of defence, that, for an instant, I was fairly perplexed, and meditated an escape. I really wonder that a cultivated man like my brother-in-law can content himself in so barbarous a place.' The laugh that ran round the table, Margaret, so grated on my ear, that I pleaded some child's excuse, and got away. In the following summer, a journey

which I took with your dear mother, a few months before her death, introduced me to the congregation so humorously described. I had my own share of infirmity; and I found it very hard to listen to the service, interrupted as it was by the falling of hob-nailed shoes upon the uncovered floor of the aisle, the crying of infants, the nestling of a dozen dogs round the communion-rail, and the shuddering cough of as many horses without. After the morning service was ended, I walked with your mother on the green turf of the neighboring cemetery. She sat down under a clump of pines, and I nestled at her feet. 'Aunt Mary,' I said hastily, 'don't you think it is wrong to bring babies to church?'

"'You were very restless all through the service, James,' she replied, smiling; 'and I am not sure that your unchristian state of mind did not grieve the pastor far more than the chorus of the infants. I am too old to share your impatient feelings; and, dearly as I love the quiet of a city church, I saw a great deal of beauty in the condition of things which annoyed you so much. The persons who come to this service employ no servants; and, if the babies were kept at home, at least a dozen adults must remain with them. Many a mother has walked

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more than a mile this morning with her baby in her arms. Knowing this, I feel great pleasure in the gentleness of their pastor. Have you not observed with what loving patience he waits for the quiet of the little nestlers, and how carefully he banishes from his face any expression of impatience which might grieve the already harassed mothers?'

"'But the dogs, Aunt Mary?'

"'To be sure, they might be kept away, but at some cost, while the warm weather requires open doors.'

"'Why don't they carpet their floors, then?'

"'Because they can hardly raise money enough to pay their minister. Your father, James, pays fifty dollars every year towards Dr. Arnold's support; but these men part with a far larger percentage on their income.'

"'But the choir, Aunt Mary; why don't they make that better? They don't pay that.'

"'No, James; but it cannot be altered for the better without a total change, and that would pain the old men who have sat in it from boyhood. There is a music of the heart, which their pastor values more than the mere harmony of voices; and I have often been told, that a dissatisfied choir could easily divide a feeble society.'

"'But they need not go up to the table, aunt.'

"'No; they *need* not: but it would pain them to be told of it; so they are permitted to stay until some younger choristers happen to take their places.'

"I remember that I drew a long sigh, and said it was very bad.

"My aunt smiled, and replied, 'Perhaps Margaret may live to see you the minister of a country parish. If so, whenever you are tempted to lose your patience, think of this hour. When you enter the church, you will find the people clustered in pews, eating their noonday lunch. There are bottles of sweet milk for the babies, and heaps of gingerbread and pie under almost every seat. The intermission is not long enough for the family meal. If this annoys you, turn rather to the green glades of Palestine, where Jesus taught. Remember how the people, with their children in their arms, clustered about him, — some on mules and horses, and many more on foot; — how they followed him, not for hours merely, but for days; and how the divine Master, rejoicing in their thirst for truth, satisfied with his own hands the hunger of the body; — what disorderly groups of soiled and way-

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worn travellers must at times have pressed around him; — what loving, eager children must have climbed his knee, after the sacred 'Forbid them not' was repeated to the people. He spoke under the open sky: and the song of birds, the hum of insects, and the lowing of cattle, must have often been heard above; no, not *above*, but mingled with his voice. James, I sometimes think there is no audience so nearly like that our Saviour oftenest had as the audience of an old-fashioned country church. Here the poor, the halt, and the blind sit in the best seats, and share the ministrations with the rich, the active, and the clear-sighted.'

"We went silently into the church, dear Margaret; and I listened, in full sympathy with their pastor, to the evening service. I have never forgotten it; and, consecrated to religious patience by your mother's prayer at my bedside that night, I came to my work here."

"But you promised," I said, after the tumult of recollections which this narrative had called up had somewhat subsided, — "you promised to tell me something of your intercourse with your people. You tell me that you have encountered sin and misery and poverty as hopeless as that of cities; that there is an immense spiritual work

to do here. I would fain see how all this can be true of a green little glade like yours. I can well see, that although babies are no longer brought to church, and the falling seats of the old pews have long since parted with their hinges, you may have worse obstacles to encounter than the crying of the one or the grating of the other."

"Not to-night, Margaret," he answered. "For the present, let me think happier thoughts, and leave my responsibility with God."

"But, James," I persisted, "tell me, at least, what became of the little country parish."

My cousin turned very pale; but he answered my question. "Its pastor was a man of great talents and distinguished family. His health was very feeble. He, and the young girl who should have shared his hearth, nobly relinquished marriage and the ties of family, in order to save it from perishing. She died, one cold winter, of exposure to the draughts of the district schoolhouse where she taught; and he, unaided by clerical sympathy, unwilling to beg for what was not offered, soon followed her. His society valued him as he deserved, and held together, while they could, for his sake; but, after a time, they despaired. No strong man came to save them;

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and those who felt a sincere interest in religion joined a Methodist society, not entirely deserted by the Spirit."

VI.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Eve. "I accept,
For me and for my daughters, this high part,
Which lowly shall be counted
Worthy endurance of permitted pain;
While on my longest patience there shall wait
Death's speechless angel."

E. B. BARRETT'S *Drama of Exile.*

IT was the clear but chilly hour of nightfall, on an October evening, when, wrapped in a thick shawl, the wife of a country minister paced with eager and agitated footsteps the low piazza in front of the parsonage. To her right, the red sun went down in glory, hanging his bed with many-colored clouds, and leaving bright witnesses to his resurrection, quivering like fragmentary stars in the very zenith. To the left lay a swampy hollow. Behind a wood of dark pines, half hidden by the rolling surface of the soil, was a clump of trees of different kinds, that had donned their autumn garb somewhat earlier than their neighbors. As she paused for a moment to look at them, she almost

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fancied that a group of gigantic antediluvian ferns — changed by some strange chemical process to the brightest crimson, purple, and yellow, with here and there a streak of emerald — had been suddenly pressed against the flat side of the opposite hill. Her countenance lost its anxious look as she continued to gaze, and every line of it relaxed into a tearful sympathy with nature.

"I well remember," she said, sighing to herself, "how terrible a thought to me in my childhood was the thought of death. Even now it sends a chill through my veins; but this annual story of decay, which the bright foliage tells, only impels my blood with a more vigorous and joyful force. Well was I rebuked yesterday, when saying to my little boy, according to the mythology of my own nursery, that 'Jack Frost had been kissing the leaves,' he raised his head, and, looking sadly at me through his large blue eyes, said, 'No, mamma: it is God who has been painting them.' Well was I rebuked. Children that we are, untutored savages in taste, we see in this accumulation of rainbow tints, in the gorgeous shows of this hour vanishing with the light, unmistakable evidences of God's presence: but we see him not in the calm gray of morning; we suspect *him* not in the solar

russet of the later season. O Father! is there no voice which can reach our worn-out hearts, and wake them to thy *constant* presence?

"When I was a child, I thought it was the touch of the frost, which, chilling the life-blood in the veins of the tender leaves, gave them such raiment as the dying dolphin is said to wear. Now I know that story to be only a nursery fiction; and I see that crimson and purple and yellow hues throng obedient to the laws of God, as the consequence of a chemical change in the sap, — a part of the process of life, and not of death. I see in this a beautiful type of spiritual growth. Like the rich colors of autumn are the graceful deeds, the loving words, the acts of Christian mercy, which have consecrated in my heart the last hours of some departed to the Father. No touch of death, no reflection of glory from the bright world they were about to enter, gave this richness and fruitfulness to their last hours: it was rather the result of the past, the consequence of a life. How I once shrank from the thought of death! and how gently have the leadings of Providence conquered this shrinking, as, year after year, I have seemed chosen to sit by the death-bed! First, in my early youth, came the calm depart-

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ure of my little brother to brighten for ever the aspect of the last hour. For whole days, his beautiful frame had been tossed and hurled upon his bed of pain, as if disease had taken the likeness of a fiend, and held him in its furious grasp. For hours, his shrill cries had driven playing children from the neighboring court. Then the death-angel touched his fevered frame. All painful convulsions ceased. Gently and more gently came the parting breath, until a sweet but permanent smile assured us that the spirit had left its last lovely impress on the clay, and was gone home to God. And last? Oh, how different from this was the struggle which I witnessed but one short week ago!

"Returning from a funeral service in our little church, we wound through a long and dreary lane leading to an obscure dwelling half sunk in the damp hillside; the chosen home, one would think, of fever. Upon the large family that called its lowly roof their own a painful necessity had early laid its hand. The oldest daughter had been lying for several weeks very ill. A bunch of bright-colored leaves was the last thing she recognized in life. She held them in her hot hand till they grew black and crisp with fever,—till she knew no longer the faces

of her friends. She had grown up to labor. Day after day, she had dragged her weary frame to a neighboring factory; night after night, she had laid down her aching head, and cried, 'O God! is there no rest?' No: there was none on earth. Her last-spoken words were uttered in the madness of delirium to the sister who pressed her cheek as she retired for the night. 'Come with me, come with me,' she murmured with the bright confidence of one already risen; 'come where we shall work no more.' Now she lay in the heavy stupor of death.

"As our carriage drew up before the door, we saw at each half-open window the form of some one who had loved her, bent, and struggling with his grief. Never shall I forget the aspect of that death-bed. Wealth came not there to soften with its ministries; taste came not there to shroud its horrors. No consciousness in the departing sent the radiance of a heavenly trust, quivering like a sunbeam, through the still air of the room; but there sat tender affection, braving the hideousness of the last change, looking on the face of the dying with eyes undimmed, doing and suffering to the last. The house had no blinds, and the windows were wide open; the full light of day streaming into the uncar-

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peted room, where the pine bedstead (scantily covered) and a single chair were the only furniture. On the bedstead, as we entered, lay the sufferer, — a girl of eighteen summers. Every breath she drew brought up the lower jaw with a sudden shock, and a heavy noise like that of wearied machinery; and her swollen and purple hands grasped the coverlet, as if impelled by the torture she endured. In a neighboring room, we heard the heavy footsteps of father, brother, and lover. From the lips of the last broke every now and then a bitter wail. I stood gazing on the dying. A few shortened breathings, and all was over. From the ghastliness of the destroyer's touch, we turned to comfort and pray with the afflicted. O God! how my brain swam that night! Is the good time never coming when idling and overworking shall alike cease? Shall thy children never press the cool forest-leaves to their lips save in the fever of their death-hour? Shall they smell no flowers, hear no music of birds, save such as they dream of in their last delirium?"

In the hurry of her emotion, she had been murmuring aloud. Now the color in her cheek grew brighter, and her tears gathered and fell. Anxiously as she had been awaiting her husband's approach, she did not hear his step till he gazed into her saddened face. Then, smiling faintly, she said, "Our aged friend is dying. She desires to have the sacrament administered in her chamber. I feared that you might be too late."

The minister was pale and weary, for he had come several miles on foot; but he turned cheerfully, and, without entering the house, went in search of a neighbor's horse.

While he was gone, his wife uncovered the light repast provided for him, and took down from the closet a small communion service of white porcelain. Connected with its little history were many buried hopes, and she had much to do to keep back her tears as she arranged the bread and wine. To many a scene of past suffering and death did it recall her heavy-laden thoughts. Sacred as the memory of a dead child was that of the distant service to which it had been consecrated. Her revery had hardly taken shape, however, before her husband returned, and, pausing only for a cup of cold water, started afresh on his errand of love.

After a tedious ride of several miles, at the slow pace of a superannuated farm-horse, they reached the retired dwelling of their friend.

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Seeing, by the countenances of those about them, that she was yet alive, they entered the sick-room with light hearts; for, full of mercy and good works as the life of the sufferer had been, they had nothing to ask of Heaven for her, save a tranquil passage to her spirit-home. The pastor's wife took her station by the nurse, who held the cold hand of the departing in her own. The sick woman was too feeble to bear the presence of numbers; and the clergyman stood between the small room in which she lay and an anteroom where were assembled such members of the family and the church as anxious hearts had drawn together.

Through a long and painful illness, the dying woman had preserved a loving and cheerful spirit; reminding those about her of the fragrant herbs we, careless, trample under foot in summer, scarce knowing they are sweet till they are dead. Always thoughtful of others, and forgetful of herself; trustful as a child, and sympathizing with the wrongs and sufferings of humanity to the last, — her meek spirit poured out fragrance on the air of her sick-room, as hidden violets sometimes seem to fill the firmament with their perfume.

As the service began, and the promises of

Christ were read to her, her eye kindled with the light of the sacred Word. On account of an unmitigated nausea, it had been thought best not to offer her the elements; but, when the bread was offered to those nearest her, she put forth her trembling hand, and cried, with an earnestness not to be withstood, "One crumb, — one little crumb!" Her fingers closed on the morsel, and carried it, faltering, to her lips. Instantly a shudder ran through her whole frame. Never before had those present, though well versed in varieties of suffering, encountered a struggle between the body and the will like that which now went on before their eyes. The whole frame of the sick woman shook with suppressed agony; the cold dew started to her forehead; and life seemed almost to forsake the hand extended towards her nurse, as she struggled pertinaciously to retain the crumb upon her lips. Scarce knowing what she did, her faithful attendant bent over the bed, and, clasping the sufferer's hands in hers, strove to impart her whole store of life and strength. Almost audibly, she prayed that the effort might avail; that this last gratification might not be refused to the dying. Never had she struggled for another as she struggled at that moment; but her prayer

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was answered. Little by little, the shuddering subsided; and when, after a considerable interval, the wine-cup was offered at the bedside, the sufferer had strength to say, "God grant that I taste it in the spirit!"

Reared in the bosom of the ancient Puritan Church, the warmest associations of the departing one clung to an old Calvinistic hymn, from which, throughout her sickness, she had derived much comfort. With the singing of this the service concluded, and tranquillity gradually revisited her frame. When her pastor left her, she lay calm as an infant; while strong men wept around her to think of what she had so courageously endured.

Her last words to the pastor's wife recognized the beauty of the distant woods, and brought back the lady's thoughts to the successive scenes of suffering which the gay landscape, strangely enough, had summoned, like the shifting scenes of a panorama, to her view.

DR. LOWELL AND HIS MINISTRY.

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DR. LOWELL AND HIS MINISTRY.*

"Who makes another's grief his own?
Whose smile lends joy a double cheer?
Where lives the saint, if such be known?
Speak softly! — such an one is here."

O. W. Holmes

THE appearance of these volumes offers a fit opportunity, to one who sat under his ministry for more than twenty years, to pay the tribute demanded by love and honor to his pastoral care, rather than the cold duty of a critic to their literary merits.

It is seldom in these days that one is called to consider a ministry which has lasted nearly half a century. The old foundations of the ministerial relation are rapidly crumbling away; and, if any others have been laid, men are neither accustomed to the new forms, nor familiar with the

* Practical Sermons. By the Senior Minister of the West Church. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855.

Occasional Sermons. By Charles Lowell. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856.

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new conditions which spring from them. He, who was once our teacher, ruler, and guide, is now our brother and familiar friend; he, who was once our almost infallible authority and unfailing support, is now only our fellow-seeker after truth, — our fellow-sufferer in the hour of trial. If, in the providence of God, such a change has been permitted, there are, doubtless, good reasons for its existence. We have faith in the absolute power of divine truth; and we do not lose hope of the world because influences that are precious to us, and relations intimately associated with our own spiritual growth, may have proved to be among the things that "pass." If, here and there, some suffering, sinning soul uplifts to God an imploring cry, and beseeches some human sponsor to stand between it and the eternal baptism of fire, not all indifferent to that supplication, let us still acknowledge that the mass of men needed to be taught to think, act, and be responsible for themselves. Yet they may be all this, we think, without forfeiting their need of a great consoler, such as we used to feel our pastor was.

Perhaps no man in the Christian ministry ever acquired so wide a reputation, or took so deep a hold of the hearts of men, without a decided

literary position, as the writer of the volume before us. He was, as he once said, the first minister at large. For many years before the establishment of that ministry, the stranger, sick, or dying, in our city; the poor man who had never called any particular church his own; and the famishing, for whom others found it needful to seek out a friend, — turned, with an instinct that public feeling justified, to the minister of the West Church. It was because of the broad and generous, the devout and loving, heart that throbbed in his bosom. When men had lost friends, they came to him; because no one was so familiar with the sources of consolation; no one could touch so gently the strained chords within. When they married, they came to him: for no one better understood, or more liberally interpreted, the nature of that covenant; no one knew so well how to sustain the timid, or subdue the thoughtless, who were about venturing upon it. Precious beyond any earthly comfort was his prayer in the sick-chamber, or his presence at the festive board.

Whatever society he entered, he uplifted. No scene so gay but he could lead its careless mirth up to the everlasting joy; no hour of sorrow so dark that his beloved countenance might not

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shed across it one irradiating gleam. Let no scholar, deep in the perusal of black-letter folios; let no orator, holding the ear of thousands at his will; let no poet, moulding the life of God and man to forms of beauty, — think lightly of an influence like this. It was a rarer gift than any that either can boast; for it proceeded from accumulated force of character, — from the power of grace that dwelt within and diffused itself around him. Exquisitely fine as were the tones of his beloved voice, it was not this gift of God which imparted its peculiar charm, but the depth it borrowed from an infinitely loving heart. It was this love — so intense, so broad, so searching, that it reminded us always of the love of God himself — that gave the unction to our pastor's preaching and prayer. He had a most earnest appreciation of the poetic beauty of the Scriptures, and brought it home to the hearts of his people with a readiness and felicity of which Mrs. Stowe's biblical descriptions of Alpine scenery have recently reminded us. No other words sprang to his lips in the hour of sorrow; for no words were so rich with meaning to him. His mind seemed to contain a perfect liturgy: peculiar expressions always standing in the same relation to the same trials: but we never grew

weary of them, as we might have done of the liturgy of a church; because, however often repeated, they were never uttered save with a solemn earnestness that inthralled the listener, — with a deep conviction that told how precious they were to him, how dear they ought to be to us. His pastoral walk seemed to be as natural and genial a duty as his parental relation. He needed no parish list. No danger that he could forget the smallest grief of those he loved so well. Never was he puzzled for an infant's name or a maiden's age: he kept a calendar in his heart more authentic than that of the old parish clerk. All the holiest moments of our lives are associated with him. We well remember the sunshiny parlor, in which, when we were seven years old, he laid his hand upon us and an infant sister in baptismal consecration; the pleasant noon, when, meeting us as we came from school with our satchel on our arm, he promised us a gift if we kept the rank just gained for seven long weeks; and the still pleasanter holiday on which he brought the gift, a copy of Bewick's "History of Birds," a whole edition of which he seemed to have bought up for such purposes. It was he who admitted us to the communion, — to the Lord's table, as he emphatically said, "not his;"

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it was before him that we pronounced our marriage vow; while he linked to each of these occasions a few golden words that our hearts will never suffer us to forget. Nor would these personal reminiscences have any value in these pages, if they belonged to us alone; but they are the inheritance of all who were born, and grew up, under his ministry.

To go back to the volumes in question. No heart but must feel the characteristic beauty of the dedication, which offers the memorials of a whole life, contained in the first, to the sister who had grown up with him from infancy, the wife who shared his maturer years, and the children whose joyous childhood and world-blessing maturity had bound into one golden circlet his past and present.

The volume so dedicated is rich with meaning associations to many of those to whom it is sent. As they read its pages, they will readily recall the inspired earnestness, the affectionate anxiety, with which they were first uttered in their behalf. Many will find in these volumes words spoken for the first time beside their cherished dead, or sketches of those whose gray hair they have honored from their youth up, and whose beautiful presence in the house of God made

gladder and more radiant every sabbath morning.

Many years ago, a countryman, wandering hopelessly through the streets of Boston, was accosted by a stranger, who asked him what he wanted. "I want," said he, "to find the man who preaches *short sermons*." The stranger had no hesitation in pointing out the road which led to the West Church: but, anxious to discover what peculiar hold our pastor had taken of this man's mind, he suggested that the sermons at the West Church *were* very short indeed; and that perhaps the great city might offer, to one who seldom entered it, others more worthy of consideration. "Not they," responded the warm-hearted rustic. "I never heard him preach but once, and that was before the convention the other day: but I remembered every word of his sermon, as if I had preached it myself; and my wife and I had something to talk of for a week after. I tell you, stranger, that, after he has preached his *short sermon*, there is not much more to be said on the same subject."

The title of "Practical Sermons" showed what our pastor himself thought they were, or intended they should be. For ourselves, we find the rustic criticism just quoted very significant.

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In these sermons — so terse, so emphatic, and so eminently simple — we find lucidly arranged, in an order at once striking and easy, almost every suggested thought in any natural relation to his subject. Here is no poverty of ideas, — rather a wise compression; no lack of words, but rather an unwonted flow of them. Our pastor never amplified his paragraphs, but left us to draw our own deductions from his clear and reverent propositions. Accustomed for years to associate the chief eloquence of our pulpit with the character of the man and the unction of his address, we are surprised, in turning to the printed page, to find it wrought into the very structure of the discourses, raying out from the earnest flow of the thought, and gleaming wherever with a strong hand he draws in the reins of utterance. It is often said by the more conservative among us, who long for the days that were, that they can enter many a church in these modern times without once hearing the name of God uttered, or the personal responsibility of man insisted on, save in that cold, abstract, classic way that might have befitted the groves of the Academy or the schools of Alexandria. It was never thus in the West Church. Turn over the pages of the book before us, and you will easily believe it.

Not a line but is instinct with devotional ardor; not a paragraph but draws closer the links between man and God. Never a hearer could sit under these discourses without feeling the pressure of duty grow stronger as he listened, the love of God more imminent, the mission of Christ more dear. They abound, also, with personal appeals. The listener went home feeling that he had something to do; sure that his pastor preached, not because it was his duty to do so, not because the returning sabbath claimed his presence in the pulpit, but because of the joy it gave him to proclaim what he so fully and joyfully believed. We are struck, too, with the manner in which he dwells upon the family tie. These pages are filled with appeals to parents and children. Whatever subject he presented to his people, he seemed to press upon them both its contrasted relations and appeal to the force of those ties which his dedication — nay, his whole life — shows he has so tenderly felt. In the hour of bereavement, he made us feel the sacredness, the blessedness, of grief. He taught us to pray, not to question; to profit by, not to speculate upon, our sorrow. One thought was often repeated in his preaching: it is that set before us in the seventeenth sermon, from the

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text, "Thou, God, seest me." Never shall we forget how often, when, in our earlier years, he held God up to us as a tender Father, he would add with emphasis, "Never indulge any thought which you would be unwilling God should know."

When the ladies of our parish first wished to establish a Sunday school, he objected; because he feared that it might tend to diminish the sense of parental responsibility among his people. He consented, however; and afterwards gratefully acknowledged that his fears had not been justified by the result.

Whether it was before this time, or a little after, that he instituted a catechizing class, which he used to hear himself every Saturday afternoon in a little room in the belfry, we do not remember. We belonged to this class, and always waited anxiously for the "Good child," and tender pat upon the head, which followed our best endeavors. It was the fashion in those days, in private schools, to tie the white sleeve of an orderly pupil with a pink ribbon when she went home at night. If disorderly, she was compelled to wear a black one. No words can describe our trouble, when forced, on one or two

occasions, to wear a black ribbon into the catechizing class. One afternoon, we were busily tugging away at this disgraceful badge; fancying perhaps, like the poor goose in the fable, that he could not see it if we did not ourselves; when he came gently behind us, and, laying a kind hand upon our head, said softly,—

"We could cut away the black ribbon; but of what use would it be, if we must leave the scarlet trace of it on the cheek, or the darker stain within? My poor child! why should you care so much about my seeing it this single afternoon? Do you not know that God seeth you always?"

It has been frequently suggested that the practice of preaching funeral discourses is going out of fashion. "I have given up preaching them," says a minister, now and then; "for, if I do it for one, I must for all." It was a custom which helped to bind our pastor to his people, and we are sure that he never felt any of its embarrassments. The death-bed of the very humblest parishioner found him, in this sense, always ready. Nay, not merely the death, but the sorrow, the business misfortune, was sure to be followed on the next Sunday by a discourse, which those who were in the secret, at least,

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knew to have special reference to the experience of the last week.

If he could not praise the dead, there was no limit to the comfort he could offer to the living. If he could not restore the riches that had "taken to themselves wings," he could at least point the way to those that "abide for ever." The love in his heart seemed, on such occasions, not only omnipotent, but omniscient; and often might the sufferer wonder how his pastor came to penetrate his very inmost thought.

The volume of "Occasional Sermons" is, as its name implies, quite different from the first. It offers a portrait of our pastor as he is, which none who have seen him in his sick-chamber would be willing to spare. We miss the keen and piercing glance of Harding's portrait, and the significant curl upon the forehead; but we have instead a new charm, — an added sweetness of expression, which reminds us not unworthily of Greenwood and Channing, — which bears witness how all the bitter experiences of life have mellowed within his soul.

Would that we could bear any worthy witness to the life that draws so gently towards its close!

Would that he might know how often, as the storms of life beset us beyond the shelter of his fold, we have missed the friend and minister, the tongue that never failed in counsel, the ear that never wearied in hearing!

We have spoken of our pastor in the past tense, not because he has already departed to the better land, but because his active walk among us has long since been relinquished to one whom the world has no need that we should name. From the sick-chamber to which he has retired, many a pleasant memorial, many a cheering word, has come forth to his people. From it, chastened by a recent trial, so heavy that those who felt it most hardly dared breathe it to themselves as they prayed for him, the first volume came forth. The memories that throng around it cannot fail to bless his people.

Let them, therefore, be permitted to pray that that Presence, which has dwelt with him visibly from their earliest remembrance, may continue to dwell with him to his latest hour, making radiant as sunlight that one clouded moment of transition, which, sooner or later, shall restore him to the lost angel whom he so touchingly deplores.

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Should these lines ever penetrate his guarded chamber, may they warm within him old memories of the many who love him! for they are but a single note in an eternal chime.

THE END.

Jan 24 1851.

L'ENVOI.

My Song, I know that thou wilt converse hold
With many a maiden, when sent forth by me.
. Unarmed, pushed,
Thy spirit might be bold in every place;
But wouldst thou go in full security,
First must thou find out Love.
And, where the woman is, hide thou;
Nor hide from her the purport of thy strain.
My Song, thou seest full well how subtile is
The thread whereon my tale depends, and seest
How powerless it is without her help.
Hence, with thy plain and humble reasoning,
Go forth, my last-born child, nor use delay;
And, if thou wouldst not have thy journey vain,
Remain not thou among ungentle souls.

DANTE: *from the "Vita Nuova."*

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